Nov. 27, 1948

THE NEW YORKER

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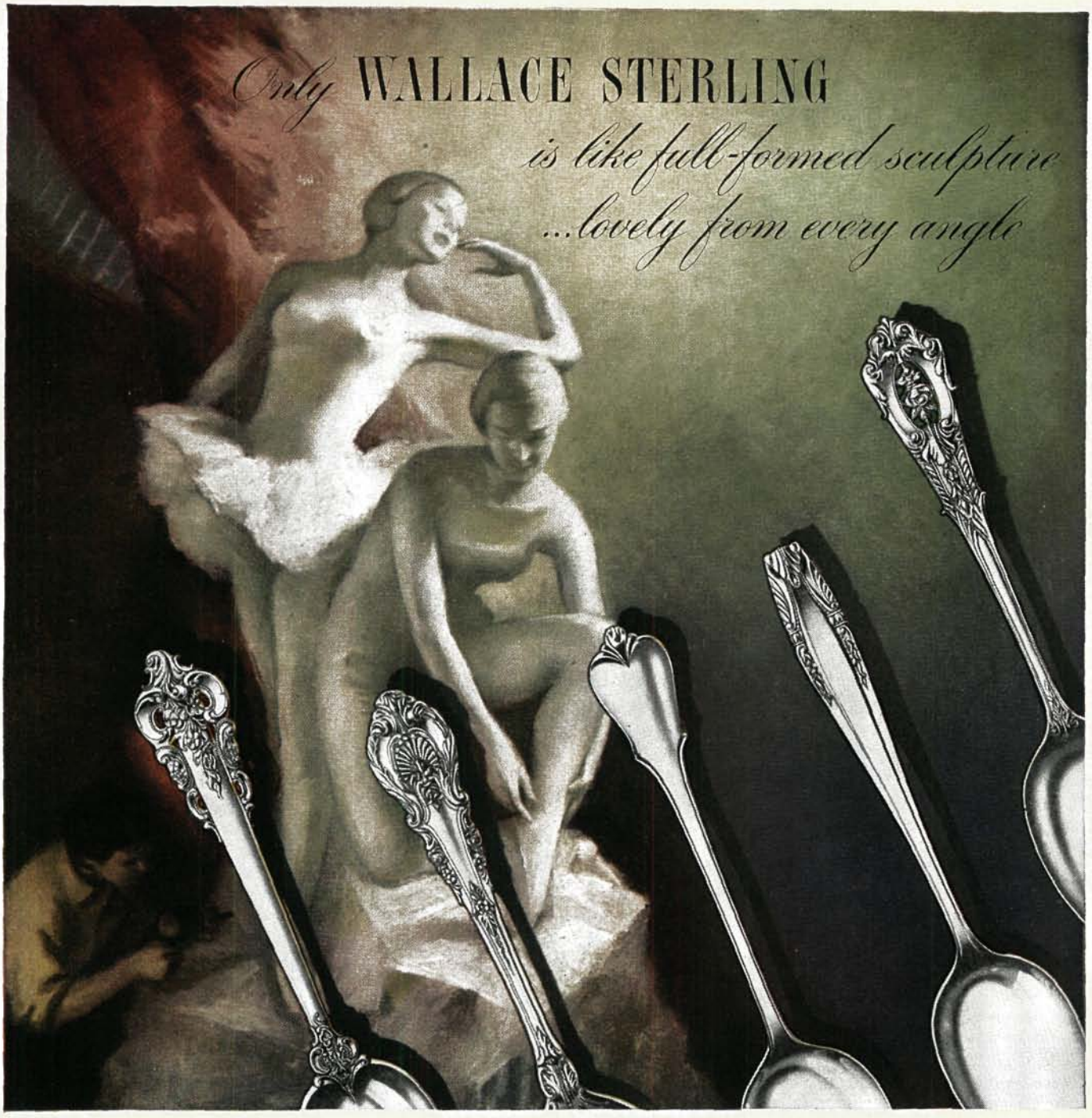

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, as noted below, the managements of some theatres have rearranged matinée schedules, because of Thanksgiving Day. In case there may be further changes, you'd do well to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Bravo!—Edna Ferber and George Kaufman have put everything except a talking seal into this play about the theatre, but nothing much comes of it. Oscar Homolka and Lili Darvas head the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Edward, My Son—As co-author of this brisk melodrama, Robert Morley has provided himself with a wonderful part, to which he does full justice. Adrianne Allen has replaced Peggy Ashcroft. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Goodbye, My Fancy—Fay Kanin's play concerning a college president, a famous congresswoman, and a *Life* photographer is rather slick but still entertaining. Madeleine Carroll, Shirley Booth, Sam Wanamaker, Conrad Nagel, and Bethel Leslie all contribute superior performances. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day, at 3.)

Life with Mother—This may not be quite as good as its illustrious predecessor, but it is a very humorous and engaging show anyway. Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay again play Mother and Father, and there are several other veterans of the original cast. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

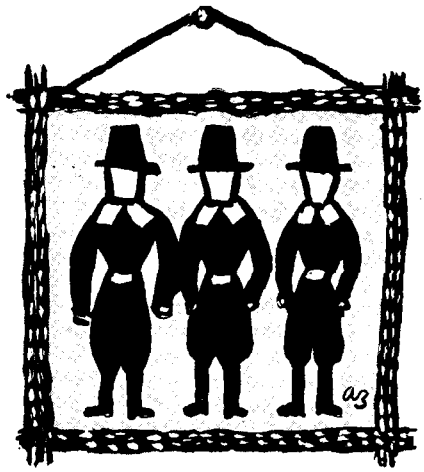
Light Up the Sky—Moss Hart's comedy about a theatrical tryout in Boston is uneven but it has some superbly funny scenes. The highly expert company includes Virginia Field, Sam Levene, Audrey Christie, Barry Nelson, Glenn Anders, Philip Ober, and Phyllis Povah. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Play's the Thing—A first-rate cast, among whose members are Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, and Faye Emerson, in a pleasant revival of Molnar's comedy of sex on the Riviera. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Private Lives—Tallulah Bankhead's enormous vitality is responsible for the success of this revival, but her rowdiness might conceivably startle Mr. Coward. Donald Cook serves agreeably as her sparring partner. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Jean-Paul Sartre's generally effective melodrama having to do with the race problem. Ann Dvorak has the leading role. "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers," by Richard Harrity, is the curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Set My People Free—Dorothy Heyward has created a fine dramatic figure in Denmark Vesey, who led a slave insurrection in Charleston in 1822, and Juano Hernandez plays him superbly. Otherwise, this Theatre Guild production is disappointingly glib and theatrical. Canada Lee is co-starred. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Friday, Nov. 26.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

Summer and Smoke—Tennessee Williams, again dealing with sexual maladjustments in the South. The play, however, is not to be compared to "A Streetcar Named Desire" or "The Glass Menagerie," despite splendid performances by Margaret Phillips and Tod Andrews. Jo Mielziner's setting is a triumph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—Born Yesterday: Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **Harvey:** The rabbit and his best friend, currently Joe E. Brown. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **Mister Roberts:** Henry Fonda, still patrolling the deck of a Navy cargo ship. With David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **A Streetcar Named Desire:** Tennessee Williams' Pulitzer Prize drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Young and Fair—A play by N. Richard Nash, produced by Vinton Freedley and Richard W. Krakeur, and directed by Harold Clurman. The cast includes Frances Starr, Mercedes McCambridge, and Lois Wheeler. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Silver Whistle—José Ferrer in a play by Robert McEnroe. Produced by the Theatre Guild and directed by Paul Crabtree. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9355. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Friday, Nov. 26.)

MUSICALS

As the Girls Go—William Roos's book, something about the first woman President of the United States, is pretty slight, but it doesn't matter, because Bobby Clark has never been more magnificent. Irene Rich, Bill Callahan, and Kathryn Lee are in the cast; the music and lyrics are by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, respectively. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Inside U. S. A.—Beatrice Lillie in an Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz revue that might have had more laughs but couldn't be handsomer. She is assisted by Jack Haley and a great dancer named Valerie Bettis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Love Life—The book, which deals with a marriage that goes on for a hundred and fifty years, is a nuisance, but Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are attractive in the leading roles, and Kurt Weill has written a nice, original score. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Magdalena—This spectacle is beautiful to look at and Heitor Villa-Lobos's tunes are charming, especially when sung by Irra Petina, John Raitt, and Dorothy Sarnoff, but an old-fashioned and obtrusive plot makes large parts of the evening almost unendurable. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Romance—A typical Shubert operetta, with typical Sigmund Romberg songs. Anne Jeffreys, Lawrence Brooks, and Luella Gear do all they can to make up for a stupefying story, based on Edward Sheldon's 1913 play. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5090. Moves on Monday, Nov. 29, to the Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Small Wonder—There are at least three very

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIV, No. 40, November 27, 1948. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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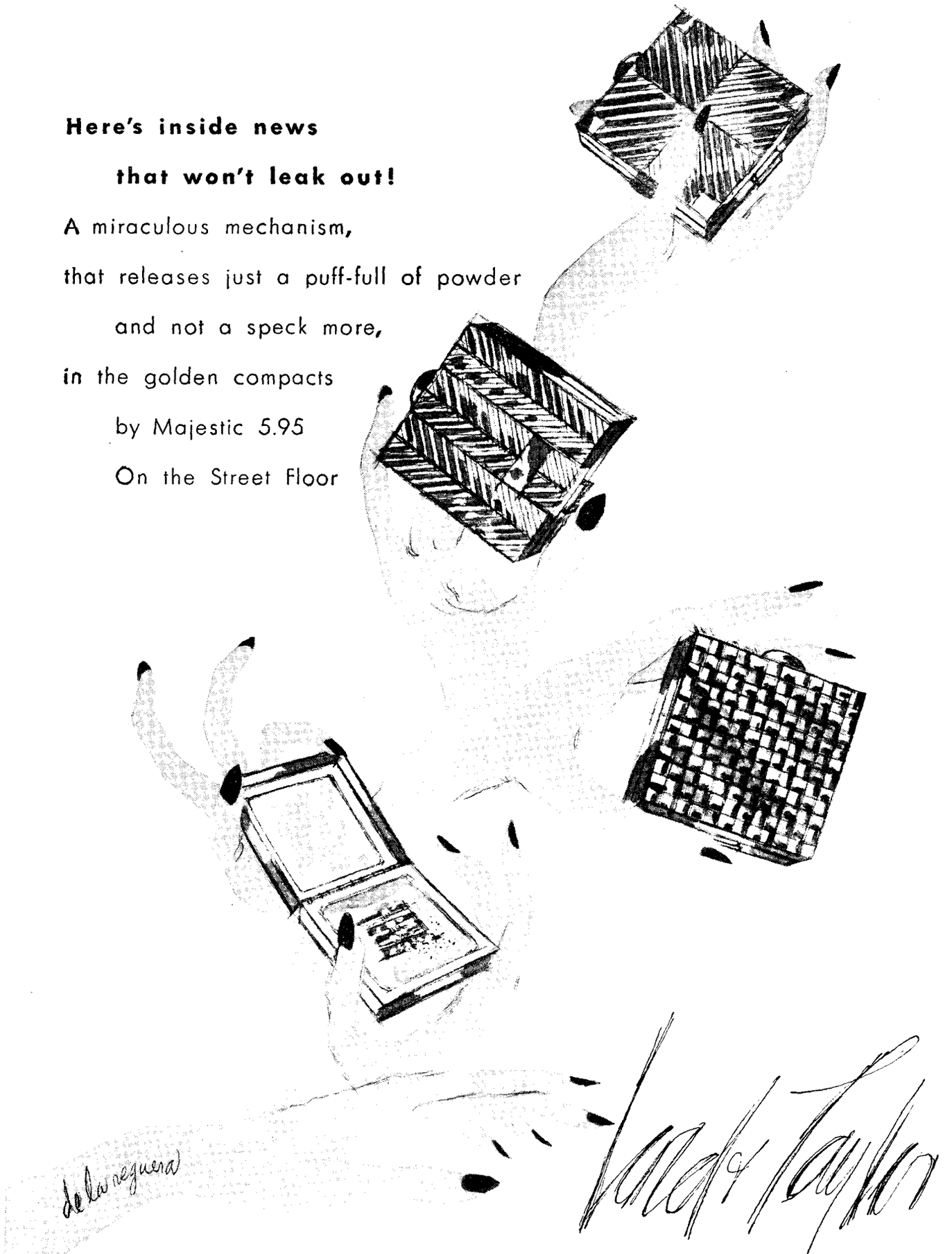

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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funny sketches in this not especially intimate revue, and Mary McCarty may easily be the discovery of the year. Tom Ewell heads a cast that includes Alice Pearce, Mort Marshall, Marilyn Day, and Hayes Gordon. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

WHERE'S CHARLEY?—The addition of Ray Bolger and Frank Loesser's neat, fresh tunes do wonders for this old chestnut, which used to be called "Charley's Aunt." George Abbott has revised the book, and among the cast are Allyn McLerie, Byron Palmer, and Doretta Morrow. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

LONG RUNS—ANNIE GET YOUR GUN: Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HIGH BUTTON SHOES:** Keystone cops and bathing girls. With Joan Roberts. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **MAKE MINE MANHATTAN:** David Burns and Sid Caesar are the ringleaders of this revue. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

MISCELLANY

MARTHA GRAHAM AND JOSÉ LIMON—With other dancers, in two recitals. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9455. Sunday evening, Nov. 28, at 3:30 and 8:40.)

ICE SHOWS—"Ice Follies of 1949," produced by Ed and Roy Shipstad and Oscar Johnson. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, through Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8:30. Matinée Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ "Howdy, Mr. Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:40; Sunday evenings at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 26, at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Trianon Room offers the placid music of William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing. No disturbance whatever on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The big and venerable Bowman Room has dance music by Leighton Noble's and Harold Nagel's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Pearl Primus and the Golden Gate Quartet, to keep this veteran place jumping; Jack Gilford, to keep it merry. Dance music by Dave Martin's band and Cliff Jackson's piano. Closed Mondays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—An interesting case of split personality: Henny Youngman's Broadway humor vs. a spate of "Hour of Charm" violin music. Showgirls, too, but perhaps not as often as the customers expect. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

LE DIRECTOIRE, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—Vivienne Segal and Muriel Smith, a fairly vivid pair of canaries, plus the sly dances of Mata and Hari. Dance music by Gringo's Brazilians and other instrumentalists. Closed Sundays.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Many a Yale football game has been won on the playing fields of this ornate establishment. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The dress-for-dinner coterie table-hopping in one of its favorite preserves. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the stately Cotillion Room, Roger Dann imparts a nice Parisian lacquer to his songs, Hoctor and Byrd dance, and Charles Reader's dance orchestra wanders in and out. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing, and during dinner and supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jimmy Savo, owner and operator of the world's most wistful eyebrows, and some songs by a sweet young thing called Leni Lynn. Mark Monte's and Leo Reisman's bands for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a bright-eyed throwback to the "Merry Widow" days, offers the spirited dance music of Nycola Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras. Closed Mondays.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—In the Oval Room, quiet as the night before Christmas, the circumspect strains of Emery Deutsch's orchestra at dinnertime. No dancing.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Rolly Rolls, at, around, and about his piano, is in charge of the festivities at suppertime. Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's orchestras for dancing all evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra, rustling up music in the plushy Café Lounge. Tea dancing every afternoon, and a small show every day but Sunday.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Like the awkward age and the measles, it's something every child has to go through, especially on holiday weekends. Sande Williams' orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing. Tea dancing Sundays.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, a little more bilingual and a lot more self-possessed, is back with some more of her unique *chansons* and *histoires*. She gets dazzling support in the outfield from Bob Grant's orchestra, which, along with Panchito's rumba band, also supplies dance music after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at suppertime, Gene McCarthy and Tommy Farrell in a faintly derivative bit of fun involving a bunch of phonograph records, and Margaret Phelan with a bouquet of pretty songs, to say nothing of Eddy Duchin's and Mischa Borr's orchestras. Mr. D.'s men do the honors earlier in the evening, too. On Sundays, no show, and curfew is 10 P.M. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Somewhat more relaxed and luxurious than the Juilliard School, but the piano music—by Les Crosley, for cocktails and dinner, and by Cy Walter, later on—is every bit as good. Harold Cooke doubles for both of them on Sundays. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio perform for dancing after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): After eight-thirty, except Sundays, John Kelley, Jr.'s, knowledgeable piano in this elegantly appointed stage set. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano after nine-thirty for a clientele as glittery as the striped upholstery on the banquettes. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAT NOIR**, St. Moritz Hotel, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): Mervyn Nelson clowns, and Alice Tyrrell and Dick Winslow do some very bouncy songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **PERROQUET**, Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): As you dawdle over your after-dinner coffee, Hugh Shannon presents some very comforting soliloquies on love, and Stella Brooks weighs in later with a few odd blues of her own devising. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A jovial hideaway, with Chandor, except Mondays, urbanely fiddling all evening, and Sonny Kendis and his trio, playing after ten every night but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A well-stocked and reliable oasis, with Mary McNally at cocktail time and Harry Taylor after nine, both stroking a baby grand. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO ROOM**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2500): This long-dormant establishment has reopened with Greta Keller, long dormant herself—at least on this side of the Atlantic—who sings after ten every night but Monday. . . . **SAZARAC**, 716 Lexington Ave., at 58th St. (EL 5-8923): A midnight rendezvous for practitioners of the seven lively arts. Ralph Strain provides a nice obbligato at the community piano, which is not infrequently also operated by visiting nightcappers. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONTE CARLO**, 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): A room almost pretty enough, what with the overstuffing and the chandeliers, to make you want to take it home with you. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band after dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CASINO**, 243 Sullivan St., at 3rd St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, an old Left-

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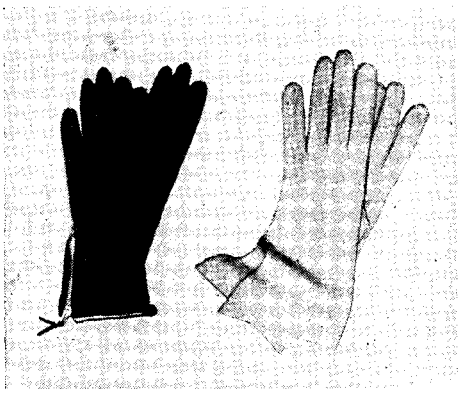

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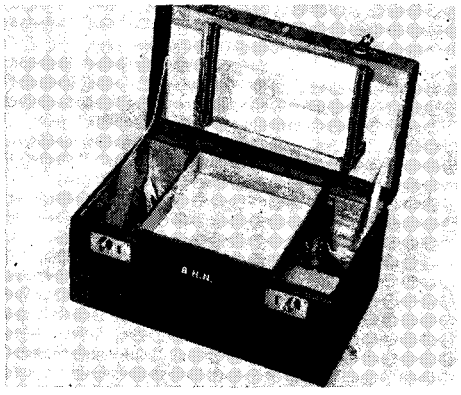

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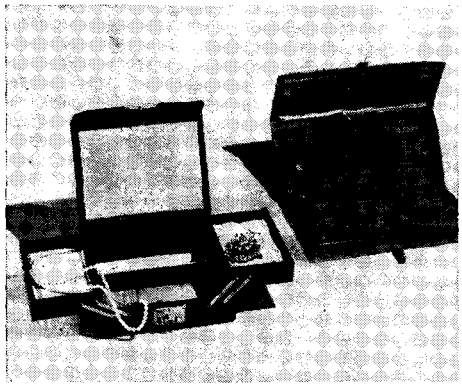
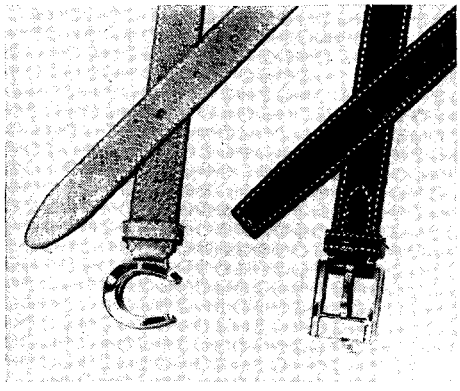


Both are Jewels: The crushed levant Jewel Box (6x4½"), swing-out trays. Red, tan, green, rose, wine, blue, $11.50. The small, flat suede Jewel Roll, easy to carry her jewels in. Blue, red, tan, brown, green. $15



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Banker, turning Greenwich Village into a reasonable and endearing facsimile of Paris before the war. Garland Wilson and Norene Tate at the pianos, and Mae Barnes at the top of her indomitable lungs. Closed Mondays. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Andalusian hubbub in a happy-go-lucky cellarette; dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Every evening but Monday, the team of Goodman and Kirkwood at play; every evening but Sunday, Nancy Andrews singing and cavorting. There are old silent movies Sunday nights; no gin rummy. . . . MADISON, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Mondays through Fridays, from five to nine, Ferrante and Teicher play the piano; on Saturdays at the same hours, and all afternoon on Sundays, Bernie Dolen and his orchestra play for dancing. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): The casual sort of entertainment you'd expect to get on this night boat to Rostov-on-the-Don. Dancing; closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, a Broadway faun, at large among those Copa dryads. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Sophie Tucker, taking us back to the presumably good (and definitely boisterous) old days.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Imogene Coca, now flanked by the team of Fletcher and Sheidy, going wholeheartedly haywire twice a night; the enchanted singing of Kitty Crawford; the hilarious puppets of George Prentice. More music by Stuart Ross and Ellis Larkin's imps. . . . RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The Surrealist chamber music of the Normann Paris Trio provides a very modern background for the mad but refreshing comedy of Connie Sawyer and the fervid singing of the well-remembered Adelaide Hall. Julius Monk is the overseer of these and other accomplished performers. Closed Sundays. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy, singing songs mainly proving that the devil still has a few chores left for idle hands. Arthur Kent and Sam Hamilton play piano in between. Closed Sundays. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Will Jordan, one of the newest and one of the funniest impersonators around town. The Cyril Haines Trio for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . BREVOORT SUPPER CLUB, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (GR 3-7306): Sheila Barrett's private feud with Southern belles and other peculiarities of contemporary civilization. Syd Strange's band plays for dancing. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his crack-of-doom trumpet, plus Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, Jack Lesberg, and other noisemakers. Ralph Sutton contributes some instructive ten-finger exercises between sets. On Tuesday nights, the tumult is increased by the work of eager-beaver house guests. Closed Sundays. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Butterfield, Ernie Caceres, and other hotheads, thundering away. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): The grass is getting taller in Fifty-second Street, but here you'll at least find, except on Sundays, Max Kaminsky, presiding over his trio (which includes Dick Carey and Arthur Treppier), and Chippie Hill, a non-instrumental calliope. Jam sessions on Sundays. Dancing. . . . CHILDS PARAMOUNT, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): A big Spanish wine cellar, enlivened by the muted but torrid rhythms of Wilbur de Paris's dance band, which includes Buster Bailey and Sidney de Paris. Supper dancing only, and no music on Mondays. . . . THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): A band headed by Red Allen and J. C. Higginbotham, and

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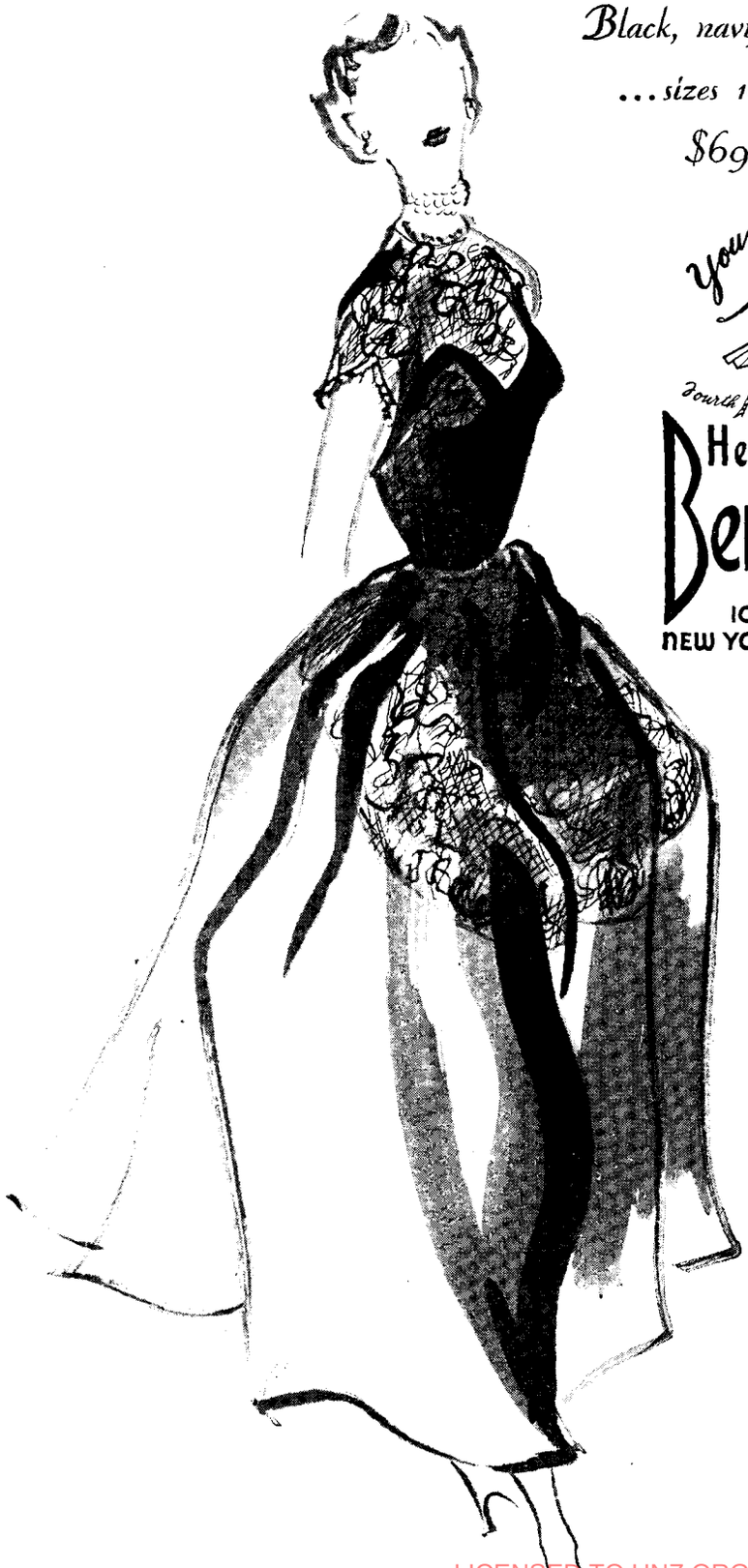

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

spelled by Johnny Guarnieri's piano.... **ROYAL ROOST,** 1580 Broadway, at 47th St. (CI 6-9559): Ella Fitzgerald, with Lester Young's band, is now performing in this Broadway grotto except Mondays, when there are bebop sessions. No dancing, and no peace of mind. Kindly check women and children in the cloakroom.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 142 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Every Friday, an evening of freewheeling, pristine jazz by such early settlers as Muggsy Spanier, Mezz Mezzrow, and James P. Johnson; dancing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

PENNSYLVANIA, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Tommy Dorsey's band, sounding as good as ever, in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo and his dreamy orchestra. Closed Sundays.... **COMMODORE,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Tommy Ryan's orchestra plays for dinner dancing; for supper, too, on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.... **NEW YORKER,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Ray McKinley's orchestra, which is replaced on Sundays by a fill-in band. On Thursday, Dec. 2, the McKinley outfit will give way to Gardner Benedict's group.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays. They will all be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

MARC CHAGALL—New oils and gouaches, celebrating, as gracefully and happily as ever, the joys of Russian life and Russian weddings. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 27.)

WILLIAM M. CHASE—Paintings by this late-nineteenth-century American, adroitly executed but overwhelmingly academic in style. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through Dec. 4.)

WILLIAM F. DRAPER—Portraits, notable for their fluent brushwork and their verve. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 27.)

EARLY AMERICAN PORTRAITS OF CHILDREN—An entertaining assemblage of two hundred years of portraits depicting sensitive children in the rich, romantic manner of Peale, Copley, and Stuart and in the austere, primitive manner of the anonymous itinerant painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Weekdays, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 16.)

SUZANNE EISENDIECK—Button-eyed young Parisiennes at the ballet, in the park, and elsewhere, in this painter's familiar technique. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Nov. 27.)

FRENCH—At the **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings from David to Courbet, adding up to an excellent survey of the course of late-eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French art; through Nov. 27.... **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: Three paintings apiece by seven modern French masters, all beautifully chosen, in a benefit show for the Public Education Association; through Dec. 18.

ARSHILE GORKY—Oils and drawings, in a small memorial exhibition for this promising abstract Expressionist, who died last summer. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 4.)

HARRY GOTTLIEB—New paintings, much maturer in feeling than his previous work, in his first showing in three years. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 4.)

MORRIS GRAVES—More of his well-known abstract birds, this time in drawings and temperas. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 4.)

GROUPS—At the **DURLACHER,** 11 E. 57th St.: Twelfth annual exhibition of Old Masters' drawings, with some inspiring examples by Correggio, Pinturicchio, Fragonard, Turner, and others; through Nov. 27.... **FEIGL,** 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Contemporary French and American paintings, including a number of Utrillo street scenes in dulcet pinks and grays, and a few dashing harbor scenes by Vytlacil; through Dec. 18.

JEAN GUERIN—Paintings by an abstract Sur-

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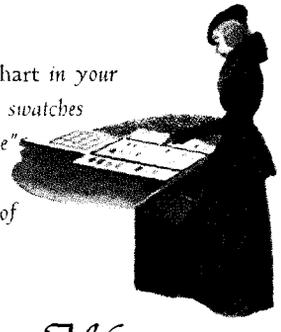

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

realist with an original and powerful symbolic approach. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 27.)

Vassily Kandinsky—Twenty-six paintings, all from the collection of the artist's widow and never exhibited here before, that provide a brief but worth-while summary of his artistic career. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 27.)

Weldon Kees—Linear design and some good color in a first one-man show of abstractions. (Peridot, 6 E. 12th St.; through Dec. 2.)

Walt Kuhn—His fiftieth year as a painter, celebrated in an exhibition of recent oils that depart little from his customary range of clowns and still lifes. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 4.)

John Marin—Nearly eighty of his etchings, from 1905 to 1948, in one of the rare surveys of his work in this medium. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Nov. 27.)

Jacques Maroger—Pears, goblets, and other still life, in a meticulous, classical manner. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Dec. 4.)

Edward Millman—Decorative modern paintings and drawings inspired by this former muralist's diary of the war in the Philippines. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Dec. 4.)

Mitzi Solomon—First showing in four years, by a sculptor who has grown considerably in ability during her absence. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 30.)

Graham Sutherland—Spiky palm trees and other motifs in this English artist's bristly but pungently original style. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 4.)

Renzo Vespignani—Drawings and paintings of contemporary Roman life. The artist, a young Italian, can make a ruined building look really wounded. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through Dec. 1.)

Edouard Vuillard—A small, charmingly selected loan show, covering the period 1890 to 1905 in his career. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 27.)

Franklin Watkins—Paintings and drawings, all done as preliminary studies for two large murals on the theme of death and resurrection. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Dec. 11.)

Alan Wood-Thomas—A small collection of rather stark paintings by a young artist. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through Dec. 4.)

Andrew Wyeth—A one-man show of genre paintings, including some smoothly expert oils and some less interesting water colors. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 4.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large and slightly jumbled survey of our naval history from the Revolution onward, comprising everything from paintings and sculptures to ships' models. A bit tedious, except for the models, which are fascinating. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of modern paintings and sculptures juxtaposed with related earlier examples, called "Timeless Aspects of Modern Art;" through Jan. 23. . . . ¶ A compact exhibition of collages with examples ranging from the beginning of the movement, among the French Cubists and the subsequent French and German Dadaists, to the present; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Memorial show of sculptures by Elie Nadelman, who was prominent in the nineteen-twenties and is now almost forgotten; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions, including five modern British paintings, a Braque, and some sculptures; through Jan. 23. (Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 80th St.—Water colors and collages by Hilla Rebay. (Weekdays, except Mondays

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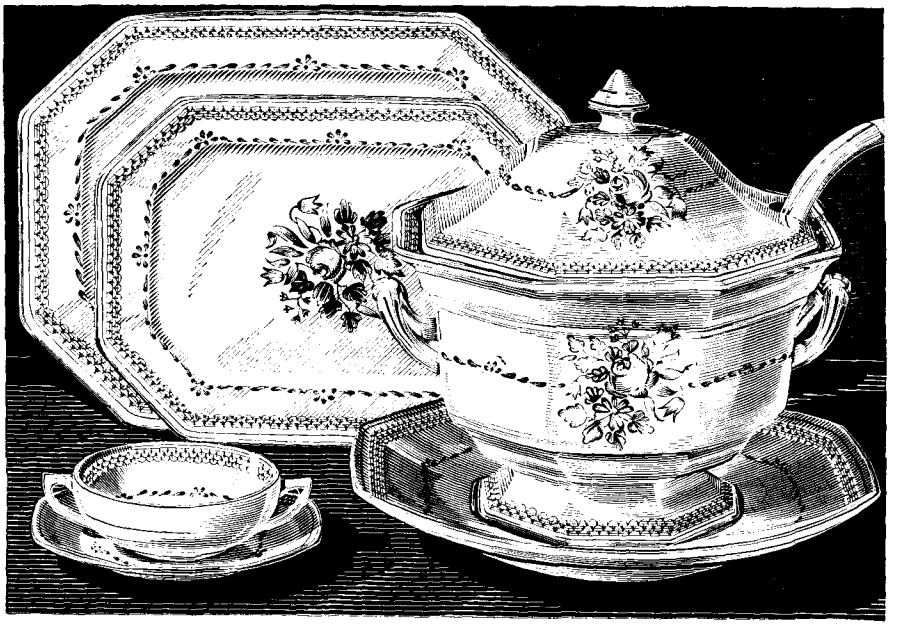

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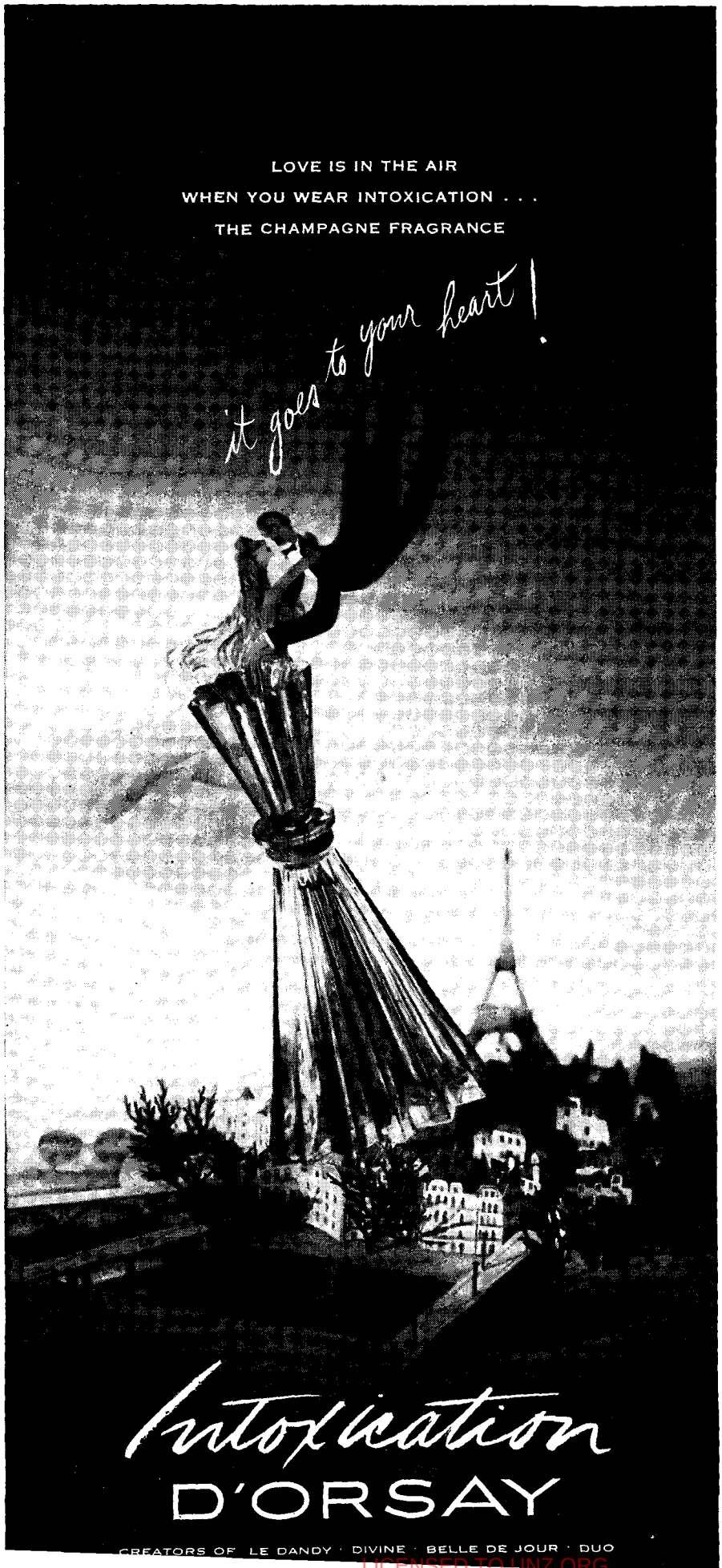

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 15.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—This year's Annual of Contemporary American Painting, as big, authoritative, and interesting as usual. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 2.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season—Monday evening, Nov. 29, at 8:30: "Otello," with Licia Albanese and Ramon Vinay. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 30, at 8:30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Bidu Sayao and Ferruccio Tagliavini. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 1, at 8:30: "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Dorothy Kirsten and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 2, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Helen Traubel, Lauritz Melchior, and Herbert Janssen. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 3, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Stella Roman, Cloe Elmo, and Jussi Bjoerling. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 4, at 2: "Mignon," with Risë Stevens. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 4, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Patrice Munsel, Jan Peerce, and Leonard Warren; a benefit for the Hebrew National Orphan Home. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210.)

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Nov. 25, at 8:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 26, at 8:15: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 27, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday afternoon, Nov. 28, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 28, at 8:45: "Salome." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8980.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday evening, Nov. 25, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Nov. 26, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, Nov. 28, at 2:45; all with Zino Francescatti, violin. . . . ¶ Bruno Walter conducting: Thursday evening, Dec. 2, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Dec. 3, at 2:30, both with Nadine Conner, soprano; Jean Watson, contralto; and the Westminster Choir. . . . ¶ Walter Hendl conducting: Saturday evening, Dec. 4, at 8:45, with Szymon Goldberg, violin. (Carnegie Hall.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas K. Scherman conducting, with Marian Anderson, contralto. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Loewenguth Quartet of Paris—Chamber music. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 27, at 2:30, and Sunday afternoon, Nov. 28, at 5:30.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Saturday evening, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

Mack Harrell—Baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Nov. 28, at 3.)

New Friends of Music—The Juilliard Quartet, and others. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Nov. 28, at 5:30.)

Maurice Wilk—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Bagby Music Lovers Foundation—Maggie Teyte, soprano; Jarmila Novotna, soprano; Mack Harrell, baritone; and others; a benefit for a pension fund for opera and concert performers. (Grand Ballroom, Waldorf-Astoria. Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 30, at 2:30. For tickets, write the Bagby Music Lovers Foundation, Waldorf-Astoria.)

William Horne—Tenor; a benefit for the Lemonade Opera and Village House. (Village

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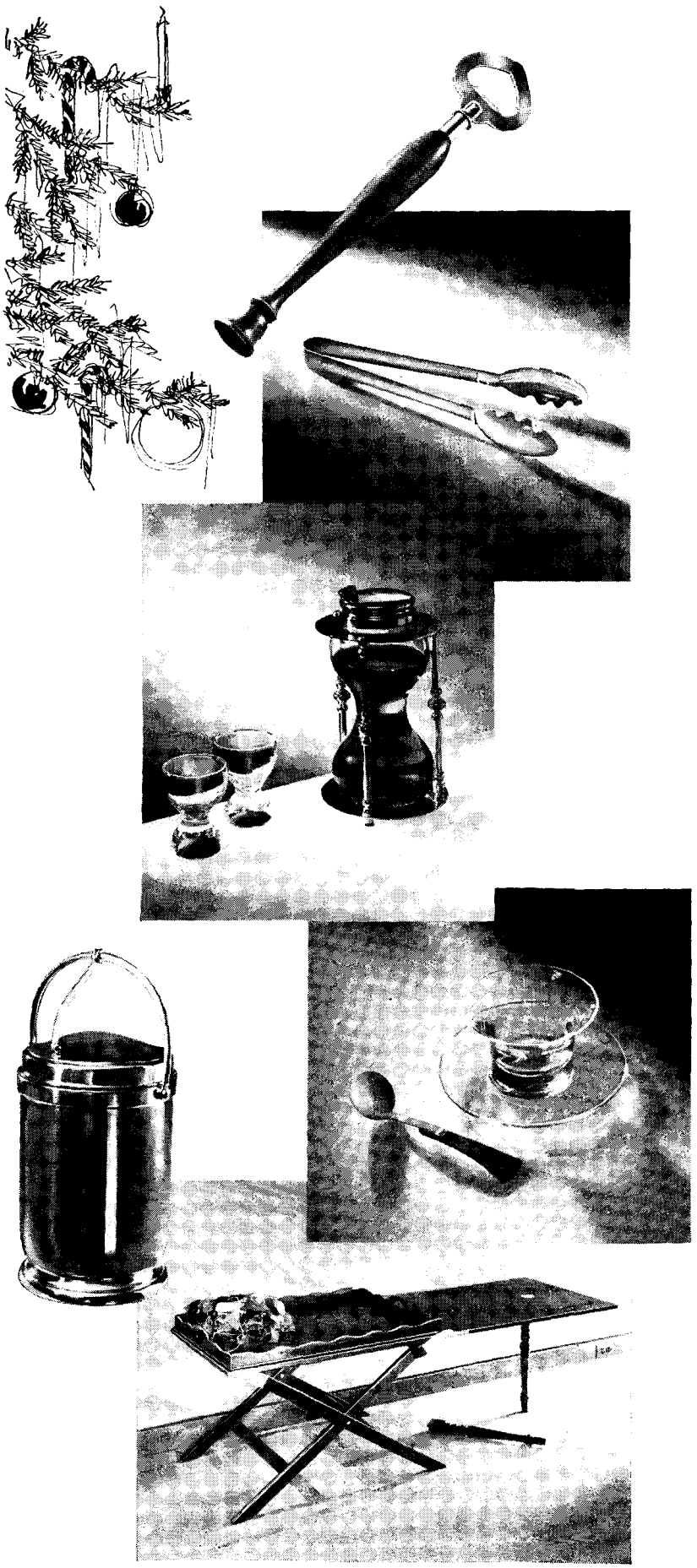

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Presbyterian Church, 141 W. 13th St. WA 9-4868. Tuesday evening, Nov. 30, at 8:40.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Aksel Schiotz—Tenor. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Benno and Sylvia Rabinof—Two pianos. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Dec. 4, at 5:30.)

Nestor Chayres—Tenor. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Note—Pierre Fournier will give a cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700) on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 5, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Nov. 30, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

College Basketball—Thursday, Dec. 2: N.Y.U. vs. Baylor, and St. John's vs. Tennessee. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4: C.C.N.Y. vs. Brigham Young, and L.I.U. vs. Bowling Green. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

College Football—Thursday, Nov. 25: Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30 P.M. . . . **Saturday, Nov. 27:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30 P.M.

Professional Football—Dodgers vs. Baltimore. (Ebbets Field. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2:05 P.M.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Boston. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Buffalo. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2:15 P.M.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30 P.M.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Show. (Scarsdale, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 27-28.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas K. Scherman conducting a concert for young people. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday morning, Dec. 4, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5160.)

Children's World Theatre—"King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Friday, Nov. 26, at 2:30 P.M.; Saturdays, Nov. 27 and Dec. 4, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M.; and Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.)

Children's Drama Guild—Saturday, Nov. 27: "Hansel and Gretel," "Princess Rosette and the Peacock King," and "The King Came to School." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4: "Rumpelstiltzkin," "Hiding a Prince," and "The Enchanted Spring." (Turn Hall Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 85th St. Saturday afternoons at 2:30. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.)

Miniature Circus—An hour and a half or so of clowns, puppets, trained dogs, and magic tricks. (Provincetown Playhouse, 123 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 10 and 11:45 A.M., and 1:30 P.M.; Sunday, Nov. 28, at 11 A.M., and 1 and 3 P.M.)

Children's Movies—Films and short subjects of interest to small fry are shown at the Trans-Lux 85th St. Theatre. (Madison at 85th St., BU 8-3180) on Saturday mornings at 11.

OTHER EVENTS

Macy Parade—Balloon gnomes, monkeys, crocodiles, and firemen, bobbing along above seventeen floats and nine bands. Starting at 10 on Thanksgiving Day morning, at Central Park West and 77th Street, the procession will move down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving there at about 11:30.

New York Public Library—The Gutenberg Bible, the Bay Psalm Book, and a galaxy of first editions, one hundred in all, displayed in

celebration of the Library's hundredth anniversary. (Main Hall, weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 10 P.M.; and Room 318, weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

Asia Institute—A large collection of Indonesian masks, textiles, primitive totems, and statuettes, handsome to look at but unfortunately diminished in effect by a lack of descriptive notes. (7 E. 70th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Victorian Children's Books and Games—Kate Greenaway, Randolph Caldecott, Arthur Rackham, and Walter Crane delight the eye once more in this exhibit of picture books, games, and peepshows of the nineteenth-century child. (B. T. Batsford, Ltd., 122 E. 55th St. Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.)

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "A Flight to the Antarctic." Starting Wednesday, Dec. 1, there will be a new one, called "The Star of Bethlehem." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M. Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—French eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, owned by Mrs. Seton Porter, Sholem Asch, and others. (Exhibition, Friday, Nov. 26, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Illuminated manuscripts and other medieval books, and a collection of rare bird books, from a private collection. (Exhibition, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Monday, Nov. 29, at 8 P.M., and Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 2 and 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ Etchings and engravings by Dürer, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and others, collected by the late Joseph H. Seaman. (Exhibition, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 29-30, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 1-2, at 8 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

(Programs, as you know, are often changed at the last minute; your newspaper should be consulted as the final authority.)

RADIO

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Sunday, Nov. 28, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Nov. 27, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC.

Drama—Gertrude Lawrence and Dennis King in "What Every Woman Knows," presented by the Protestant Episcopal Church, Friday, Nov. 26, at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ Lilli Palmer in "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Nov. 28, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Helen Hayes in "Angel Street," Sunday, Nov. 28, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Secret Agent," Friday, Nov. 26, at 9 P.M., WCBS.

Sports—College Football: Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Thursday, Nov. 25, at 1:15 P.M., WOR; Brown vs. Colgate, Thursday, Nov. 25, at 10:55 A.M., WMGM; Army vs. Navy, Saturday, Nov. 27, at 1:15 P.M., WOR.

TELEVISION

Newsreels—Daily at 7:30 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ Daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT.

Sports—College Football: Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Thursday, Nov. 25, at 1:15 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Professional Football: Giants vs. Boston, Sunday, Nov. 28, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ; Yankees vs. Buffalo, Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2:15 P.M., WABD; Dodgers vs. Baltimore, Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ College Basketball: N.Y.U. vs. Baylor, and St. John's vs. Tennessee, Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Hockey: Rangers vs. Chicago, Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8:25 P.M., WPIX.

Miscellany—The Macy Parade, Thursday, Nov. 25, at 10 A.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Catherine the Great," a Korda film, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Friday, Nov. 26, at 8 P.M., WPIX.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

César—The last, and probably best, part of Marcel Pagnol's French trilogy describing Marseille and some of its more entertaining inhabitants. With Raimu, Charpin, Orane Démazis, and Pierre Fresnay. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294.)

The Big Clock—A smooth, if improbable, mystery drama, in which Ray Milland, as an editor, has his hands full trying to keep Charles Laughton, as his publisher, from doing him in. The cast also includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Elsa Lanchester, and George Macready. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 29-Dec. 1.)

Easter Parade—A Technicolor musical chiefly notable for the footwork of Fred Astaire, Judy Garland and Ann Miller do a bit of dancing, too. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Nov. 29.)

The Emperor Waltz—Bing Crosby, as a phonograph salesman, sauntering genially through the court of Franz Josef. Some nice songs and Joan Fontaine are big assets. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Nov. 28-Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; starting Dec. 1.)

A Foreign Affair—Playful foolery about an Army captain and a couple of ladies in occupied Berlin. Despite its grim background, a fairly pleasant item. With Jean Arthur, Marlene Dietrich, and John Lund. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 26-27. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting Dec. 1.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier and William Shakespeare in fruitful collaboration. Sir Laurence plays the title role in the picture, which he also produced and directed. He is helped immensely by Terence Morgan, Felix Aylmer, and Basil Sydney. An English film. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Thanksgiving Day; Friday, Nov. 26; and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, all at 5:30; and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

Joan of Arc—The life of the Maid of Lorraine done in one-syllable words, most of them dull. Ingrid Bergman struggles along in this one for more than two and a half hours, but the only really competent acting is that of José Ferrer as the Dauphin. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, PL 7-4966.)

Johnny Belinda—Though the plot revolves around a love affair between a deaf-mute girl and a charitable young doctor, this film avoids mawkishness and achieves the level of good entertainment by treating its characters with respectful understanding. Jane Wyman is splendid as the deaf-mute, and Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, and Agnes Moorehead are all right, too. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 1.)

Louisiana Story—Robert Flaherty at large with his ingenious camera in the bayous of the South. His account of life among the Cajuns makes for a picture on a par with the best. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

Marriage in the Shadows—A German film that, by understatement, reveals more about Nazi customs than hosts of blood-and-thunder pictures have done. As a Jewish girl married to a Gentile, Ilse Steppat is excellent, and she gets firm support from the other players. (Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141.)

Not Guilty—In the role of a doctor regarded by most people as somewhat less bright than the average, Michel Simon has quite a time in this movie trying to prove that he is smart enough to have committed three perfect murders, as, indeed, he has. A nice bit of lethal trivia, done in French. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Dec. 1.)

Paisan—Six dramatic episodes that might have taken place during the invasion of Italy, pieced together by Roberto Rossellini, the director of "Open City," into an altogether remarkable film. The cast is predominantly amateur, and the dialogue is in English, Italian, and German. Produced in Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Rachel and the Stranger—Something about Colonial Ohio, populated by settlers more credible than is usual in films about pioneers. Well enacted by Loretta Young, William Holden, and Robert Mitchum. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; starting Dec. 1.)

The Red Shoes—A first-rate ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English film that deals with life among the dancers. Moira Shearer is the ballerina, and Ludmilla Tcherina and Leonide Massine are also on hand. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Thanksgiving Day; Friday, Nov. 26; and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, all at 5:30; and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

The Snake Pit—A film about an overcrowded modern lunatic asylum. It is distinguished by the compelling performance of Olivia de Havilland, and by a lot of what seems to be authentic detail on life in such establishments. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Symphonie Pastorale—An adaptation of André Gide's story about a pastor who takes a blind girl into his home and presently finds himself hopelessly enamored of his ward. Enterprisingly acted by Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. The photography is arresting. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

Blithe Spirit (1945)—The Noel Coward romp with ghosts and mediums. An English picture, with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 28-29.)

Dark Waters (1944)—Creepy doings in the Louisiana bayou country. Merle Oberon and Franchot Tone. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 25.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. An English picture, with Charles Laughton. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 25.)

Room Service (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 30.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—A Hitchcock job about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 28.)

This Happy Breed (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Nov. 29-30.)

Vacation from Marriage (1946)—Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr jolted out of the tedium of a dreary marriage by the war. An English picture. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Nov. 28-30.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Nov. 29.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule—Through Nov. 28, at 3 P.M.: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), with Rudolph Valentino. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 29, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "Madame Sans-Gêne" (1911), with Gabrielle Réjane; "La Dame aux Camélias" (1912), with Sarah Bernhardt; "Vanity Fair" (1915), with Minnie Maddern Fiske; and "Cenere" (1916), with Eleanora Duse. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"A Song Is Born," Danny Kaye.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Kissing Bandit," Frank Sinatra.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1706)
"A Southern Yankee," Red Skelton.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Blood on the Moon," Robert Mitchum, Barbara Bel Geddes.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Road House," Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Hills of Home," Janet Leigh, Tom Drake.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Nov. 30: "Last Days of Pompeii," revival, Basil Rathbone; and "She," revival, Randolph Scott.
From Dec. 1: To be announced.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Miss Tatlock's Millions," Wanda Hendrix, John Lund.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE SNAKE PIT.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"When My Baby Smiles at Me," Betty Grable, Dan Dailey.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
"The Three Musketeers," Lana Turner, Gene Kelly, June Allyson.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Fighter Squadron," Edmond O'Brien, Robert Stack.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
JOAN OF ARC.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
"Street of Shadows" (in French), Viviane Romance, Louis Jouvet, Pierre Blanchar.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4205)
"Mlle. Désirée" (in French), Sacha Guitry.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
CÉSAR.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"A Lover's Return" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "Le Corbeau" (in French), revival, Pierre Fresnay.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
LOUISIANA STORY.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"Four Steps in the Clouds" (in Italian).

Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
SYMPHONIE PASTORALE; and "A Visit with Henri Matisse," short documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
"Blanche Fury," Valerie Hobson, Stewart Granger.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 2nd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Tentative: "Dulcimer Street," Richard Attenborough, Fay Compton.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
PAISAN.

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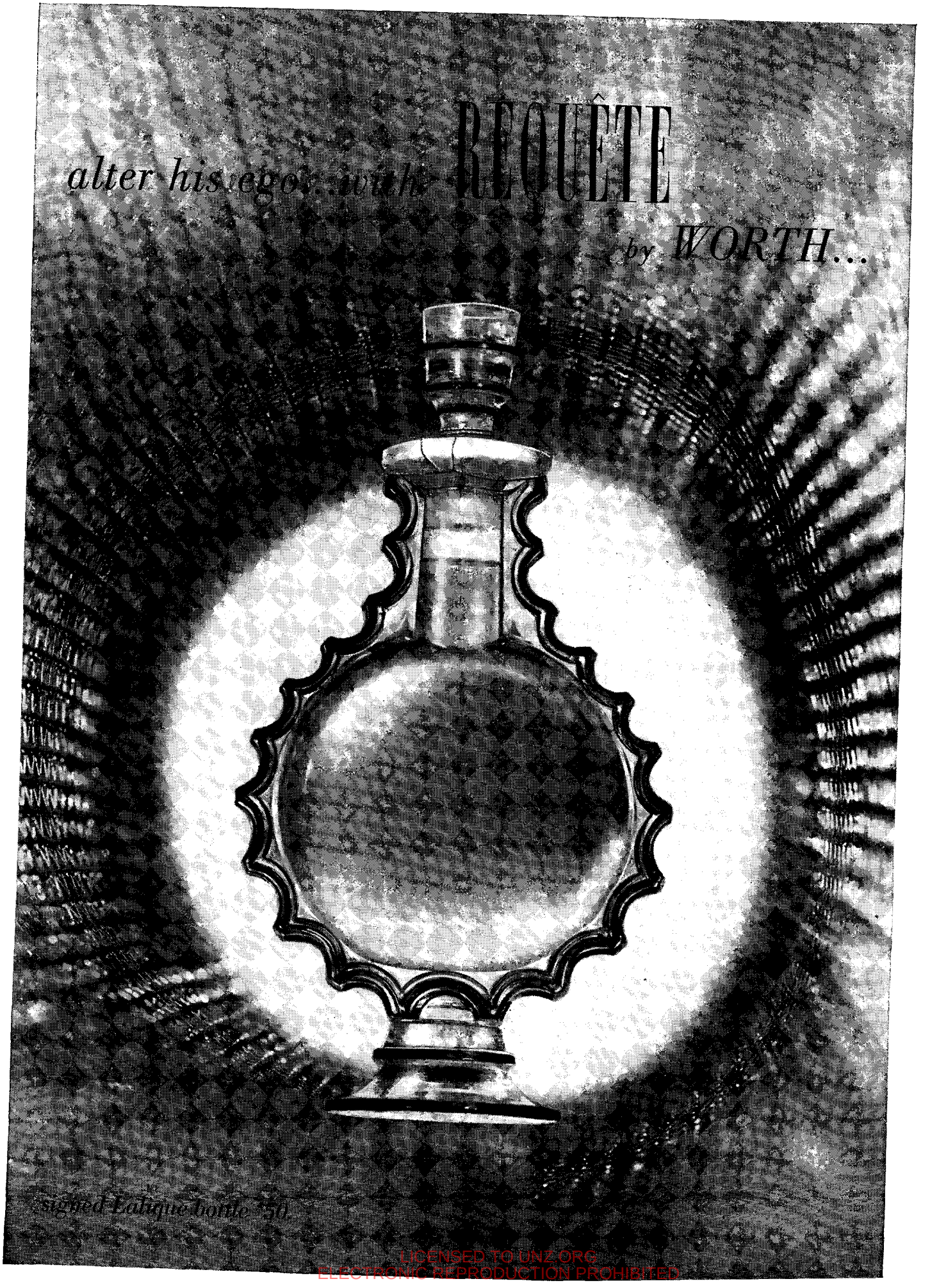

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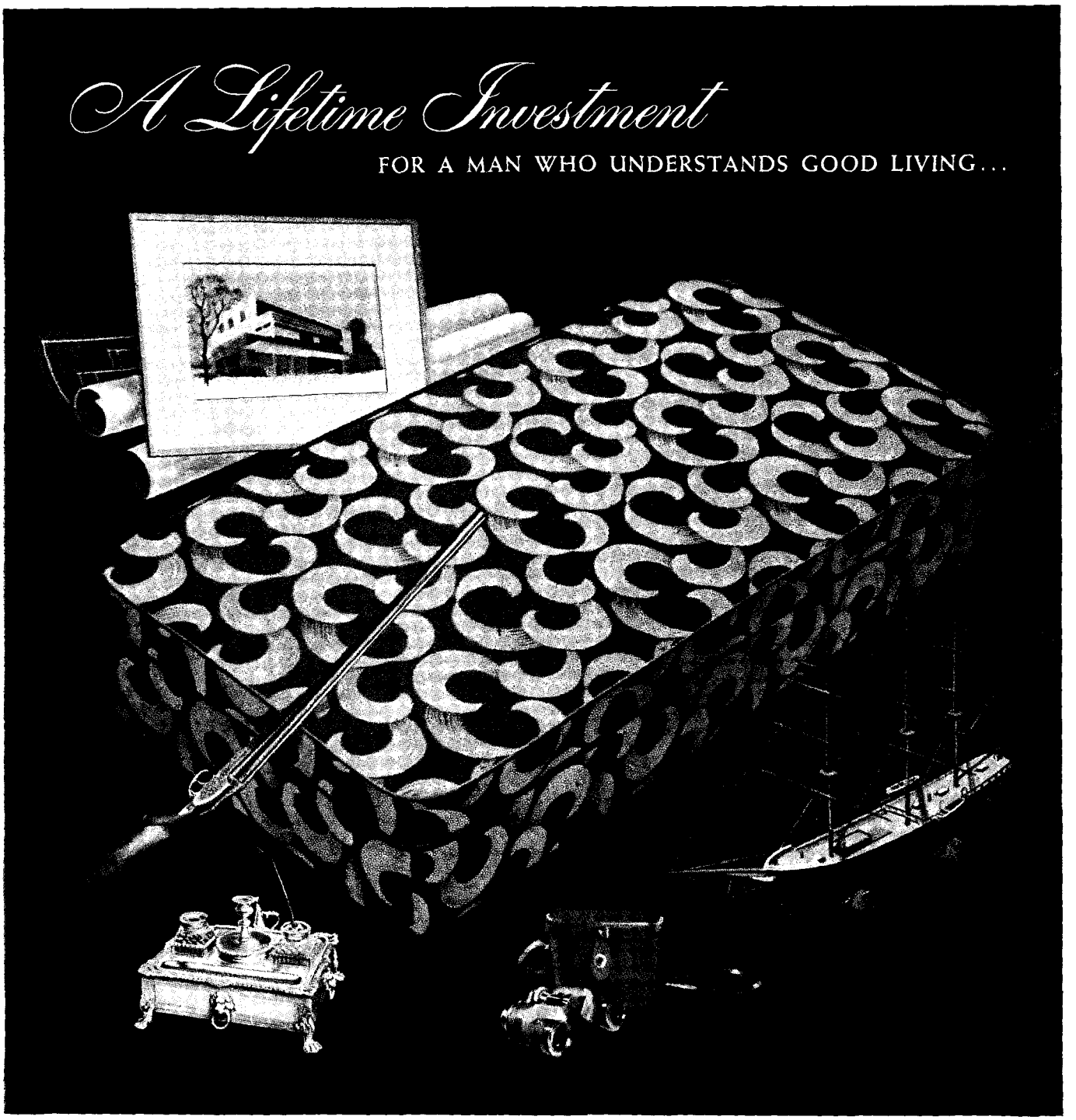

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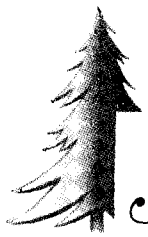

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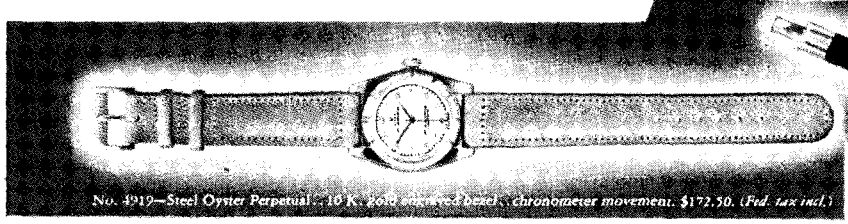

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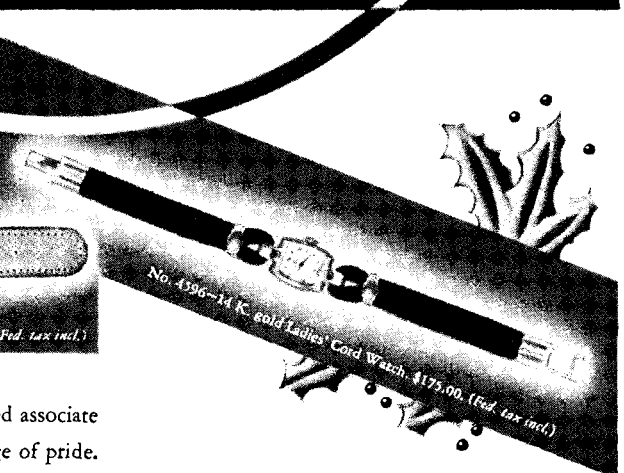

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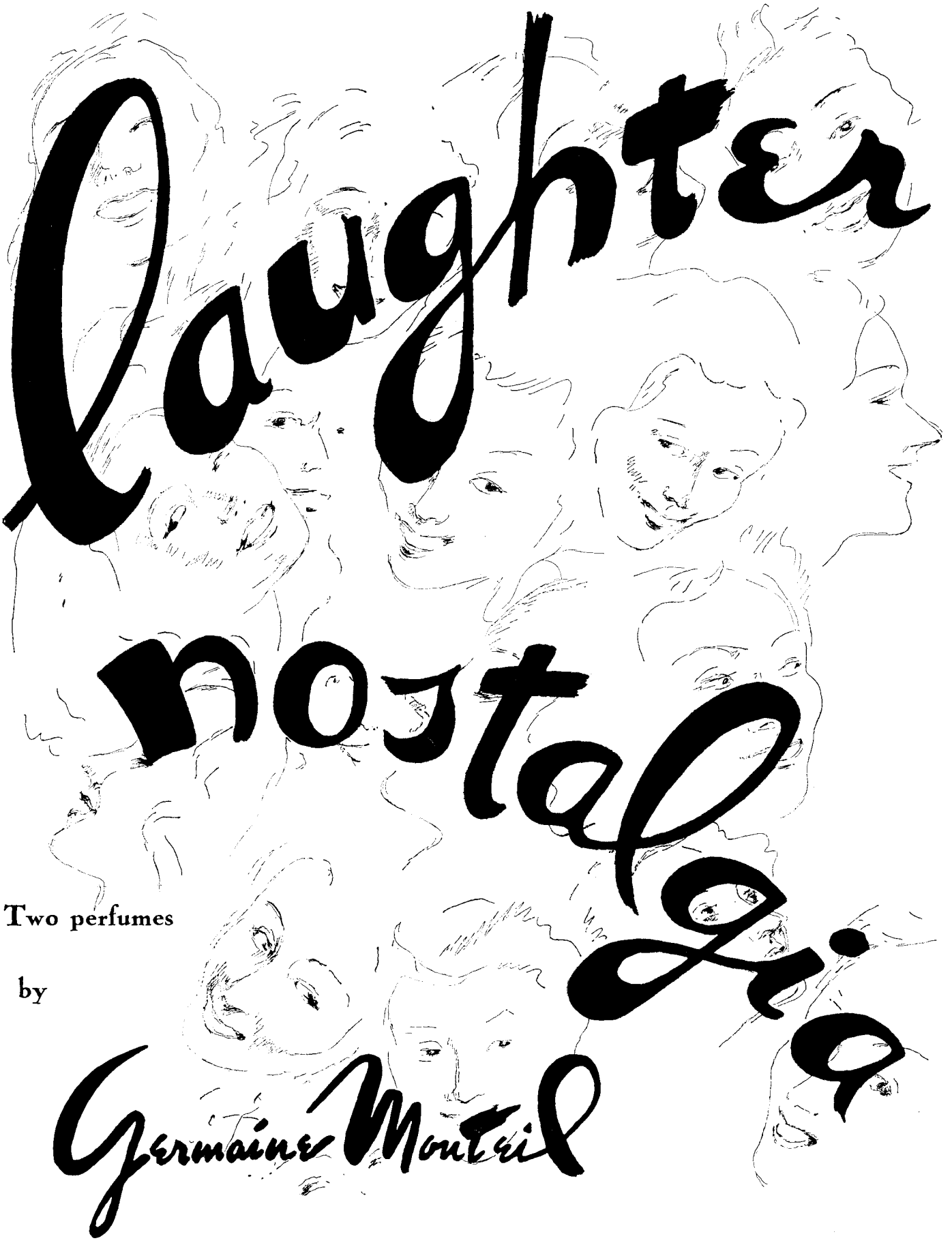

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

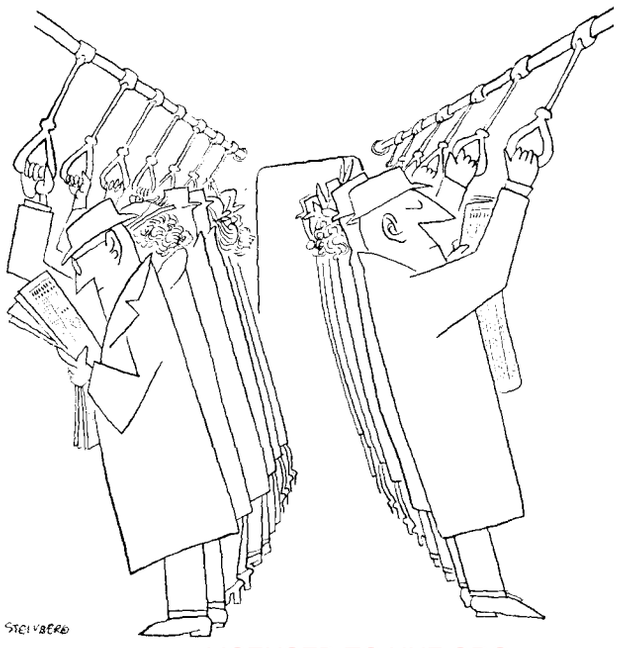
TO capture an indistinct feeling of thanksgiving, one must be a skillful trapper and know the country. The year 1948 had its moments when we gave thanks, but most of them got away from us and we hardly know how to catch them again. There is nothing wrong with the American harvest itself: the bins are full, the vines are heavy with grapes, the board groans, and the new, compact turkey waits on his sanitary wire floor. Up from the deep freeze come July's strawberries in the homes of the forehanded, a triumph of rural electrification and hot summer afternoons. For all these we give thanks, at the same time wondering whether abundance is in fact enjoyable as long as it is untypical, wondering how far one can go in a partially plundered planet in rendering thanks for the immediate yield.

We are thankful at the end of November in 1948 for many blessings less tangible than turkey. When the year started last January, witch-hunting was on the increase and there was some danger that the practice of inquiring into political belief might become general. That danger seems now to be somewhat reduced, and we thank God for that. We are grateful that the personnel, and probably the technique, of the Un-American Activities Committee is in for a shakeup. We are thankful that in a year when liberty was challenged in so many places so many articulate voices were raised in defense of fundamental ideas. You hear these voices all the time, coming from the radio, coming from the newspapers, and in chorus they make a wonderful sound, a great anthem.

At this season we are thankful for the Amherst chapter of Phi Kappa Psi, which has decided to explore the nature of brotherhood, against its parents' advice. We're thankful for the recent blessed event in Buckingham Palace, and thankful that England's royal family is not only royal but agreeable as well.

Our sympathies go out to the bereaved families of Donora, Pennsylvania, and we are thankful that that curious disaster—which is symbolic of civilized life—is not yet prevalent all over the world. A slight shift of wind, a slight change in diplomatic pressure, and the fumes of man's ingenuity will drift back through his window and turn the earth into a Donora. We pray at this abundant season for a wider realization of this, and for a lifting of the skies.

We are grateful that a zenaida dove has been sighted in Florida, grateful that the inability of the American Broadcasting Company to arrange a moment of silence on Armistice Day was due to "production difficulties" and not to some deep inability to keep perfectly quiet, and grateful that Mr. Garry Davis, the denationalized citizen of the world, quietly continues to pose a problem that the United Nations will have to meet. Mr. Davis, whether he acted wisely or foolishly, is in step with the universe. The rest of us march to a broken drum.



Serve Hot

ONE of the minor mysteries of the recent election was the near-unanimity with which poll-takers, politicians, and newspaper and radio commentators declared their willingness to "eat crow"—an old and familiar phrase but one that probably had never come in for such concentrated use as it did on that morning of November 3rd. (One of the few exceptions was John O'Donnell, of the *News*, who said he *wouldn't* eat crow.) For the edification of the many crow-eaters everywhere, we assigned one of our young men to dig up some enlightenment on the subject. He's no Mencken, but he was the best we had on emergency call. According to Webster, our young man found, to eat crow means to "accept what one has fought against," which isn't the sense in which the Messrs. Alsop, Krock, et al., used it. The American College Dictionary says it means "to be compelled to do or say something extremely unpleasant or humiliating," which is more like it, and the "American Thesaurus of Slang" compares it to eating one's words, eating dirt, swallowing one's teeth, eating a person's dust, and tipping the kelly to. Mencken's "American Language" lists it and says it goes back "to the gaudy era before the Civil War" and originated in "politics and that department of social intercourse which has to do with drinking."

In Farmer's "Americanisms

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—Old & New," published in London in 1889, appears a fancy and highly circumstantial explanation, to this effect: The War of 1812 being interrupted by numerous truces, it was not uncommon for American soldiers stationed on the south side of the Niagara River to cross over and hunt game on the north, or British, side. One day, "a long, lank, stuttering specimen of the genus Yankee" crossed the river and, poaching on the grounds of an English gentleman, potted a crow. The English gentleman came up, observed the dead bird, complimented the Yankee on his marksmanship, asked to feel the heft of the gun, and, as soon as it had been given to him, pointed it at the Yankee and commanded him to bite off and swallow a portion of the bird, which the Yankee reluctantly did. The English gentleman then returned the weapon, whereupon the Yankee ordered him to eat the rest of the bird, which, with equal difficulty, the Englishman did. The next day, the Englishman called on the American commander, described the soldier, and requested that he be punished. The Yankee was haled before the commander and asked whether he had ever seen the Englishman before. Shifting uneasily from one foot to the other, the Yankee replied, "Y-y-yes, Captin, I d-d-dined with him y-y-yesterday." This capital witticism was more than enough to save the Yankee from punishment. (Our young man reports that he found an even more elaborate version of this chestnut; when discussing the incident in later years, the Yankee would remark, "I kin eat crow, but I don't hanker arter it.")

Authorities as far back as Noah seem to have had a low opinion of the crow, many of them regarding it as unfit for human consumption, and therefore to be eaten only against one's will or as a sign of self-abasement. Our man learned, however, that in recent years dressed crows have sold in Oklahoma markets for nineteen cents apiece, that they've long been sold in Denver under the supposedly more attractive trade name of rooks, and that in Kansas in 1936 one could get a crow dinner for from twenty-five to seventy-five cents, depending on the grade of restaurant patronized. A salesman at Abercrombie's told our man that while he'd never actually eaten crow himself, he had heard of its being served at a Chamber of Commerce dinner in Kansas City, and he was willing to bet that it tasted better than sea gull, which he *had* eaten. A lady at *Gourmet* of fact crow is a very tasty dish. Her son, she said, used to eat it all the time, with bacon. She didn't say why he had stopped eating it—just said he used to. She then proceeded to dictate the following recipe for crow potpie, which we're glad to pass along to the Alsops, who said they were willing to take their crow fricasseed:

Cut a cleaned and dressed crow into serving pieces, as for fricassee, and remove the skin. Place in a saucepan with just enough water to cover, add 1 thinly sliced onion, 1 bay leaf, 2 cloves, 1 thinly sliced carrot, ¼ teaspoonful thyme, salt and pepper to taste. Cover, and cook slowly until the pieces of crow are tender (this depends on the age of the bird), then remove the pieces and reduce the stock over a hot fire, uncovered, to half its original volume. Set it aside while preparing an ample quantity of light biscuit dough, reserving part of it to make a fairly thick top crust for the pie and cutting the rest in small triangles or rectangles. Butter the bottom and sides of a deep pie dish and line it with lean and fat ham. Arrange the pieces of crow in the dish, scattering among them the rectangles of biscuit dough, quartered potatoes, and, if desired, cooked button mushrooms. Pour the reduced stock and a pony glass of Madeira over the filling and add 1 bay leaf. Cover the whole with the biscuit dough, cutting a few slits in the crust for the escape of steam and to allow the gravy to bubble up through the vents. Bake for 1 hour in a moderate oven (325° F.). Serve hot.

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INTERNATIONAL INTELLIGENCE: One of the bands featured by the British Broadcasting Corporation is Felix Mendelssohn and His Hawaiian Serenaders.

The Dint of Pity

WE found ourself lunching with the Rotary Club of Brooklyn, the other day, in the Grand Salon of the Hotel St. George, drawn there by the news that the speaker for the occasion, Mr. William B. Burruss, was to deal with the topic "Shakespeare the Salesman." Salesmanship being about the only ability we had never heard claimed for the Bard (a Ph.D. recently demonstrated to us that W. S. was the first atomic physicist), we would have gone farther, if necessary, to hear such a discourse. At any rate, the ceiling of the Grand Salon, which is perforated by small, five-pointed electric stars that wink on and off at unpredictable intervals, gave one scholarly Rotarian an opportunity to cite an effective quotation as Mr. Burruss was being conducted to the dais. "'The floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,'" he called out. Mr. Burruss acknowledged the quotation with a wary smile.

When Mr. Burruss had been seated, we chose a place next to a round, ruddy-cheeked gentleman with rimless pince-nez. "Make yourself at home," he said, welcoming us. "The name's Child. No 's'—just Child. I play the piano when the boys sing." His pince-nez glittered. "'And a little child shall lead them,'" he added. Unnerved by the literary heights on which we teetered, we were still seeking an appropriate rejoinder when the president of the club sounded a gong and the members bent over their plates and fell to. Lunch was in the classic Rotary tradition—chicken croquettes in a semi-solid white sauce, mashed potatoes, and those large, round, exceedingly green peas that turn up only on such occasions.

Following songs ("Smile, and the world smiles with you"), committee reports, introductions of visiting Rotarians (one of whom, a doctor from India, was given a baseball autographed by nine Dodgers, a keepsake that left him visibly confused), and the assessment of fines for various infractions of Rotary rules of good-fellowship, Mr. Burruss was presented, with an admiring reference to the fact that he had delivered his lecture on Shakespeare as a salesman more than eleven hundred times. Mr. Burruss got under way with a speed approaching that of sound. "Who was the greatest salesman who ever lived?" he began, and instantly answered himself, "The immortal Bard of Avon." He went on to say that Shakespeare had introduced over a thousand characters—no two alike, some good, some bad—then held up an admonitory forefinger. "And remember this," he said. "No one knows what any characters of Shakespeare's really said. We know only what Shakespeare *said* they said. *He* was the one thousand characters. He was not only the sales manager of a thousand salesmen; he was each and every one of those salesmen. And among the qualities he gave them was confidence. Confidence! 'Our doubts are traitors,' he said, 'and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.' How often have we failed to sell our product because of fear? Shakespeare understood that. And he understood that we must have enthusiasm. Many of his characters bubble over with enthusiasm. Look at Petruchio. Look at Henry the Fifth, who said, 'Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more . . .'"

After touching lightly, in rapid succession, on William Jennings Bryan, Goneril, Marconi, and Hamlet

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(" 'Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue'—that's a vital part of every salesman's equipment, and Shakespeare knew it"), Mr. Burruss reached his finest moment, with a revolutionary analysis of "Julius Caesar," in terms of sales technique. The conspirators, as Mr. Burruss saw them, made the mistake of forgetting that their only real competitor was public opinion. First, Cassius contacted Brutus. Then he sent him follow-up letters, and finally sold him by a personal interview. After the assassination, Mark Antony, in turn, sold Brutus on the idea of letting him make a speech over Caesar's body. "Antony," Mr. Burruss said, "gets the interest of the crowd by appealing to their emotions. 'O, now you weep,' he says, 'and I perceive you feel the dint of pity.' Then he finishes the sale by pretending that his opponents are honorable men. Now, this is dirty selling, because Mark Antony was a dirty salesman. But Shakespeare pointed out time and again that dirty selling doesn't pay. Far better for all salesmen if people can say of them, as Antony once said of Brutus, 'This was the noblest Roman of them all.' "

We went up and talked with Mr. Burruss after his speech, and learned that he started out as a salesman of pins and needles some forty years ago, then drifted into life insurance, and has been making his talk on Shakespeare since 1919. "First, it was only a sideline," he said. "Then it became my life. My one regret is that I'll never be able to equal the record of Russell Conwell, who delivered his 'Acres of Diamonds' speech six thousand times. Even speaking four or five times a week, I'm too old to ever catch up with him. I'm afraid I wasted too many years just selling."

"Pardon me, but what paper is this going to be in?"

• •

Prerequisite

WE haven't been near the Harvard Divinity School for years, you understand, but we hear from what we must consider an unimpeachable source up there that when two of its students were chatting about a third the other day, the first said, "He had a revelation yesterday," and the second replied, "Good grief, do you suppose you need one to get a degree?"

Into Cardboard

THE Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, which distributes the new telephone books and picks up the old ones on behalf of the local phone company, is just now winding up this semi-annual chore, and we've had a talk with Mr. Irving L. Farr, a large, good-humored Donnelley man of thirty-two years' standing, who has a masterly grasp of the intricacies of the operation. Among the things he told us is that for as long as he can remember people have treated telephone books as a sort of combination bank-and-bureau-drawer. Whether this is a secular corruption of the use of the Bible for such a purpose, he wasn't prepared to say. He *did* say, however, that there has been a sharp drop in the incidence of local fiscal carelessness. "People aren't as neglectful of money as they used to be," he told us. "Oh, occasionally we have an important case, like the one, a month ago, of the woman who left the currency she'd collected for a welfare fund in her directory, but most of the time lately it's been a matter of somebody pressing a silk tie or hiding a five-dollar bill from his wife."

We asked Mr. Farr how it is possible for his company to locate a five-dollar bill in a collected phone book, and he advised us that if the forgetful party telephones the Donnelley offices fast enough, the company simply notifies the truck that has passed through the party's neighborhood, and its load is isolated. "Only a few thousand books to a truckload," he said philosophically. "We pick 'em up, shake 'em, and out drops the prized possession." Among such prized possessions have been a schoolteacher's term grades for her entire class, a list of important clients compiled by a salesman, war bonds, and old love letters. "People who lose cash always exaggerate the amount," Mr.

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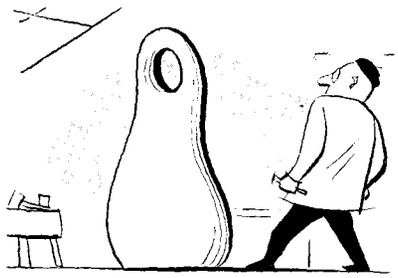

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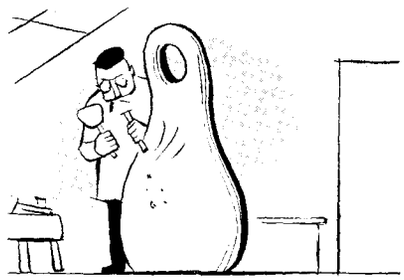

Farr said. "Once, a lady told us she'd left five hundred dollars in twenty-dollar bills in her directory. We found some bills that afternoon, and I called her up and said, 'We have a sum of money here, but it isn't as much as you said, so it may not be yours.' She quickly revised her figures. What we'd found was a hundred dollars in tens." Most Manhattan books are taken by truck to an East River pier and thence go by boat to a mill in Piermont, New York, to be beaten into a pulp and then made into cartons and such; the rest are trucked directly to the mill. A lady called Mr. Farr the other morning about a love letter she said would be dynamite if it ever got into the wrong hands. He was able to tell her that it had undoubtedly cleared the pier and was well on its way to completely losing its identity in a piece of cardboard. She was greatly relieved.

The crews that deliver the new books and gather in the old are recruited especially for the job each season, on a temporary basis, and keeping up their morale is always an important matter. There are from seven to twenty-two men in a crew, and for several years the crews have been working ahead of the truck they are assigned to, as opposed to behind the truck. The truck used to go on ahead of them, but it was found that this discouraged the men—made them feel that they weren't keeping up with the job, were likely to be left behind, and so on. "It took us a long time to find that out, though," said Mr. Farr. The lowest percentage of recovery of directories is on the upper East Side. "Those people don't have as many maids as they used to have," Mr. Farr said, "but they don't stay home any more than they used to." The Telephone Company isn't deeply interested in how much it sells the old books for—they're worth only a couple of cents apiece as wastepaper—but it likes to get them out of circulation, so its customers won't dial numbers that have

This fall's distribution of phone books in Manhattan alone will total 825,000 alphabetical directories and 637,000 classified. If anyone wants a book for another borough as well as his own, he's welcome to it. Both the Telephone Company and Donnelley are sought out from time to time by people who want to buy old directories for some special purpose, frequently odd, and if the phone company O.K.'s the deal, Donnelley passes out the books. The phone company is inclined to be obliging, but its rule is not to sell any directories for a purpose that would "depreciate the books in the public eye." This is interpreted as precluding their sale to sideshow strong men to be torn in two. Strong men never have a clear title to the books they rend. Once, a Central American fruit company bought eight hundred Manhattan directories. Its representative told Mr. Farr that they were to be used to line Central American freight cars. Bandits had been shooting up the company's fruit trains and its officials had figured out that phone books were the ideal thing to stop their bullets.

Literary Corporation

THERE has been a big surge of interest in Henry James of late, and it has evidently reached the Pacific Coast, for into the office of a local publisher who has announced his intention of bringing out a reprint of an old James novel has come, so help us, the following letter, from the Literary Corporation of America, Los Angeles 46, California:

DEAR HENRY JAMES:

I should be extremely interested in the motion-picture representation of your recently announced book, "The Other House." I have read a slight summary of it, though not the full text. If you are not already bound by another West Coast agency affiliation, may I suggest you contact me regarding the matter.

This office manages only writers and their story material. However, we are naturally also in the business of obtaining motion-picture writing assignments for our clients when they so request. Our fee is the usual ten per cent.

Thanking you for an early reply . . .

Citoyens d'Honneur

WE'VE made a clean-up call on Kathleen and Girard Van Barkaloo Hale, the Santa Barbara couple who adopted the French village of Maillé a couple of years ago and have now returned from their first visit there. They are at the Plaza, where, not to our great surprise, we found them setting about the problem of reoutfitting the large number of Maillé children who have outgrown last year's shipment of clothes. "Those kids grow *fast*," said Mr. Hale. "I'm supposed to decide who goes from short pants to long pants. The hell with it! I'm getting them *all* long pants." Mrs. Hale told us she had tried to channel the little girls into denim shirts and trousers, using the current American one-trouser-leg-up-and-the-other-trouser-leg-down fad as a lever, but that, the French being French, it hadn't worked. They wanted dresses, and wanted them to come below the knee.

Both Hales assured us that the traditional individualism of the French remains unimpaired. "We got our first proof of this in Tours, where we were greeted by a band playing 'The Star-Spangled Banner,'" Mrs. Hale said. "Each man played the song as *he* thought it should be played. The result was perfectly tremendous and very heartening. Nobody in France ever watches the bandmaster." Approaching Maillé, the Hales learned that a more disciplined, and more formal, reception was in store for them. To undermine the pomp and circumstance, they sent a friend ahead to distribute balloons with pictures of Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse on them. This idea worked. The children immediately started blowing up balloons, and by the time the Hales arrived, all the grownups were at it, too. Surrounded by waving Donald Ducks and Mickey Mouses, Mr. and

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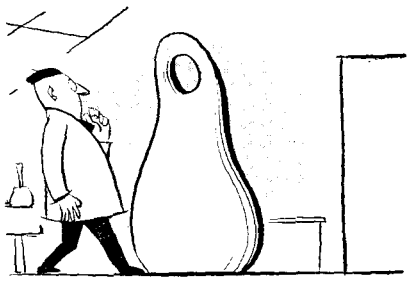

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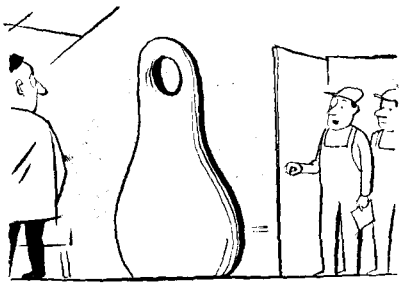

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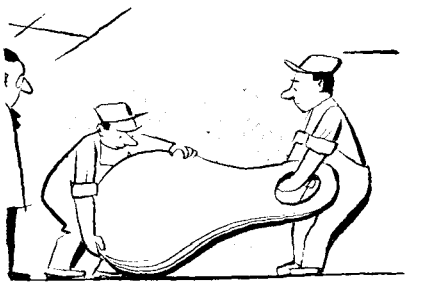

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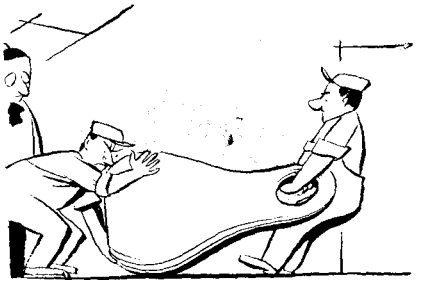

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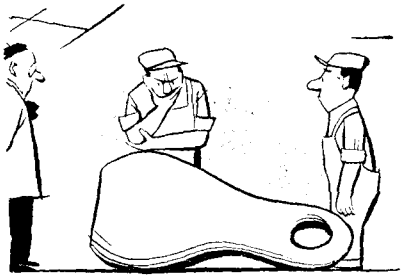

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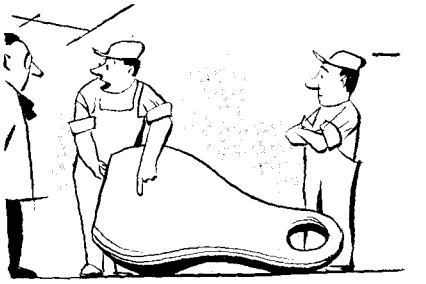

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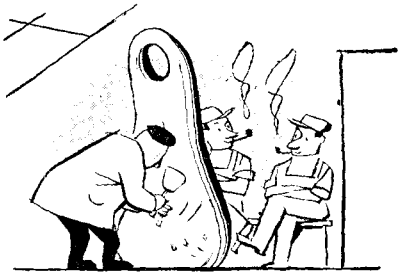

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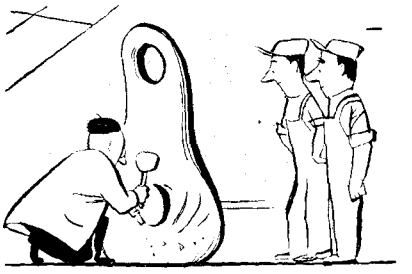

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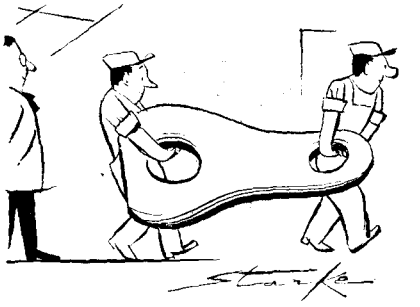

Mrs. Hale were presented with a red-ribboned document signed by *M. le Maire* and *les conseillers municipaux*, making them "*citoyens d'honneur du village martyr en reconnaissance de l'amitié et de la grande générosité qu'ils ont manifestées aux survivants du massacre allemand du 25 août 1944.*" Mr. Hale cautioned Mrs. Hale not to start crying, and two minutes later was crying himself.

Next, the children staged a program of entertainment on the village green. It lasted three hours. "Not a kid in the village who could sing or dance could be left out or cut short," Mr. Hale said. The Hales were then presented with a large blue vase and a hand-embroidered cloth into which every woman in Maillé had put at least a few stitches. The following day, they visited every family in Maillé. Almost everyplace, they were offered wine in cups decorated with paintings of California cacti, which they had sent over last year. After about the twentieth cup of wine, they began accepting gifts of live rabbits, ducklings, baby chicks, and kittens.

The villagers, who speak of the Hales as the godparents of Maillé, decided that the Hales should have at least one authentic individual godchild, and the couple stood as *marraine et parrain* to the latest-born baby, a girl named Kathleen Anne Mary, after Mrs. Hale. The baby's father had been a prisoner of war in Germany, and had returned to find that his wife and three children had been massacred. He remarried last year. The villagers reported that, thanks to tractors the Hales had shipped to Maillé, they were looking forward to an exceptional harvest, which was about to begin. Before the Hales left, the village celebrated Mrs. Hale's birthday with a big party. "We gave every child, male or female, a cap with one of those damn windmills on top," Mr. Hale said, "and either a drum or a trumpet along with it. All day long, they were running around the village, and the windmills were turning and the trumpets were blowing and the drums were booming, and everybody was eating jelly beans and drinking wine. Oh, it was fine!"

Convenience

A Murray Hill lady who lives in an apartment house with a communal, coin-operated washing machine in the basement was distressed, one recent Monday, to find the machine crammed with laundry, though unattended, every time she went downstairs with her bundle of wash. She decided to hang around and find out which of her fellow-tenants was the agent of her frustration. The question was settled soon afterward when the proprietor of a Chinese laundry down the block whisked in with a heaping basket, bowed to her, emptied the machine, stuffed it with a new load, bowed again, and hurried away.

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"[illegible] or have you ever been, a naughty boy?"

METHINKS HE DOTH PROTEIN TOO MUCH

She has given beauty a new category, he thought, for she appears to be edible. She is the word made fruit, rather than flesh, and with sugar and cream she would be delicious. Her neck would taste like an English apple, a pippin or nonpareil; and her arms, still faintly sunburned from the mountain snow, like greengages.—*From a short story by Eric Linklater in Harper's Bazaar.*

IN the precise, methodical manner that characterized everything he did, Monroe Fruehauf unhurriedly read his way through the weather summary and the maritime intelligence in his morning newspaper. A low-pressure area obtained over the Laurentian Plateau, and scattered showers impended in the Carolinas. According to the list of outgoing freighters carrying mail, the Zulu Queen was accepting parcel post and printed matter for Lourenso Marques, Nyasaland Protectorate, Kenya, and Uganda. None of these advices occasioned Monroe surprise, or, indeed, any overwhelming concern. For all he cared, it could rain frogs over the Carolinas, and the Zulu Queen could carry marijuana if she were so disposed; he was merely pursuing an ingrained custom of thoroughly digesting the paper before he left for work. Not that there was any particular urgency in that respect. Nobody cared what time he opened his second-hand bookshop on West Fourth Street, and it would be hours before the first furtive schoolboy appeared in quest of the "Heptameron" or the works of Sacher Masoch. Monroe leafed back through the paper for a final, encompassing glance and discovered that he had neglected the food column. With the same tranquillity he had shown the weather and the shipping news, he learned that a new water-ground corn meal was being milled in Vermont, that an even more expensive turkey had been devilled for the millionaire palate, and that anchovies could be blended with mucilage to form an effective centerpiece for the *smörgåsbord* tray.

The last item in the column, however, definitely pricked Monroe's interest. An alert organization known as Yale Lox Associates had instituted a service to deliver a tasty assortment of smoked salmon, pot cheese, and bagels suitable for Sunday breakfast to one's door by fleet-footed, courteous messenger. A piquant notion, thought Monroe. The cooking facilities in his one-room apartment were limited, and he liked to linger abed of a Sabbath morning. The idea of having so baronial a tidbit brought to his couch was seductive. Acting on impulse, a thing he rarely did, he rang up the service forthwith. The brisk, executive voice that answered assured him that, barring a cataclysm, the lox would go through on time.

"Better throw in an extra order of rolls," said Monroe in a burst of recklessness. After all, once he had made the gesture, there was no sense stinting himself.

"Double bagels it is, sir," confirmed the voice, and Monroe almost fancied he heard heels clicked smartly. Before the day's trivia crowded the matter from his mind, he reflected pleasantly on the sybaritic experience in store. The step he had taken was hardly significant, and yet he had the inescapable feeling that he was standing on the threshold of a new life.

AT eleven o'clock Sunday morning, Monroe rolled over with a groan and groped about blindly for his slippers. The repeated buzz of the doorbell had settled into a long, maddening whine. Struggling into a robe, he reeled across the room, fumbled with the chain latch, and wrenched open the door. In the hallway stood a pert young woman clad in the parade uniform of a horse dragoon —giant black shako, befrogged tunic, jackboots, and sabretache depending from her belt. As Monroe goggled at her, she raised a bugle to her lips and executed a brassy flourish that sent echoes vibrating through the stair well.

"Hey, for Pete's sake!" protested Monroe, recoiling. "You'll wake up the whole block!"

Ignoring his protest, the young woman saluted crisply and addressed him in a ringing, declamatory tone: "The Yale Lox Associates bid you good appetite. From the ice-blue waters of Newfoundland, we bring you the pink perfection of Nova Scotia salmon smoked over hickory fires; from lush upstate New York farms, loud with the hum of bees, the crumbly goodness of snowy pot cheese made of richest Jersey milk; and from the aromatic ovens of Hester Street, the lordly, succulent bagel, agleam with flavorful spar varnish. Allow me." She picked up the field kitchen at her side and brushed past Monroe into his cubicle. Dazed and unnerved by her masterful manner, he followed, feebly muttering excuses for the disordered state of the room.

"Perfectly all right. We're used to it in our work," she assured him, deftly producing a number of wax-paper packages from the container. "That the kitchenette there? Now, you just laze around. I'll have everything ready in a jiffy." She was as good as her word; by the time he emerged from the bathroom, feeling a bit less thorny, the breakfast was invitingly spread on the table, and coffee was brewing in the percolator. Impressed, Monroe inquired if these ministrations were routine.

"All part of the service." She smiled, extracted a pencil from her shako, and scribbled a bill. "Natch, if you want the comics read to you, that's a quarter extra." Not ordinarily susceptible to feminine charm, Monroe had to admit that the girl was deucedly pretty. Her cheeks had the delicate flush of a ripe peach, her ears glowed like tiny shrimps below her taffy-colored hair, and the curve of her firm, gracile hips, encased in skin-tight breeches, called to mind the rounded outlines of a prize Bartlett pear.

"Look, miss," Monroe began lamely. "Please don't misunderstand me, but I was wondering if—that is, would you share this with me, maybe?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that, sir," she said quickly. "Mr. Fabricant's rules are very strict." One of the dragoons, it seemed, had been court-martialled for just such a breach of discipline and sentenced to slice sturgeon for thirty days. So free of guile was Monroe's entreaty, though, so candid his demeanor, that at length she consented to accept a cup of coffee. Under skillful cross-questioning, she revealed that her name was Norma Ganz, that her hobbies were cooking, baking, and cleaning, that she made her own clothes (except, to be sure, those she was wearing), that she preferred symphony concerts to night clubs, and a good book to either, and that she thought most girls nowadays were extravagant, selfish, and shallow. Confronted with this paragon, Monroe's eyes glistened. Her husband, he suggested, excusing himself for the personal nature of the remark, must be a happy man indeed. Not only was she unmarried, Norma replied forlornly, but she was practically an orphan, unless one counted her father, a wealthy oil operator in Oklahoma, to whose estate she was sole legatee.

IT cost Monroe a series of expensive dinners, numerous theatre tickets, and [illegible]

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and baubles to test the validity of Norma's story, but he eventually satisfied himself. Not one word of it was true. In addition to being an inveterate liar, Norma led a complicated dream life in which she steadfastly identified herself with the heroine of whatever movie or confession romance impressed her at the moment. She was slovenly, vain, illiterate, and altogether a source of increasing anguish to her admirer. And yet to Monroe, fully aware of her defections, she was the most toothsome morsel imaginable. His taste buds yearned for her; he could not look upon her plump white shoulders, the creamy expanse of her throat, without wanting to gobble them up as greedily as a schoolgirl might a charlotte russe. In his amorous fancy, her charms acquired a lusciousness, a dietary significance, unlike those of any other woman he had ever known. As his craving for Norma intensified, he was alarmed to find that she daily grew more disembodied; repeatedly he caught himself regarding her less as a person than a snack, a delectable hors-d'œuvre that dominated his dreams. Sometimes, standing in his shop staring emptily at a first edition of "Jurgen" that in the past would have moved him to rapture, the thought of her succulence set his heart hammering and he groaned. Conversely, his desire for food slackened. Appreciably thinner, his eyes sunk in their sockets, he paced the streets for hours struggling to throw off his obsession, although deep down he knew the struggle to be futile. It was only a question of time, an obscure voice whispered, before the demon that bestrode him would assert itself. With a conviction of utter fatality, Monroe drearily awaited the climax of the nightmare.

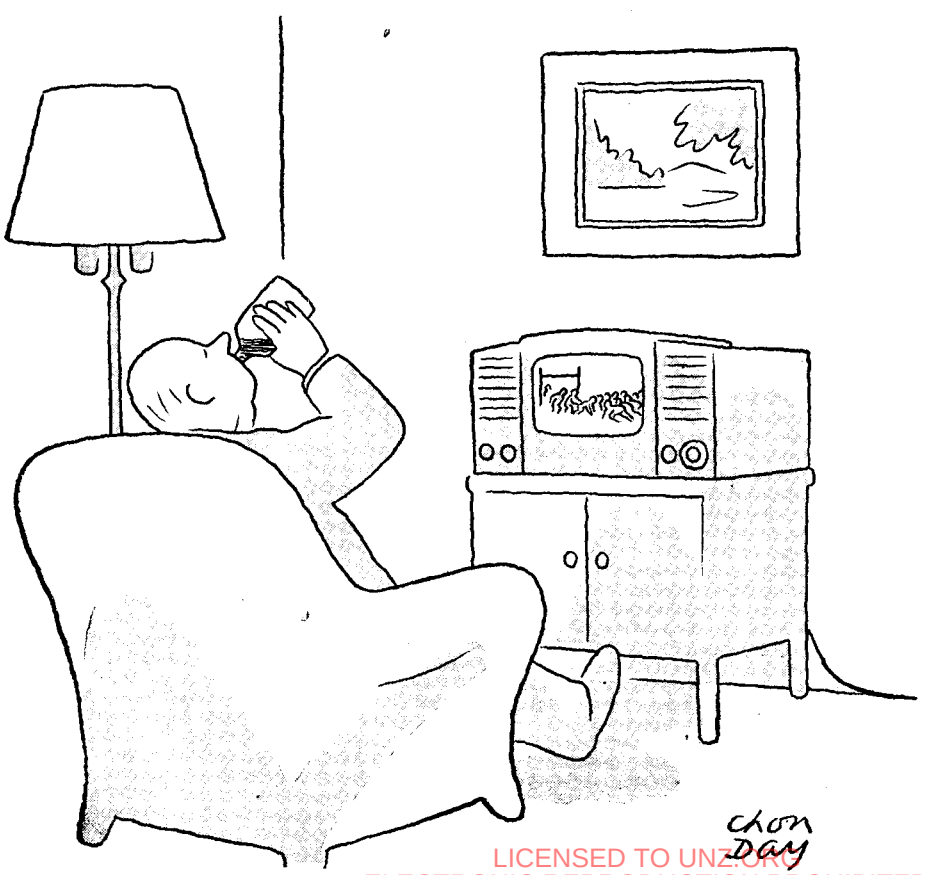
The first hint of it came several evenings later as he sat in a booth at a Brass Rail, a fork idle in his nerveless fingers and his gaze ravenously fixed on Norma. She had never looked lovelier or more esculent; it required every ounce of Monroe's self-control to prevent his hurdling the table and sinking his teeth into her rosy rind. She ate with the slow, ponderous concentration of a heifer, incapable of speech while her energies were devoted to masticating. Sated at last, she suddenly took cognizance of her escort's reverie.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Aren't you hungry?"

"Hungry?" repeated Monroe. He uttered a harsh, melodramatic snort. "I'll say I am. I'm starving."

"Then why don't you eat your London broil?" asked Norma reasonably. "Go on, try it."

"Listen, Norma," said Monroe with low, fierce intensity, leaning forward and clasping her hand in both of his. "I've never felt this way toward any girl before."



"I *beg* your pardon," said Norma haughtily, endeavoring to disentangle herself and upsetting horseradish in the process. "I hardly think this is the time or place—"

"There couldn't be a better," Monroe interrupted. "Norma—please—hear me out. I need you, I want you!"

"Have you gone crazy?" Norma asked. "In a public restaurant. I ought to slap your face."

"You don't know what you do to me," pleaded Monroe, salivating as his words tumbled impetuously over one another. "You have eyes like black olives, your teeth are like pearl onions, your lips like strawberry cheesecake! I could swallow you in one big gulp."

A sudden gleam of comprehension, mingled with relief, flashed over Norma's face. "Oh, is *that* all?" she said indifferently. "You mean I make you hungry."

"Has—has anyone else told you that?" asked Monroe, thunderstruck.

"*Have* they?" Norma snickered. "Practically every wolf that subscribes to the Yale Lox Associates, not to mention Mr. Fabricant."

"I thought it was just my own imagination," her swain faltered.

"Be your age," she advised maternally, squinting into her compact. "Why do you suppose I wear those cowboy gauntlets with the fringe? Some *shmendrick's* always trying to nibble on my wrists. Brother, you should see what I go through on a Sunday morning."

"But it's dangerous," objected Monroe. "You might run into a party you couldn't handle. Someone who's really—well, anthropophagous." As delicately as he could, and with guarded allusions to the Ituri Forest and the remoter tribes of Micronesia, he explained that long pig is still esteemed by primitive connoisseurs and that the likelihood of Norma's encountering similar eccentrics in her hazardous profession must not be discounted. Norma was inclined to treat his qualms airily. The most difficult situations could be resolved with a well-placed kick in the groin, she asserted, and Monroe would be the first to get one if he stepped out of line.

LOOKING back at this occasion afterward, in the light of the ultimate tragedy, Monroe was wont to chide himself bitterly. He should have forced the issue, compelled Norma to quit her job, had her shadowed or even kidnapped to protect her from harm. But then, he would tell himself with numb despair, how bootless to attempt to cir-

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cumvent destiny; it was kismet, it had all been ordained from their very germ plasm.

What little remained of the gruesome masque was played out with grim inevitability. When Monroe awoke to the strident clangor of the bugle the following Sunday, he found in Norma's stead a gruff Levantine with a blue jowl, whose busby and scarlet regimentals contrasted oddly with the cigar stump he was chewing. In a perfunctory mumble utterly devoid of esprit de corps, he rattled off the standard salutation of Yale Lox Associates and with uncouth bad grace brought forth some dismal marinated herring and saltstengels.

Monroe blinked at him apprehensively. "Where's Norma?" he croaked in a peevish, tremulous voice he scarcely recognized as his own. A vague foreboding gripped him. "What happened to Miss Ganz?"

"Search me, Percy," returned the messenger. "We ain't responsible for your love life. Maybe she sneaked off before dawn." He gave a coarse chuckle.

"No, no," said Monroe, conscious of a sudden constriction in his windpipe. "Norma Ganz, the girl that usually delivers my breakfast."

"Never heard of her," said the other flatly. Pressure and appeals to his magnanimity went for naught; he was simply a cog in a vast mechanism, he indicated, whose hub was the potent and unapproachable Mr. Fabricant.

Momentarily expecting a phone call or other word from Norma, Monroe allowed the day to dissipate in an agony of indecision and fear. By the next afternoon, his inquietude had reached an almost unbearable pitch. In an interview with the girl's landlady, he ascertained that she had not been home for five days. It was possible she might have gone to Rochester to visit her folks, the landlady admitted, but she personally suspected foul play. Monroe promptly telephoned Mr. Fabricant. The director of Yale Lox Associates proved remarkably elusive. When, after interminable evasion and subterfuge, he consented to answer, his reticence hinted that he knew more than he cared to disclose. Perhaps there was an overtone of special exigency in Monroe's appeal, for after a careful pause Mr. Fabricant grudgingly invited him to come in for a talk.

SEATED in an office that would have made any Park Avenue kidney specialist sick with envy, Mr. Fabricant rested a basilisk stare on Monroe and listened to his chronicle. When his caller had concluded, he shook his head pityingly. "My boy," he said, "you don't have to be ashamed of the love you bore that Norma Ganz. She had the same effect on me."

"What the hell are you using the past tense for?" Monroe asked hoarsely. "For heaven's sake, tell me the worst!"

"Hold your horses." Fabricant quieted him. "I'm in the personal-catering game nine years and it's things like this that's made an old man of me."

"Things like what?" cried Monroe. "Get the marbles out of your mouth!"

"This," said Mr. Fabricant, wearily opening a drawer and extending a newspaper cutting. Under a photograph of a gigantic Masai warrior posed with shield and spear, a silk hat on his head, and his neck encircled with lions' teeth, was the curt report that Prince Balegula had embarked for Dar es Salaam after a good-will tour of Hollywood, Washington, and New York. "The African potentate," concluded the account, "expressed himself as overwhelmed by the hospitality shown him during his Manhattan visit. Even his favorite delicacy, he said, had been forthcoming while here, and, in fact, he had not been compelled to leave his suite to enjoy it."

"It can't be," sobbed Monroe, cradling his face in his arms. "Maybe she eloped with him. I'll get the inside story."

"You got it in front of your nose, son," said Mr. Fabricant. He laid before the other a gold epaulet Monroe remembered only too well. "They found this in his kitchenette at the Waldorf after he checked out." A tear coursed down his cheek as he leaned over and patted Monroe's heaving shoulders. "Life goes on," he sighed. "We all arrive at the city of God, but some by different gates. *Lox vobiscum.*"

—S. J. PERELMAN

EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

Backbone of the Organization

•

THE CRITICS

With difficulty the ship was built,
Launched with more difficulty still;
The workmen were intractable,
The cradle was a rotten one,
The harbor had clogged up with silt—
And then the barnacles fastened on.

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A RED-LETTER DAY

THE hedgerow was beaded with silver. In the English November fog, the leaves dripped with a deadly intensity, as if each falling drop were a drop of acid.

Through the mist, cabs came suddenly face to face with one another, passing and repassing between station and school. Backing into the hedges—twigs, withered berries striking the windows—the drivers leaned out to exchange remarks incomprehensible to their passengers, who felt oddly at their mercy. Town parents, especially, shrank from this malevolent landscape—the wastes of rotting cabbages, flint cottages with rakish privies, rubbish heaps, gray napkins drooping on clotheslines, soil like plum cake. Even turning in at the rather superior school gates, they were dismayed by the mossy stone and the smell of fungus. Then, as the building itself came into view, they could see Matron standing at the top of the steps, fantastically white, shaming Nature, her hands laid affectionately upon the shoulders of such boys as could not resist her. The weather was put in its place. The day would take its course. She had an air of professional bonhomie, as if she shared in the gaiety of the occasion. But, each term, Visiting Day to her was like Christmas Day to a clergyman, a great climax of work and preparation.

Tory was one of the last to get a cab. Having no man to exert authority for her, she must merely take her turn and stand on the slimy pavement waiting for a car to come back to the station empty. She stamped her feet, feeling the damp creeping through her shoes. When she left home, she had thought herself suitably dressed; even for such an early hour, her hat was surely plain enough? One after another, she had tried on every one she owned, and had come out, in the end, leaving hats all over the bed, so that it resembled a new grave with its mound of wreathed flowers. But the other mothers had hats of undreamed-of austerity, and the most sensible of Tory's shoes could not withstand the insidious damp.

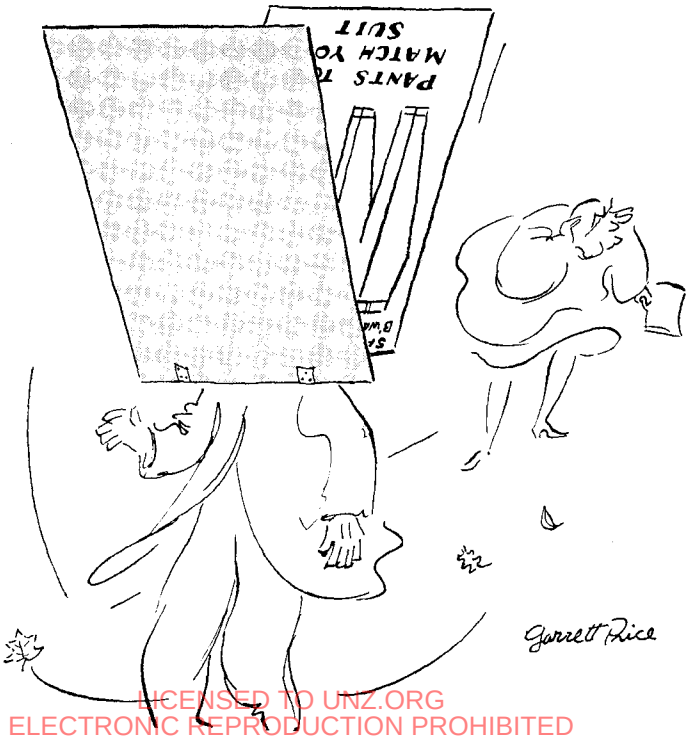
One other woman was on her own. Tory eyed her [illegible] (for one; she looked as if she had what is often called a teeming womb, like a woman symbolizing maternity in a pageant), her many sons would never feel the lack of a father (as Tory's one boy was bound to), for she was large enough to be both father and mother to them. Yes, Tory thought, she would have them out on the lawn and bowl at them by the hour, would coach them in mathematics, oil their bats, dub their boots, tan their backsides. Tory was working herself up into a hatred of this woman, who seemed to be all that she herself was not, with only one love affair in her life, or, rather, one mating. She has probably eaten her husband now that her childbearing days are over, Tory thought. He would never have dared to ask for a divorce, as mine did. The woman still carried her "mother's bag"—the vast thing that, full of diapers, bibs, bottles of orange juice, accompanies babies out to tea. Tory wondered what was in it now. Sensible things—a Bradshaw, ration books, a bag of biscuits, large, clean handkerchiefs, a tablet of soap, and aspirins?

A jolly manner. ("I love young people—I feed on them," Tory thought spitefully.) The furs on the woman's shoulders made her even larger; they clasped paws across her great, authoritative back, like hands across the ocean. Tory lifted her muff to hide her smile.

Nervous dread made her feel fretful and vicious. In *her* life, all was frail, precarious—emotions fleeting, relationships fragmentary. Her life with her husband had suddenly loosened and dissolved; her love for her son was painful, shadowed by guilt—the guilt of having nothing solid to offer, of having grown up and forgotten, of adventuring still, away from her child, of not being able to resist those emotional adventures, the tenuous grasping after life. He was threatened by the very look of her, attracting those delicious secret glances, glimpses, and whispers, by the challenge she always felt, and the excitement—not deeply sexual, for she was merely flirtatious. But I am not, she thought, watching Mrs. Hay-Hardy (whose name she was soon to learn but did not yet know) rearranging her furs on her shoulders, I am not a great feather bed of oblivion. Between Edward and me there is no premise of love, *none* at all—nothing taken for granted, as between most sons and mothers, but all tentative and agonized. We are indeed amateurs, both of us; no tradition behind us, no gift for the job. All we achieve is too hard come by. We try too piteously to please one another, and if we do, feel frightened by the miracle of it. I do indeed love him above all others. Above all others, but not exclusively . . .

Here a taxi swerved against the station curb and palpitated as she stepped forward quickly, triumphantly, before Mrs. Hay-Hardy could do so, and settled herself in the back seat.

"Could we share?" Mrs. Hay-Hardy asked, her voice confident, melodious, and one foot definitely on the running board. Tory smiled and moved over much farther than was necessary, as if such a teeming womb could scarcely be accommodated on the seat beside her.



Shifting her furs on her shoulders, settling herself, Mrs. Hay-Hardy glanced out through the filming windows, undaunted by the weather, which, she said, would clear, would lift. Oh, she was confident that it would lift by midday!

"One has to get up so early it seems midday now," Tory complained.

But Mrs. Hay-Hardy explained that she had not risen until six, so, naturally, it still seemed only eleven to her, as it was.

She will share the fare, [illegible] to the last penny,

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Tory thought. There will be a loud and forthright women's argument. She will count out coppers and make a fuss.

THIS did happen. At the top of the steps, Matron still waited, with the three Hay-Hardy boys grouped about her, and Edward, who blushed and whitened alternately with terrible excitement, a little to one side. Yes, he had grown, Tory thought, and his shorts were high above his roughened knees. He looked more than eleven, but his complexion was peachy and downy still, like a younger child's, and his long lashes threw shadows across his eyes. As an only son, he had not the same claim to Matron's attention as the Hay-Hardys, and she had chosen them to encircle. Sensing this, perhaps, Edward stood apart.

To meet this wonderful customer, this profitable womb, the headmaster's wife herself came into the hall. Her husband had sent her, instructing her with deft cynicism from behind his detective novel. He himself, of course, was one of those gods who rarely descend, except, like Zeus, in a very private capacity.

This is the moment I marked off on the calendar, Edward thought. Here it is. Every night, he and the other boys had thrown one of their pebbles out of the window to mark a day gone. The little stones had dropped back onto the gravel under the window, quite lost, untraceable—the days of their lives.

As smooth as minnows were Mrs. Lancaster's phrases of welcome; she had soothed so many mothers, mothered so many boys. Her words swam all one way, in unison, but her heart never moved. Matron, on the other hand, was always nervous; the results of her work were so much on the surface, so easily checked. The rest of the staff could hide their inefficiency or shift their responsibility. She could not. If Mrs. Hay-Hardy cried, as she did today, "Dear boy, your teeth!" to her first-born, it was Matron's work she criticized, and Matron flushed. And Mrs. Lancaster flushed for Matron, and Derrick Hay-Hardy flushed for his mother.

"Perhaps I am not a born mother," Tory thought, going down the steps with Edward. They would walk back to the town and have lunch at the Crown, she said to him. Edward pressed her arm as a taxi, bulging with Hay-Hardys, went away down the drive.

"Do you mean you wanted to go with them?" Tory asked. They will get there long before us, she thought. They will have eaten everything.

"No."

"Don't you like them?"

"No."

"But why?"

"They don't like me."

Unbearable news for any mother, for surely all the world loves one's child, one's only child. Doubt set in, a little, nagging toothache of doubt. You *are* happy? she wanted to ask. "I've looked forward so much to this," she said instead. "*So* much."

He stared ahead. All around the gateposts, drops of moisture fell from one leaf to another, and the stone griffins were hunched up in misery.

"But I imagined it being a different day," Tory added. "Quite different."

"It will be nice to get something different to eat," Edward said.

They walked down the road toward the Crown in silence, as if they could not make any progress until they had reached that point.

"You *are* warm enough at night?" Tory asked when at last they were sitting in the hotel dining room.

"Yes," he said absently, and then, bringing himself back to the earlier, distant politeness, added, "Stifling hot."

"Stifling? But surely you have plenty of fresh air?" She could feel her questions sliding off him.

"*I* do," he said reassuringly. "My bed's just under the window. Perishing. I have to keep my head under the bedclothes, or I get earache."

I am asking for all this, she thought. When the waiter brought her pink gin, she drank it quickly, conscious that Mrs. Hay-Hardy, across the hotel dining room, was pouring out a nice glass of water for herself, was so full of jokes that Tory felt she had perhaps brought a collection of them along with her in her shopping bag. Laughter ran around and around the Hay-Hardys' table, above the glasses of water. Edward turned once, and she glimpsed the faintest quiver under one eye, and an answering quiver on the middle Hay-Hardy's face.

She felt exasperated. [illegible]

"You should enjoy this, Senator. It's an old Creole recipe I got from your last filibuster."

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tied in her: her mouth—her heart, too—felt stiff.

"What would you like to do after lunch?" she asked.

"We could look round the shops," Edward said, nibbling away at his bread, as if to keep hunger at arm's length.

THE shops were in the market square. At the draper's, the hats were steadily coming around into fashion again. "I could astonish everyone with one of these," Tory thought, setting her own hat right by her reflection in the window. Bales of cotton apron print rose on both sides; a wax-faced boy wore a stiff suit, its price ticket dangling from his yellow, broken fingers, his painted blue eyes turned mildly upon the street. Edward gave him a look of contempt and went to the shop door. Breathing on the glass, peering in through a little space among suspended bibs and jabots and parlormaids' caps, he watched the cages flying overhead between cashier and counter.

The Hay-Hardys streamed by, heading for the open country.

Most minutely, Tory and Edward examined the windows of the draper's shop, the bicycle shop, the family grocer's. There was nothing to say. They were just reading the postcards in the news agent's window when Edward's best friend greeted them. His father, a clergyman, snatched off his hat and clapped it to his chest at the sight of Tory. When she turned back to the postcards, she could see how unsuitable they were—jokes about bloomers, about twins; a great seaside world of fat men in striped bathing suits; enormous women trotted down to the sea's edge while crabs humorously nipped their behinds; farcical situations arose over bathing machines; and little boys had trouble with their water. She blushed.

The afternoon seemed to give a little sigh, stirred itself, and shook down a spattering of rain over the pavements. Beyond the market square, the countryside, which had absorbed the Hay-Hardys, lowered at them.

"Is there anything you want?" Tory asked desperately, coveting the warm interiors of the shops.

"I could do with a new puncture outfit for my bike," Edward said.

They went back to the bicycle shop. My God, it's only three o'clock, Tory thought in despair as she glanced secretly under her glove at her watch.

THE Museum Room at the Guildhall was not gay, but at least there few instruments of torture, and half of a mammoth's jawbone. Tory sat down on a seat among all the broken terra cotta and took out a cigarette.

"No smoking, please," the attendant said, coming out from behind a case of stuffed deer.

"Oh, please!" Tory begged. She sat primly on the chair, her feet together, and when she looked up at him, her violet eyes flashed with tears. Edward wandered away.

The attendant struck a match for her, and his hand, curving around it, trembled.

"It's the insurance," he apologized. "I'll have this later, if I may," he said when she offered him a cigarette, and he put it very carefully in his breast pocket, as if it were a lock of her hair.

"Do you have to stay here all day long with these dull little broken jugs and things?" she asked, looking about.

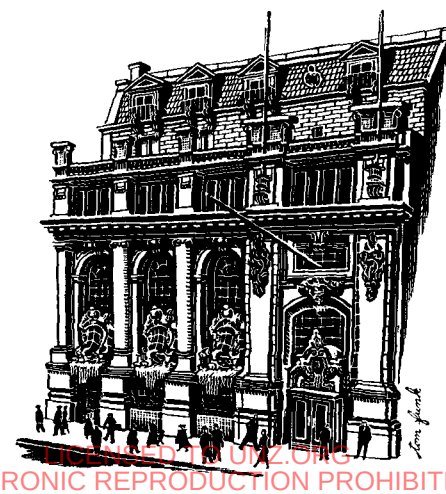
He forgave her at once for belittling his life's work, only pointing out his pride, the fine mosaic on the wall.

"But floors should be lying down," she said naïvely, without innocence.

Edward came tiptoeing back.

"You see that quite delightful floor hanging up there?" she said to him. "This gentleman will tell you all about it. . . . My son adores Greek mythology," she explained to the attendant.

"Your son!" he repeated, affecting gallant disbelief, his glance stripping ten or fifteen years from her. Then, "This happens to be a Byzantine mosaic," he said, and looked reproachfully at it for not being what it could not be. Edward listened grudgingly. His mother had forced him into similar situations at other times—in the armory of the Tower of London and, once, at Kew. It was as if she kindled in men a flicker of interest and admiration that her son must keep fanned, for she would not. Boredom drew her away again, yet her charm must still hold sway. So



now Edward listened crossly to the story of the Byzantine mosaic as, last holidays, he had minutely observed the chasing on Henry VIII's breastplate, and in utter exasperation, the holidays before, had watched curlews through field glasses ("Edward is so very keen on birds") for the whole of a hot day while Tory dozed elegantly in the heather.

Ordinary days perhaps are better, Edward thought. Sinking down through him were the lees of despair, which must at all costs be hidden from his mother. He glanced up at every clock they passed, and wondered about his friends. Alone with his mother, he felt unsafe, wounded and wounding, and, oppressed by responsibility, he saw himself in relation to the outside world. Thoughts of the future and even—as they stood in the church porch to shelter from another little gust of rain—of death seemed to brush against him, alight on him, and they disturbed him, as they would not do if he were at school, anonymous and safe.

Tory sat down on a seat and read a notice about missionaries, chafing her hands inside her muff, while all her bracelets jingled softly.

Flapping, black, in his cassock, a clergyman came hurrying through the graveyard, between the dripping umbrella trees. Edward stepped guiltily off the porch, as if he had been trespassing.

"Good afternoon," the vicar said.

"Good afternoon," Tory replied. She looked up from blowing the fur of her muff into divisions and her smile broke warmly, beautifully, over the dark afternoon.

Then, "The weather—" they both began ruefully, broke off, and hesitated, then laughed at one another.

It was wonderful; now they would soon be saying goodbye. It was over. The day they had longed for was almost over—the polite little tea among the chintz and the wheel-back chairs of the Copper Kettle, Tory frosty and imperious with the waitresses, and, once, Edward beginning, "Father . . . ," at which she looked up sharply before she could gather together the careful indifference she always assumed at this name. Edward faltered, "He sent me a parcel." "How nice!" said Tory, laying ice all over his heart. She called the waitress. Her cup was cracked. She could not drink tea from riveted china, however prettily painted. The waitress went sulkily away. All around them sat other small boys with their parents. Tory's bracelets tinkled as she clasped her hands tightly together and leaned

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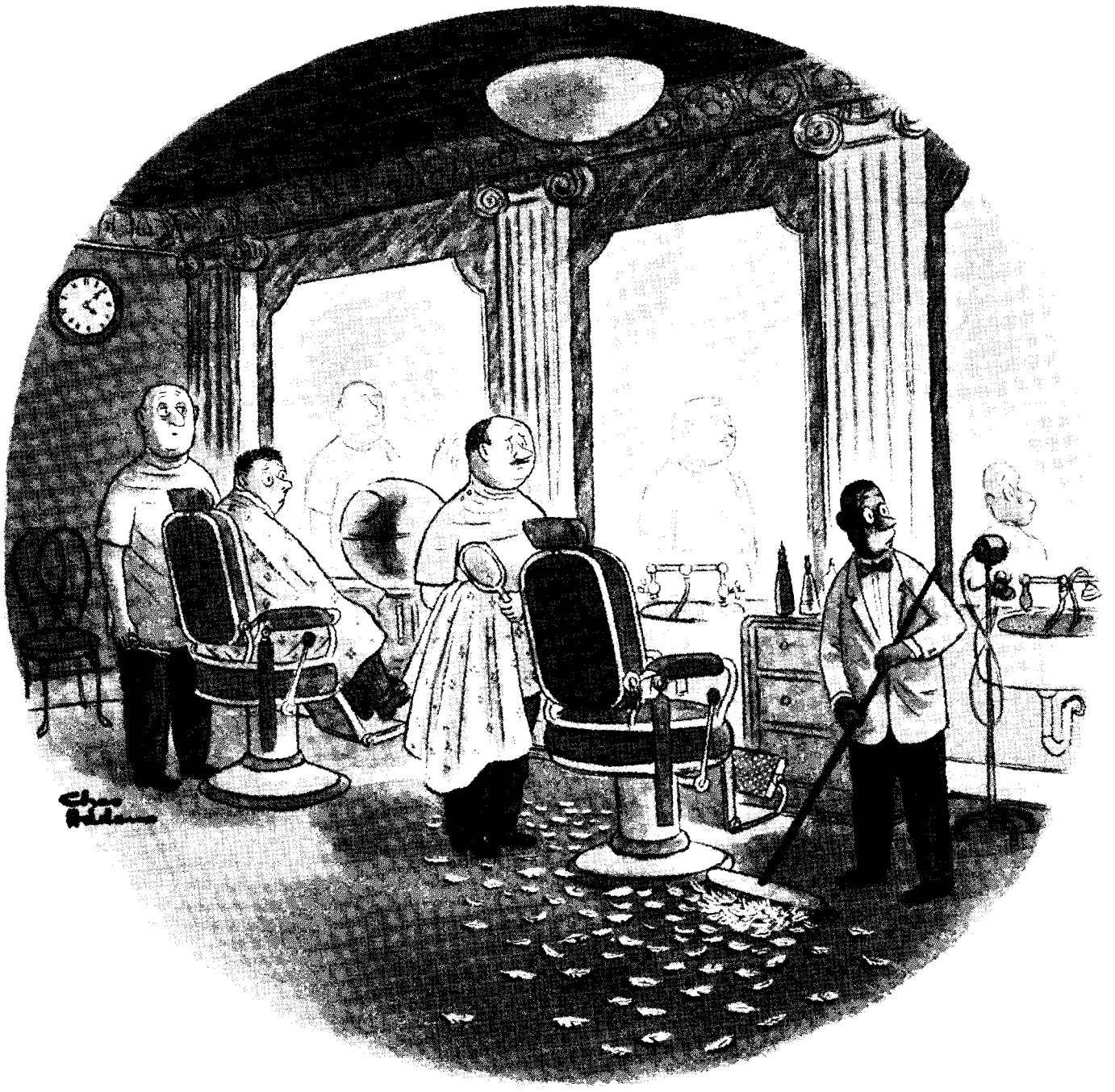

forward. "And how is your father's wife?" she asked brightly, indifferently.

THEY took a taxi back to the school. Sullenly, the day withdrew; as they turned in at the gates, they could see lights in the ground-floor windows. She thought of going back in the train, of a lonely evening. She would take a drink up to her bedroom and sip it while she did her hair, the gas fire roaring in its white ribs, Edward's photograph beside her bed.

The Hay-Hardys were unloading at the foot of the school steps; flushed from their country walk and all their laughter, they seemed to swarm and shout.

Edward got out of the taxi and stood looking up at Tory, his new puncture outfit clasped tightly in his hand. Uncertainly, awaiting a cue from her, he tried to begin his goodbye.

Warm, musky-scented, softly rustling with the sound of her bracelets, the touch of her fur, she leaned and kissed him. "So lovely, darling!" she murmured. She had no cue to give him. Mrs. Hay-Hardy had gone into the school to have a word with Matron, so Tory must find her own way of saying farewell.

They smiled gaily, as if they were greeting one another.

"See you soon," she said.

"Yes, see you soon."

"Goodbye, then, darling."

"Goodbye," said Edward.

She slammed the door and, as the taxi moved off, leaned toward the window and waved. He stood there uncertainly, waving back, radiant with relief. Then, as she disappeared around the curve of the drive, he ran quickly up the steps to find his friends, and safety.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

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You can have a political capital wherever you like. In New York State the commercial capital is the City of New York and the political capital is a night's journey away from it at Vermont.—*Lord Strabolgi, speaking in the House of Lords.*

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PROFILES

PUBLISHER

II—FLAIR IS THE WORD

ALFRED A. KNOPF, one of the most respected, widely discussed, and colorfully dressed publishers in America, who has been a pioneer in improving the typography, binding, and jackets of books and in popularizing European authors and the custom-made blue shirt in this country, is, by temperament, a Tory. A man of commanding presence, compelling mustache, and resolute, piratical mien, he is plainly contemptuous of tumbrils. Unlike many contemporary Tories, he has not gone underground. He knows that everything has been going to the dogs for twenty years or more, and he openly and often imparts his knowledge, with an air of profound personal injury, to associates and authors in his air-conditioned Madison Avenue office, a nest of distinguished eighteenth-century mahogany bookcases, Chinese rugs, original Beerbohm drawings, privately printed books, musical scores, and old maps framed in natural bamboo; to dinner guests in his Tudor country house in Purchase, which is misleadingly labelled "The Hovel" in his bookplate, done for him by Rockwell Kent ("What do you think this is—a palace? It's nothing but a hovel," Charles Duveen, who decorated the house, said to Knopf's wife when she suggested some plushy furnishings); to companions in the Cub Room of the Stork Club, where he frequently lunches; and to fellow-publishers, fellow-bibliophiles, fellow-gourmets, fellow-golfers, fellow-skiers, fellow-concertgoers, fellow tennis players, and fellows he runs into at the Grolier Club; the Club of Odd Volumes, in Boston; the Caxton Club, in Chicago; Carnegie Hall; the annual Bach Festival, in Bethlehem; the Berkshire Music Festival, at Tanglewood; winter resorts in Vermont; the Century Country Club; the tennis court of Howard Cullman; the Publishers' Lunch Club; the Dutch Treat Club; and the Book Table, a small lunch club founded by him, which meets once a month, with Knopf presiding.

Knopf likes to pontificate about the bygone days of excellent, reasonably priced restaurant food; of easily available rooms in comfortable hotels; of expert, deferential service; of punctuality; of spacious, well-staffed houses and uncrowded streets; and of books published because they contained good writing and/or valuable information rather than because the publisher had an eye toward best-sellerdom, the book clubs, the digest magazines, and Hollywood. Knopf books are sometimes chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, but his reaction to the news is different from that of most publishers. "Well, Harry," he said on one occasion when the Club's president, Harry Scherman, called him up to tell him that one of his books had received the nod, "please congratulate your board of judges on having had the taste to make this choice." He puts up with the book clubs, but he often argues with Scherman about them. He believes they debase writers.

Knopf enjoys complaining. Among his permanent grievances are the idiocy of most publishers, including himself (he hates himself for playing ball with book clubs, for instance); the idiocy of all booksellers ("Bookstores are run by dolts. I'm always going into them and being told a Knopf book is not in stock, only to dig up several copies of it myself"); the disloyalty and avarice of authors ("When a writer tells me he doesn't know anything about business, I take a firmer grip on my back teeth"); and the weather. He is always tuning in the meteorological news on the radio, and the windows of his home and office are festooned inside and outside with thermometers, which he constantly compares with one another. He often calls up friends and treats them to long grumbles about the weather, which he believes has deteriorated along with everything else, especially as regards mugginess. He talks a good deal about retiring and moving to less muggy territory, such as Wyoming. "I'd like to just sit and look at trees and mountains," he told a friend the other day. His comrade, mindful of Knopf's dependence on expensive tailors, expensive restaurants, symphony concerts, swimming pools, *En-Tout-Cas* tennis courts, and golf courses, asked how he proposed to get along. "It's not easy to change your standard of living where you are," Knopf replied, "but if you have any inner resources, it's a simple matter to adopt a different standard in entirely different surroundings." He lives in the country all year and commutes to work. He recently took a step that was calculated to permit him to look at trees and small hills during the daytime, yet stay in business. He signed a check for a down payment on the home of the late Paul M. Warburg, in Hartsdale, with the intention of turning it into an office. To the joy of most of the Knopf personnel, the local zoning restrictions could not be bypassed, and the deal fell through. "I'm a very ineffective person, really," he says. "For twenty years, I've wanted to get my business into the country. The city is too uncomfortable."

Knopf's choosiness is reflected in the books his firm has published in the thirty-three years it has been in business. He finds a few of them embarrassing (one of his best-sellers was Warwick Deeping's "Sorrell and Son," which he read for the first time after publication and of which he said, "My God, what have I done?"), but they include a proportion of belles-lettres, erudite historical works, and novels of enduring value which is surprisingly high for a firm that does an annual business of two million dollars. The excellence of Knopf "bookmaking," or the manufacturing of books, is a byword in the trade. Many of the firm's volumes have been designed by W. A. Dwiggins, a celebrated typographical expert, who is on retainer as designer and consultant. "Flair is the word for Alfred," a publisher with a finger on the pulse of a larger public than Knopf is interested in has said. "He has a touch of the snob, a restricted-universe concept of publishing. His house represents the rare-vintage school of publishing; it has an aura of the right year of wine. I'd say he has a subconscious anti-

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democratic attitude; he's probably confused by the new yearnings of large groups of people. Still, I must admit he has done at least one crossword-puzzle book." To do it justice, the Knopf crossword-puzzle book—"Doubletalk Crossword Puzzles," by Albert H. Morehead—is an esoteric one; it goes in for puns, hidden words, backward spellings, phonetic spellings, and compound anagrams, and it is set, for the most part, in the handsome type face called Caledonia.

KNOPF was born—doubtless on a clear, sunny day—in September, 1892, on Central Park West. His mother died when he was four. His father, Samuel Knopf, who was a well-to-do advertising man and financial consultant to various business firms, soon remarried. Alfred's sister, Mrs. Alvin Josephy, and half brother, Edwin H. Knopf, live in California. Edwin is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer producer. When Alfred was six, his father moved with his family to Washington Heights, then a rural spot. Sam Knopf was a choleric, impeccably dressed *bon viveur* with bristling Hindenburg mustaches. Weekends, he and his children went boating on the Hudson, and in warm weather the boys went swimming. The family spent its summers in Far Rockaway. "Life was very different in those days," Knopf says. "The cottage we rented at Far Rockaway was owned by the village blacksmith. Imagine renting a house from a filling-station attendant today! People could save money then." In 1907, his father bought from Charles R. Miller, then editor of the *Times*, a big, pillared, year-around house on Long Island, in Lawrence, that he called Mon Terrace. That year, Alfred, who had been attending the De Witt Clinton High School, was sent to boarding school in Dobbs Ferry. He entered Columbia with the class of 1912 but was not particularly happy there, perhaps because he was a couple of years younger than most of his class. He turned to his teachers for companionship. "It is my misfortune that most of my friends at Columbia—Carlton Hayes, John Erskine, and the late Joel Spingarn—were on the faculty rather than in the student body," he says. "I looked upon Columbia as Sing Sing, and I still do. I've given copies of books to Princeton and Union, but I'd never think of giving any to Columbia. They haven't even got a decent restaurant up there. I once met Professor Arthur Schlesinger, of Harvard, at Columbia for lunch, and I had to take him to a drugstore."

At a recent dinner party at his home, Knopf was irritably comparing his alma mater to a prison when one of his guests pointed out that everyone was eating off plates decorated with Columbia campus scenes and the name of the university. "Oh, they're pretty plates," Knopf said. Aside from his connection with the plates, Knopf got, he thinks, one good thing out of college—"an ability to recognize my betters when I see them." He regards most professors, especially history professors, as his betters, and he has published many books by them. In 1924, he proclaimed a new publishing program, which he described in an advertisement:

> I have the honor to announce what I believe to be one of the greatest publishing ventures of our day—"The History of Civilization," edited by C. K. Ogden. The object of this library, which may be described as a Universal History of Mankind, and which will probably comprise more than 300 volumes covering every aspect of the Development of Civilization, is to present in accessible form the results of modern research and modern scholarship in the whole range of the social sciences. In particular it will incorporate the new French series "L'Evolution de l'Humanité," in which the leading savants of France are collaborating with the Director of the Revue de Synthèse Historique; and the lucidity and brilliance which are characteristic of their contributions will serve as a standard for the whole library.

After this preamble, he announced the first two volumes of the undertaking:

"This year, I'm almost tempted to let Walter surprise me."

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"'Social Organization,' by the late W. H. R. Rivers, F.R.S. . . . contents include The Family; Clan, Moiety and Tribe . . . Father-right and Mother-right, etc.," and "'A Thousand Years of the Tartars,' by E. H. Parker, Professor of Chinese, Victoria University of Manchester . . . an authoritative account of all that the Chinese have to say about the nomad Tartars previous to the conquests of Genghis Khan." In 1925, Knopf redefined the project as "one of the greatest historical publishing ventures ever undertaken" and buttressed it with the publication of "The Threshold of the Pacific," by Dr. C. E. Fox ("customs of natives in San Cristoval, Solomon Islands"); "The Earth Before History," by Edmond Perrier, late honorary director of the Natural History Museum of France; "Language: A Linguistic Introduction to History," by Professor J. Vendryes; and "Prehistoric Man," by Jacques De Morgan, "late director of Antiquities in Egypt." By 1942, when Knopf abandoned the idea of the series, it had grown to fifty-seven volumes, mostly by European professors and museum directors. It had not been precisely an original venture; the books had already been published as part of a History of Civilization series by George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., in London. Knopf merely imported printed sheets and had them bound here. Routledge, slowed down by the depression, dropped his project in 1932. Knopf didn't add any volumes on his own. The great historical publishing venture was a financial flop, but Knopf has kept thirty-two History of Civilization items on his list, and he regards his flyer as a cultural triumph. Another long-range Knopf cultural triumph is now flowering—"The British Empire Before the American Revolution," an eleven-volume "study of provincial characteristics and sectional tendencies in the era preceding the American crisis," by Lawrence Henry Gipson, a history professor at Lehigh University. Knopf has published six of these tomes and is eagerly waiting for Dr. Gipson to finish the job. "They're expensive to produce, and we won't sell more than a thousand copies of any one," Knopf says. "The main characteristic of our publishing house is that we're always doing things for the glory of God." He looks upon himself as a kind of professor of history *manqué*. He is a member of the New York State Historical Society, the Westchester County Historical Society, and the American Historical Association, a largely professorial outfit, whose annual conventions he attends, happily rubbing shoulders with such Knopf historical writers as Professor Louis B. Wright, now director of the Folger Shakespeare Library, and Professor William L. Langer, the Coolidge Professor of History at Harvard. "Alfred enjoys scholarship," a friend says, "the way he relishes his rare wines, his bench-made shoes, and his Sulka shirts—like an epicure."

Professor Spingarn, more than anyone else, encouraged the youthful Knopf to take a scholarly direction. Knopf was in a class of his in comparative literature. He had intended to go on to Harvard Law School, and he feels that Spingarn had something to do with his abandoning this notion in favor of publishing. Spingarn personally gave a prize for the best undergraduate essay on a contemporary writer. Knopf submitted one on John Galsworthy, whose early novels he had picked up in a second-hand bookstore. In the course of his research, he wrote to Galsworthy for some facts. The novelist, then not a big seller here, replied cordially. Thus began a correspondence that lasted until Galsworthy's death. In the summer of 1912, Knopf went abroad. Galsworthy invited him to his home in Devonshire and introduced him to the pleasures of reading Joseph Conrad and W. H. Hudson. Knopf became almost convinced that he would rather associate with literary men than settle down to a lifetime of briefs and torts. He went to London and for a while hung around Dan Rider's, a bookshop and writers' meeting place, where he gazed admiringly at Frank Harris, Katherine Mansfield, and John Middleton Murry. "The sight of all those authors was so attractive that I changed my mind finally about the law," he says. "I decided to go into publishing."

BACK here, in the fall of 1912, Knopf tried to get a job with a number of publishing firms. His only business experience had been a summer job on the *Times* the year before. His father had introduced him to Louis Wiley, then the paper's business manager. "Young man," Wiley had said, "would you like to see how the business end of a great newspaper is run?" When Knopf said yes, he was put to work soliciting ads from moribund accounts on a commission basis, plus carfare. He plugged at it for a while, but he never earned a commission. This episode taxed his faith in his father as a placement bureau, but after his rebuffs in the book-publishing field he decided to give Knopf senior another chance, and the latter made a valiant effort to regain his

LITTLE FUGUE

Wind running over the reeds like water,
Reeds like seaweed under the wind,
Bending and rising, under and over—
So, in the wind of time, the mind
Seems to bow and recover
Under the run of the river.

Like running water over the reeds,
Wind is pouring its weight of air;
The way of time, like a stream,
With rush and rest proceeds,
A rush, and a rest, and a stir,
And moods are waterweeds.

The bend and the rise, the rest and the rush,
The rush and the reed, and the wind running over,
The weigh and the wait of time
Under the run of water,
Pouring forever—hush!—
Forever and ever and ever. —ROLFE HUMPHRIES

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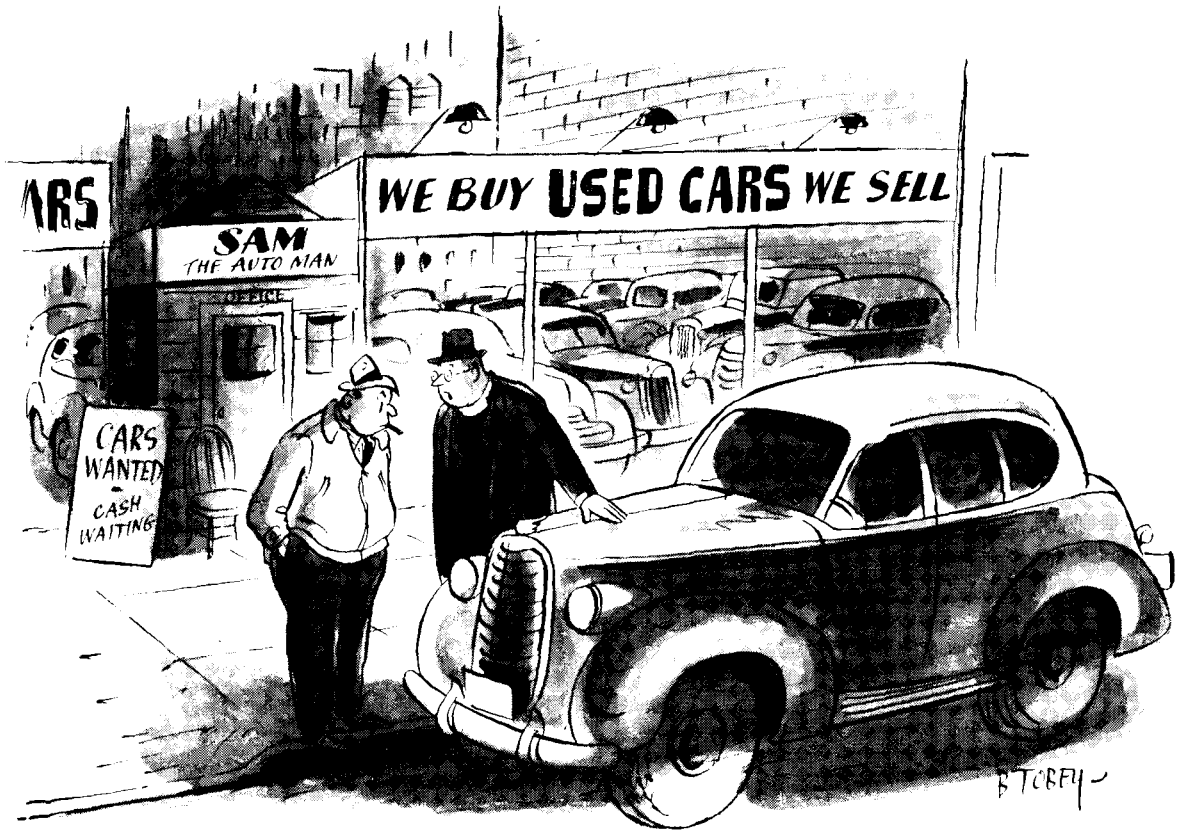
son's confidence. He got him a letter of introduction to Frank N. Doubleday, head of Doubleday, Page, who gave Knopf a job in the accounting department at eight dollars a week. Knopf, who was just twenty, stayed at Doubleday for eighteen months. "I went through the place like a shot," he recalls. "From accounting to manufacturing, then to advertising, and then to sales, where I was allowed to tangle a little with the editorial department." His tangle mainly involved Conrad, who had had six American publishers before switching to Doubleday. In 1913, this firm contracted to publish "Chance" and began to negotiate for the American rights to all Conrad's works, with the idea of bringing out a complete set. Knopf, at his own suggestion, was assigned the task of helping to publicize Conrad. Thanks to Galsworthy, he had become something of an authority on the Polish novelist. He became even more of one after persuading the late John Quinn, a lawyer famous for his collection of first editions, manuscripts, and modern paintings, to let him read a lot of correspondence Quinn had had with Conrad. This was full of complaints about money and fame—or, rather, the lack thereof. Knopf, who had already begun to form his own collection of grievances, was delighted to discover in Conrad a fellow-connoisseur of injustice. He set about his promotional chore with zeal. Word of his activity reached Conrad through Galsworthy, to whom Knopf had written about it. "If you know the young partner in D's [Doubleday's] firm (of whom Ada [Mrs. Galsworthy] and you spoke) well enough to write to him," Conrad said in a letter to Galsworthy, "you would perhaps jog his memory about [me]. It seems that this plan of 'taking me up' is his own suggestion because he likes my work." Knopf was still getting eight dollars a week at the time.



"I'm afraid I can't vouch for its condition. I haven't been getting very many miles to the gallon, and it seems to eat up a lot of oil. There's a disturbing whine in the transmission that might mean the bearings are worn out, and . . ."

• •

It soon occurred to Knopf that he might operate more effectively as a publicity man for Conrad if, in soliciting the encomiums he deemed necessary, he made no mention of any professional interest in the author. He was living in his father's house in Lawrence, so, presenting himself, on engraved stationery bearing the legend "Mon Terrace," as a Conrad disciple with an uncontrollable urge to get out a booklet on the Master, he invited tributes from the American Winston Churchill, Louis Joseph Vance, Rex Beach, Robert W. Service, Theodore Dreiser, Stewart Edward White, Harold Bell Wright, Gouverneur Morris, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Ellen Glasgow, Irvin S. Cobb, H. L. Mencken, and David Belasco, among others. Dreiser turned him down, perspicaciously inquiring, "Are you by any chance connected with that monster in human form, Frank Doubleday?" ("Sister Carrie" had been withdrawn from circulation by Doubleday thirteen years before, under legal pressure.) Most of the others came through handsomely. Knopf assembled, and Doubleday published, a booklet about Conrad containing a bibliography, quotations from reviews of his books, and twenty-two Mon Terrace-inspired tributes, including one from Belasco that read:

> May I be allowed to tell you how deep is my appreciation of Mr. Conrad's work; much of it sits in a very warm corner of my heart, not only for the splendid virility of its style . . .

By the summer of 1913, when Knopf's booklet appeared, the pamphleteer of Mon Terrace was sitting in a very warm corner of Conrad's heart. "I assure you," Conrad wrote him, "that I am very sensible of the good opinion you have of my work (which dear Hudson also likes) and I congratulate myself on it—since if you had not 'happened along,' all these books would have remained on the back shelves . . . where they have been reposing for the last ten years. . . . I find it quite exciting to be rediscovered . . . after such a long time." The Doubleday edition of "Chance," which appeared in 1914, went through numerous printings and sold fifty thousand copies. The complete set came out later the same year. "The astute Alfred A. Knopf," George H. Doran, one of the publishers who had sold rights in this author to Doubleday, wrote in a book of reminiscences, "had

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been on the Doubleday, Page & Company staff for a short time but long enough to discover in the then unknown Pole Joseph Conrad a writer of great distinction and of a new quality. To Knopf more than to any one person, Conrad owes his fame and popularity and the reading public a debt of gratitude. . . ."

Knopf has long assumed an Olympian attitude toward practically all authors except Thomas Mann, Sigrid Undset, and seven other Nobel prize-winners and such sacred Knopf cows as Willa Cather, Mencken, Carl Van Vechten, Joseph Hergesheimer, and George Jean Nathan, some of whom he thinks *ought* to have won Nobel Prizes. Undoubtedly, the deference with which he was treated by Conrad and Galsworthy when he was scarcely out of his teens helped him develop this state of mind. Further, he does not enjoy swapping specimens with other collectors of grievances, especially authors, since he, as a publisher, is one of the sources of their uneasiness, and he often laments the crassness of present-day literary men. "My God!" he said last year, speaking of a writer who was asking for what he considered a premature and excessive advance. "This man tells me he needs money to pay his grocery bills. What the devil do I care about his grocery bills?" Knopf's grumbling is sometimes a catharsis. In this particular instance, he paid the advance, and later advertised its recipient as "an absolutely first-rate mind stocked with vast erudition and able to speak clearly, elegantly, and with wit."

Although Knopf rarely makes a business move without consulting his lawyer, Benjamin H. Stern, and although Knopf contracts, which are drawn up by Stern, are so complicated that only a lawyer, or Knopf himself, can understand them, Knopf is terribly offended when his authors ask legal advice from their own lawyers. "You're sort of an author," he said to an acquaintance who had been writing for magazines for eighteen years. "Let me give you a piece of advice. If you ever have a book published, leave everything in your contract up to the publisher. Don't bother to read it. And, whatever you do, don't have a lawyer read it. Once trade between you and your publisher. Trust your publisher, and he can't fail to treat you generously." In general, Knopf writers feel that the firm *does* treat them generously—by manufacturing their books attractively, by advertising them intelligently and liberally, by employing determined salesmen, and by sometimes keeping their works in print long after most publishers would have remaindered them. A former employee recalls, "I've seen Alfred look at the weekly sales sheets and say, 'We've spent three thousand dollars on poor old So-and-So and sold only four thousand copies of his book. We should have spent fifteen hundred dollars. Well, it's a good book. Let's spend a thousand more.' " For a house of such comparative youth, Knopf's back list is a very strong one—accounting for about half the firm's sales—and it is not limited to big, steady sellers of the Mann-Cather sort. It includes, for example, eighteen of Robert Nathan's books, some of which sell only a few hundred copies a year. "Alfred wants all the rights, he'll tie you up for your next four books, and he won't call for you at the station when you visit him," Nathan says, "but a Knopf writer has a certain solid position. Knopf keeps your books going."

Knopf left Doubleday, Page in the spring of 1914 to join Mitchell Kennerley, a discriminating, resourceful publisher who had come to this country from England and gone into business for himself in 1905. His books were good-looking—a novelty in those days. Knopf stayed with him for fourteen months, as a general assistant. "A friend had recommended him," Kennerley says, "and he came to see me with a briefcase full of Doubleday office forms. I was shocked." Kennerley was so shocked that he offered Knopf twenty-five dollars a week, as against the twelve he was getting. Knopf wrote sales letters for Kennerley and sold books on the road. In a volume of tributes to Knopf, published by some friends to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his publishing house, Adolph Kroch, a leading Chicago bookseller, said:

> Alfred A. Knopf first appeared on my scene sometime, I believe, in 1914. Another book salesman? Oh, no! A tall, sparse figure, a pink shirt-front, a black tie, and a black mustache. . . . I was soon convinced that Knopf would

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FACE POWDER

'POUDRE "PEAU FRAICHE"

ALL CARON PERFUMES AND BEAUTY PREPARATIONS ARE 100% IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

SET MY PEOPLE FREE
by Dorothy Heyward
with Juano Hernandez
and CANADA LEE
HUDSON Thea., W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

JOSE FERRER in
THE SILVER WHISTLE
by Robert E. McEnroe
BILTMORE Thea., W. 47. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

MAKE WAY FOR LUCIA
By John Van Druten
with ISABEL JEANS • CYRIL RITCHARD
CATHERINE WILLARD
Scenery and costumes by Lucinda Ballard
OPENING SOON

The Musical Hit
ALLEGRO
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Entire Production staged by AGNES de MILLE
ON TOUR

CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
ON TOUR

DIRECT FROM 5½ YEARS ON B'WAY.
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
2 COMPANIES ON TOUR IN U.S.
THEATRE ROYAL—DRURY LANE

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BEATRICE LILLIE JACK HALEY
IN THE NEW MUSICAL SMASH
Inside U.S.A.
Lyrics & Music by HOWARD DIETZ & ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
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"Inside U.S.A." suggested by John Gunther's book
MAJESTIC, West 44 St.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
SEATS NOW FOR NEXT 16 WEEKS
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small wonder
"THE NEW HIT MUSICAL! DELIGHTFUL! AS NEW YORKY AS NEW YORK!"
—WALTER WINCHELL
CORONET, W. 49. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

JOHN C. WILSON
presents
TALLULAH BANKHEAD
in NOEL COWARD'S Comedy
"PRIVATE LIVES"
with
DONALD COOK

not for long peddle books for Mitchell Kennerley.

One day in May, 1915, Kennerley discovered, in a roundabout manner, that Knopf was planning to establish a firm of his own and take Hergesheimer, a Kennerley author, along with him. The following morning, he invited Knopf to clean out his desk and beat it. "It's probably true that I stole Hergesheimer," Knopf says. "When I told Joe I was leaving, he said he'd come with me."

SAM KNOPF had given his son an allowance at college, and he continued it while he was at Doubleday's and Kennerley's. Alfred, who was living at home, had saved a couple of thousand dollars by the time he left Kennerley's. His father came forward with three thousand dollars more and in June, 1915, Alfred went into the publishing business for himself. He started out with one room in the Candler Building, on West Forty-second Street, where his father had an office. In addition to having an editorial aide and an office boy, Alfred had the all-around assistance of Miss Blanche Wolf, a girl whom he had met three or four years before and to whom he was engaged. Her role then was, as it is now, practically that of a full partner. He had a definite philosophy of publishing. "In 1915," he wrote in the 1940 Knopf catalogue, "not many American novels were being written that seemed worth publishing . . . so, since not many translations were being published, and since the Allies were hard put to it to explain their Russian partner, except in terms of the Russian novel . . . most of my earlier books were . . . translations from the Russian imported in sheets from London." Actually, such novelists as Dreiser, Ellen Glasgow, Booth Tarkington, Owen Johnson, and Henry Sydnor Harrison were writing in 1915, but they were all under contract to older firms. Knopf's turning to Europe was a matter of expediency as well as of inclination. In its first year, the Knopf firm published eleven books, ten of them translations, mostly from the Russian. His first novel—possibly an effort on his part to explain Poland, which at the time did not exist as a nation—was "Homo Sapiens," by Stanislaw Przybyszewski. A message from the publisher, facing the title page, said, "It is universally conceded that Stanislaw Przybyszewski is Poland's greatest living writer. 'Homo Sapiens' is his most famous book." "Homo Sapiens," [illegible] erotic passages, came to the attention of John S. Sumner, whose Society for the Suppression of Vice haled Knopf into court. There an assistant district attorney announced that the entire Knopf list, which included a volume of Maupassant, was pornographic. Knopf turned to his well-connected father, a valued client of the law firm of Tipple & Plitt, whose Mr. Wilson E. Tipple was a director of the Vice Society. Mr. Tipple arranged an informal meeting between young Knopf and Mr. Sumner. Knopf withdrew "Homo Sapiens" and melted down the plates of the greatest living Polish writer's most famous book, and Sumner withdrew his charges.

Fifty-three of the seventy-seven books the new house had issued by the end of 1917 were by Europeans or Asiatics. Some of them bore titles and signatures as out-of-the-way as Przybyszewski's: "Hadda Padda," a play by Godmundur Kamban; "Noh: A Study of the Classical Stage of Japan," by Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound; "Nju," a play by Ossip Dymow; and so on. In the twenties, Knopf began to publish more and more domestic authors, and this trend became even more pronounced in the thirties and forties, but most people still think of the house as primarily publishing foreign writers. Even since 1940, it has published, or reissued, books by such Continental Europeans as Mann, Undset, Gide, P. A. de Alarcón, Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus, Goethe, Kafka, Jules Romains, Miloš Šafránek, Philippe Soupault, Spengler, Tocqueville, Valéry, and Sappho; by the Russians Rimski-Korsakov, Ilya Ehrenburg, and Mikhail Sholokhov; by the Japanese Masuo Kato; by the English Hilaire Belloc, Elizabeth Bowen, D. W. Brogan, Dickens, E. M. Forster, G. P. Gooch, Lord Vansittart, Sir Samuel Hoare, W. H. Hudson, Angela Thirkell, and Max Beerbohm; and by the Latin American Germán Arciniegas, Jorge Amado, Adolfo Costa du Rels, Martín Luis Guzmán, Fernando Ortiz, and Covarrubias. Knopf and Miss Wolf, whom he married in 1916—and who became vice-president of the firm, and a stockholder, when it was incorporated, two years later—have made more than twenty trips abroad, conferring with and signing up foreign writers. Among these, Mrs. Knopf has specialized in Gide, Sartre, Camus, Vansittart, Bowen, and the Latin Americans. Their trips, and returns from trips, are heralded by publicity releases from the Knopf office announcing that Mr. Knopf, or Mrs. Knopf, is off for, or just back from, a

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From experience comes faith . . .

In the beginning, a child's faith rests in a few simple experiences. The world extends. Perhaps it includes a playful puppy, a battered doll, a precious pebble.

Then come the adventures beyond the threshold, the weighing of friendships, the reckoning of values.

Tempered by hundreds of experiences, comparisons and judgments, a guiding faith is finally won. With it one measures immeasurable things . . . such as honesty, loyalty, worth.

It goes behind the faces of men, behind the words of men and says: this thought is right, this man is sound, this thing is good.

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Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
(Based on the novel by Thomas Heggen)
Directed by Joshua Logan
NEW YORK CITY • ALVIN THEATRE
Starring HENRY FONDA
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JOSEPH M. KYMAN presents
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The Gay New Musical Revue
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
Sketches & Lyrics by ARNOLD B. HORWITT • Music by RICHARD LEWINE
BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
BROADWAY Thea., B'way at 53rd St.
Evgs. incl. Sun. 8:30. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

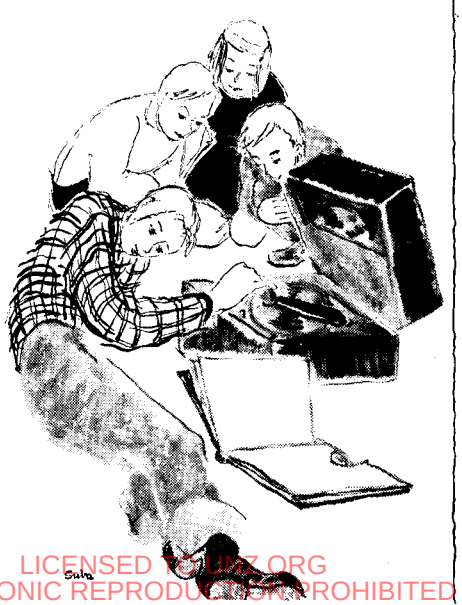
"ANNIE REMAINS THE ACE."—Winchell
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
ETHEL MERMAN
in The World-Wide Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with MILTON WATSON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Life with Mother
with DOROTHY STICKNEY HOWARD LINDSAY
EMPIRE. B'way & 40th St. Eves. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat

"A MUSICAL IN A MILLION"
—GARLAND, Journal American
MAGDALENA
Starring IRRA PETINA • JOHN RAITT
DOROTHY SARNOFF • HUGO HAAS
Music by HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS

tour of London, Paris, Berlin, Leipzig, Munich, Dresden, Vienna, Salzburg, Prague, and Budapest, and he, or she, expects to sign, or has signed, a contract with Gide, and so forth. In the winter of 1934, a number of book-page editors were astonished at a Knopf release announcing that Mrs. Knopf was going to Europe on the Conte di Savoia to meet Fafner Niederholtz, Tristan Traumweig, Serafino Umbilerto, Albertine Disparue, Ga Fraaloma, Gregor Visilovitch Yakounchikov, Hacken Trom Golfstein, Pakves, Agememnon Parpadulion, and Moden Salchuvenec. This piece of news, which was faithfully printed by, for one, the Buffalo *Evening News*, was followed next day by a more conventional Knopf bulletin, which stated that Mrs. Knopf would see Hugh Walpole, Lion Feuchtwanger, Virginia Woolf, and other writers with recognizable names. The joke, it appears, was Mrs. Knopf's idea.

The firm did well with Hudson's "Green Mansions," which it published in 1916. The next year, it had an even greater success with Hergesheimer's "The Three Black Pennys." By 1921, its list included Undset, Mencken, Cather, Van Vechten, Forster, George Jean Nathan, Max Eastman, Pound, Knut Hamsun, G. B. Stern, and Clarence Day. Alfred's father, who had regarded Alfred's activities as distinguished but probably not profitable, now realized that they were both. He became the company's treasurer, and two years later invested a considerable sum in it and began to devote most of his time to the business side of the firm. Next year, the company moved to magnificent quarters in the Heckscher Building. Sam's room, because of the passion of its occupant, who had an un-



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Directed by ELIA KAZAN
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Marlon Brando • Kim Hunter • Karl Malden
CHICAGO • HARRIS THEATRE
UTA HAGEN • ANTHONY QUINN
Russell Hardie • Mary Welch

MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The LAUGH HIT
by GARSON KANIN
with JUDY HOLLIDAY • JOHN ALEXANDER
EVGS. INCL. SUN., 8:40. MATS. SAT. & SUN., 2:40.
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MICHAEL KANIN in association with ALDRICH & MYERS presents
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A New Play by FAY KANIN
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Directed by MR. WANAMAKER
MOROSCO W. 45th St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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GILBERT MILLER & HENRY SHEREK present
ROBERT MORLEY • ADRIANNE ALLEN • IAN HUNTER
EDWARD, MY SON
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governable temper, for wild gesticulation, was known to Knopf employees as "the gymnasium." Sam belonged to a school of thought that held, no doubt with reason, that people thoroughly exposed to the reiterated exhortation "Buy Kuppenheimer Clothes" did so, and he introduced this technique into book publishing. Knopf advertisements began to suggest that a reader who bought a Knopf book, *any* Knopf book, could look forward to a pleasant evening. Sam was an associate of Barron Collier, an advertising executive, who owned the car-card concession on the Long Island Railroad and the subways. He persuaded Collier to devote unsold space to Knopf advertising, free, on the theory that it would lend prestige to car cards. In 1928, when Knopf published "Sorrell and Son," Sam set a sort of precedent by renting space on a billboard on upper Broadway to advertise it. He was business manager of the *American Mercury*, which Knopf published from 1924 until 1935. He complimented the office girls on their dresses, rebuked them for dropping paper clips on the floor, roared and got purple in the face over problems of office procedure, kept certain authors supplied with reliable gin during prohibition, and exhibited, all in all, a refreshing attitude toward the world of letters. "Look at this!" he said indignantly one day in 1926, waving the Sunday *Times* book-review section at an editorial assistant. "The greatest paper in the world, and they put an old man with a beard on the front page!" The employee pointed out that the old man was Walt Whitman and that the *Times* was reviewing "Whitman: An Interpretation in Narrative," by Emory Holloway, which Knopf had just published.

IN 1937, five years after the death of Sam Knopf, the firm moved to its present Madison Avenue quarters. Alfred adored his father, and a portrait of him, which he commissioned George Bellows to paint for Sam's sixtieth birthday, hangs in his bedroom. One Knopf author—B. H. Haggin, the music critic—considers Alfred to be just as difficult as his father was. Haggin is a touchy man himself. Two or three years ago, after exchanging a suitcaseful of peppery correspondence, mostly about money, with Knopf, he sent him a postcard saying, "I intend to do without your ugly rages and you may do without my books." Knopf has framed this tribute and hung it in his office, next to a Beerbohm drawing. He continues to list has reissued one of them since receiving the postcard. He believes that most writers are funny people, and his experiences with them, on the whole, make him mournful. "Take E. M. Forster," he said recently. "He came in to see me at Claridge's, in the winter of 1923, after I'd reissued four of his books. I took it for granted we'd get his next novel. He said I wasn't going to get it. He said we'd failed with him four times. Norah Lofts—we published almost a dozen of her novels—left us rudely. Blanche and I wrote her, inviting her to lunch, once when we were in England. Her agent called up and said that she was going over to Doubleday, and that lunch would be embarrassing." Knopf paused to light a cigar. "Life is full of constant sordid surprises," he said. "Whenever you do anything for art or the glory of God or friendship or a friend's memory, you find someone across the board looking upon it as a business venture. If you'd thought of it in that light, you'd never have gone into it." Knopf's idealism is tempered with commercial practicality, however. At an office lunch in honor of Mann, he wound up a lofty tribute to the distinguished guest with the remark "And we mustn't forget to *sell* Dr. Mann's work."

Such defections as Mrs. Lofts' are routine in publishing circles, but Knopf, who takes everything very personally, grieves over them. He was particularly vexed when, in 1932, he learned that Charles Morgan, whose "The Fountain" he had just published, had signed a contract with Macmillan before the book came out. This breach of affection provided Knopf with a grievance that he aired with a nice mixture of funereal pomp and manly sportsmanship. "Since November, when I read it in manuscript," he declared in an advertisement, "I've been more excited about Charles Morgan's 'The Fountain' than about any other novel. (It is, alas, the last book by Morgan that will appear over my imprint, for in February, quite unknown to me, he signed a contract with another publisher for his future work. Like many another, he had his price—in this case, strangely enough, no astronomical figure—my colleague offered it and has since, I trust, paid it.) . . . It is, in my considered opinion, just about the best novel that has been or is likely to be published this year." "The Fountain" was profitable, with a sale of a hundred and thirty thousand copies.

Knopf's disappointments over writers

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warming experiences. He began to publish Clarence Day in 1920—"This Simian World" was the first book—and he went on publishing him without much profit until "Life with Father" came along, in 1935. "Clarence was a devoted and loyal author," Knopf has remarked. "In the early days, he told me not to advertise him so much, saying it was throwing good money after bad. When 'Life with Father' began to sell, a few months before he died, he said, 'For God's sake, sell something else. I'm sick of it.' " Another author whose conduct has Knopf's approval is L. A. G. Strong, the English poet and fiction writer. "I am happy to report," Knopf said in an ad, "that I have just signed a contract with L. A. G. Strong for his next three novels. He is a charming and delightful person—an author, all too rare, who bears disappointing sales with good spirits and good grace." Knopf admires loyalty even when it works against him, and he disapproves contemplated disloyalty even when it might work to his advantage. Several years ago, he wrote Constance Rourke, asking her to write a book for him. She replied that Harcourt, Brace were her publishers and that although she had no contract with them, they had always stuck by her and she intended to stick by them. Knopf showed her letter around his office, saying, "There's a woman I admire."

Knopf's all-time favorite house author was Willa Cather, who combined loyalty, good behavior, a nice attitude toward money (indifference), dependable production, first-class writing, and large sales. Miss Cather, who had for years been published by Houghton Mifflin, in rather dull bindings and in editions that seldom sold more than ten thousand copies, dropped in unannounced at the Knopf office in 1920 and told Knopf, then only twenty-seven, that she would like to move over, because he put out such handsome books and because she admired his advertising. "She was extraordinarily modest," he recalls. "Although 'My Antonia' had appeared two years before, she was surprised that I knew who she was." Knopf published Miss Cather until her death, twenty-seven years later. He bound her books in pleasing greens, wrapped them in two- and three-color jackets, and printed them in agreeable type faces, and he has sold, altogether, seven hundred and sixty thousand copies of them. "I take pleasure in inscribing this to the man who makes the best-looking books in America," she wrote in a

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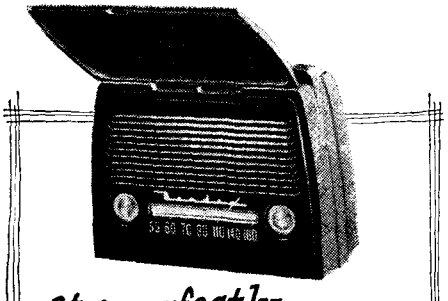

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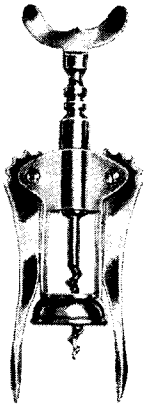

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Knopf. She had a private income and never asked Knopf for an advance. "She was one of those publisher's dreams," Knopf says. "She wrote slowly but methodically—you could count on her for a book every two years, on the average. When she sent over the manuscript, she was always delighted if you liked it. She was a regular dinner party on the phone." Whenever the thought of most authors' weak points—eagerness for advances, absence of private income, unreliable production, and unpredictable, or predictably negligible, sales—depresses him, Knopf solaces himself by thinking about Miss Cather. A couple of years ago, a friend found him at his desk staring disconsolately out the window. "My God, what a muggy day!" he said. "I was going to Chicago tomorrow, but the Blackstone says they haven't got a single vacant room. You're twenty minutes late. The Stork Club will be full. Where can we eat now?" He snatched at some papers on his desk. "What a cockeyed world it is!" he said. "Can you imagine such a world? Here's a man wants a thousand-dollar advance on a book that he hasn't begun to write and that can't possibly sell more than five hundred copies. Sometimes I think I'd like to get rid of the whole list and just keep reissuing Willa Cather." Knopf's friend, a reasonably optimistic fellow, took him to the St. Regis, tipped the headwaiter, and got a table at once. "We're very lucky," Knopf said, dejectedly. —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

•

pilandite, *n. Petrog.* [From *Pilands*berg, Transvaal] A leucocratic porphyry with phenocrysts, a groundmass of anorthoclase, and a little amphibole.—*Webster's New International Dictionary.*

Just a dash.

•

Sauerkraut packed tightly in the body cavity is good stuffing also and a favorite with most men. Bury an onion in the center of the kraut and discard the opinion when stuffing is served.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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•

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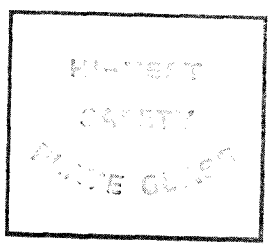

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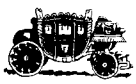

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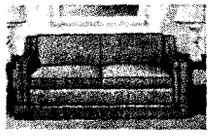

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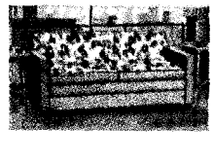

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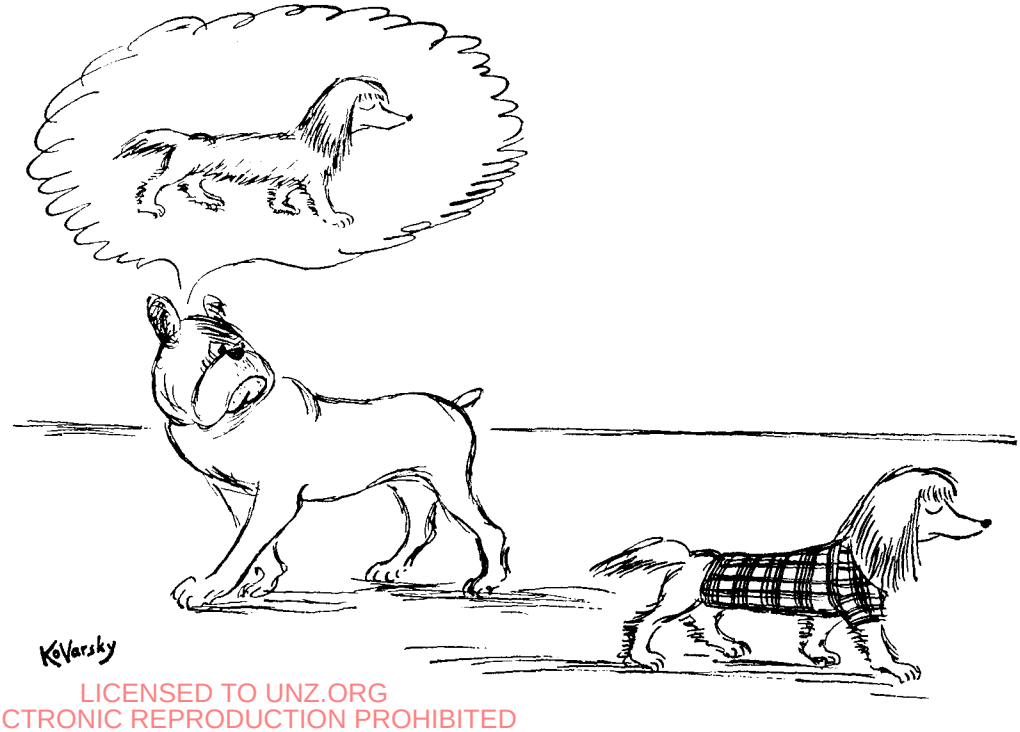
ACTORS, A CONGRESSWOMAN, AND MORE ACTORS

THERE has seldom been a comedy of simpler basic design than Moss Hart's "Light Up the Sky," which opened last week at the Royale. A group of singularly assorted people are in Boston for the tryout of a play by a new author. In the first act, on the afternoon of the première, they are full of hope and good will, the ladies merrily buying furs and precious stones on the strength of their expected profits, the gentlemen laying majestic plans for the future. In the second, immediately after the performance is over, they have every reason to suppose that they have a historic flop on their hands ("The Time Is Now" seems to have something to do with the tattered survivors of an atomic explosion in Radio City, it is rather bitterly described as an allegory, and it cost three hundred thousand dollars), and they turn on one another with the matchless fury of the stagestruck and the damned. By common consent, the play is abandoned, and the author, who has suffered most acutely, being hopelessly innocent in the ways of the theatre, sets out for the airport, on his way back where he came from. In the third act, some three hours later, the notices arrive, and it suddenly develops that "The Time Is Now" is a great artistic success, promising abundant glory for all. With that, in spite of the fact that this is Boston, where critical judgments are notoriously eccentric, the volatile artists are transformed, illuminated all over again by their childish dreams. They retrieve the author from his plane, somehow manage to overcome his natural distaste for them and all their ways, and set him to rewriting his piece for its inevitable triumph on Broadway.

In contrast with his plot, which is obviously little more than an anecdote, Mr. Hart has produced a gallery of extremely complex characters. It is said that most of them have been taken from life, but I can't imagine that this is a point that will matter much except to very knowing audiences, since, with the exception of those who actually appear on the stage, Broadway personalities are not apt to be especially familiar to the public, which neither knows nor cares very much about the private mannerisms of producers, directors, or even playwrights. What does matter, of course, is whether they stand up independently, as dramatic creations, and in this case I should say that Mr. Hart has been successful considerably more than half the time. On the credit side, a celebrated actress (the only one, by the way, that I could identify with any confidence myself) is a fine, malicious study of temperament and talent allied to produce a really cataclysmic woman; her producer, a small, dark, intense man, passionately torn between art and the box office, is a funny and acute explanation of a lot that happens these days in the theatre; her mother, a preposterous old harridan, who knows what she likes in the way of entertainment, and it certainly isn't allegory, is a highly effective caricature, and so is the star's husband, a Harvard and Wall Street man hopelessly lost in a world he never made; and the producer's wife, a professional skater, is a nice, rowdy comic inspiration. These parts are taken, in the order named, by Virginia Field, Sam Levene, Phyllis Povah, Bartlett Robinson, and Audrey Christie, and every one of them is a joy to watch.

On the other hand, an effeminate and aesthetic director struck me as overdone, tiresome, and even occasionally offensive burlesque; the playwright, a truck driver turned Saroyan, or perhaps Odets, seems not only pretty bleak as a character but also quite inconceivable as the author of anything that would command a moment's attention, even in Boston; an elderly playwright, full of disillusioned thoughts about his trade, is too clearly the voice of the author, or God, to have any real validity on the stage; and a delegate to a Shriners' convention, who drops in to help along with the plot, is invention at a very low and desperate ebb. Glenn Anders, Barry Nelson, Philip Ober, and Donald McClelland undertake these bothersome roles, and with the exception of Mr. Ober's modest and expert performance I can't feel that the results are altogether satisfactory.

In my opinion, Mr. Hart's humor rates about the same as his characterization, or fifty-fifty. There is a very funny scene at the end of the first act, when the star's mother, who has sneaked into a preview to get a line on what's going on, is disgusted to find that the director has mistaken her for a dumb, peasant worshipper; there is a wonderful sequence in the second, when two ladies discuss what happens to the scenery and costumes after a flop (it seems you have to pay somebody to take them away and burn them); and the comedy of the unexpected notices in the third is adroitly handled, though it may be a little intramural for the average layman. There is quite a lot more good material between these high points, but most of it, I'm afraid, is either esoteric ("Light Up the Sky" is certainly the



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great special-reference play of the season so far) or laborious or, surprisingly in a man of Mr. Hart's usual taste, a good deal dirtier than a sensitive audience is apt to approve. At the end, several earnest speeches about the mysterious glamour of the theatre and its inmates inevitably turn up. They left this matter still mysterious to me.

"GOODBYE, MY FANCY," by Fay Kanin, is a fairly skillful and notably well-acted play, containing a timely, if not especially profound, message. This puts it somewhere in the unpredictable middle ground of the drama, where success is almost purely a matter of luck. My guess would be that neither the theme nor the treatment, nor even the personalities involved, is quite striking enough to lure a sufficient number of people to the box office at the Morosco, but in view of what recently happened to a lot of far more accomplished guessers, perhaps I'd better just stick to the facts. Miss Kanin's message, in its simplest form, is that it is the duty of those who are wise enough to understand the situation in the world today to pass their knowledge on, especially to the young, no matter what the cost to the prophets' careers or even to their personal happiness. Without this kind of vision and integrity on the part of the few, there will certainly be another war and presumably an end to civilization. This, of course, is as incontrovertible as any proposition you care to name, and if the author sees fit to stop her play in its tracks from time to time while the principal characters make rather studied addresses about it, her motives are unquestionably virtuous, whatever may be said artistically of the delaying effect on the action.

The story, I should say, is an ingenious contrivance, permitting Miss Kanin simultaneously to express her political views, to handle an extremely complicated three-way love affair, and to introduce quite a bit of incidental comedy, at which, like the other members of her extensive family, she is often neat and effective. Agatha Reed, once a far-ranging war correspondent and now the most beautiful of all congresswomen (the resemblance to a living model here is probably deliberate, though slight), has come back to her old college in Massachusetts to receive an honorary degree. As it happens, the president of this institution, a still reasonably picturesque widower named James Merrill, is the man on whose account she was once expelled, and

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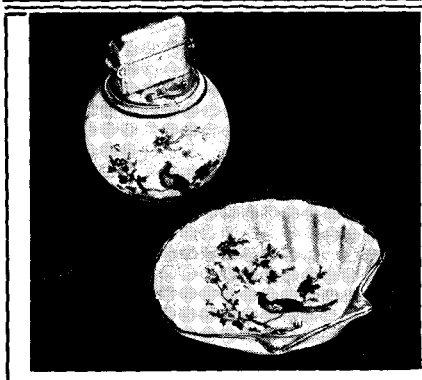

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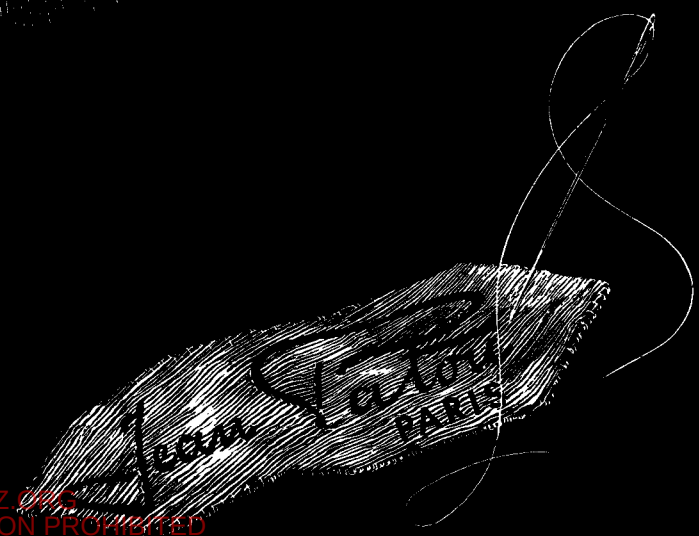

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still love each other. However, it soon develops that while she has become a distinguished liberal, he has degenerated into little more than the tool of his reactionary trustees, good only at raising money for gymnasiums. This is evident at once to her other admirer, a photographer from *Life*, up to cover the ceremonies, and to her secretary, a tough, suspicious girl, but the heroine doesn't really catch on until Merrill refuses to show his students a newsreel demonstrating the dreadful insanity of war. In the last act, he reverses this decision, defying the warmongering trustees, but though his reform is apparently permanent, it is too late, and she goes off with the photographer, on what might be called a second honeymoon, since it seems that in the old days, on their various warlike assignments, he had been in the habit of taking her picture in bed. I gather that Miss Kanin classifies this as a happy ending and I won't argue about it, the whole idea of choosing between the head of a women's college and a man from *Life* being too bizarre for me. Except for a subsidiary theme, involving the president's daughter, who first loses and then happily regains her faith in her father, that is about all there is to "Goodbye, My Fancy." Though, as you can see, it asks a good deal from coincidence, and the writing is often pretty elementary, serving the plot rather than establishing character, I think it answers its purpose, and, as previously noted, it gives the author quite a few chances to be funny, especially with her campus types, who have seldom been caricatured more hilariously.

The performances are generally first-rate. As the congresswoman, Madeleine Carroll, already known to practically everybody as an unusually ornamental girl, shows impressive wit and style as an actress; Shirley Booth, as the secretary, gives her customary exhibition of neat, precisely timed comedy; Conrad Nagel manages to make the president something a little more than an animated stuffed shirt; Sam Wanamaker, who, incidentally, directed the play, is humorously hardboiled as the photographer, or, as his employers might put it, the leicameraman; Bethel Leslie is very touching as the girl who suffers from her father's compromises; and there are excellent subordinate contributions by Eda Heinemann, Lillian Foster, Lulu Mae Hubbard, George Mitchell, Ralph Bunker, and Joseph Boland. Donald Oenslager's setting—a dormitory room in the Good Hope College for Women

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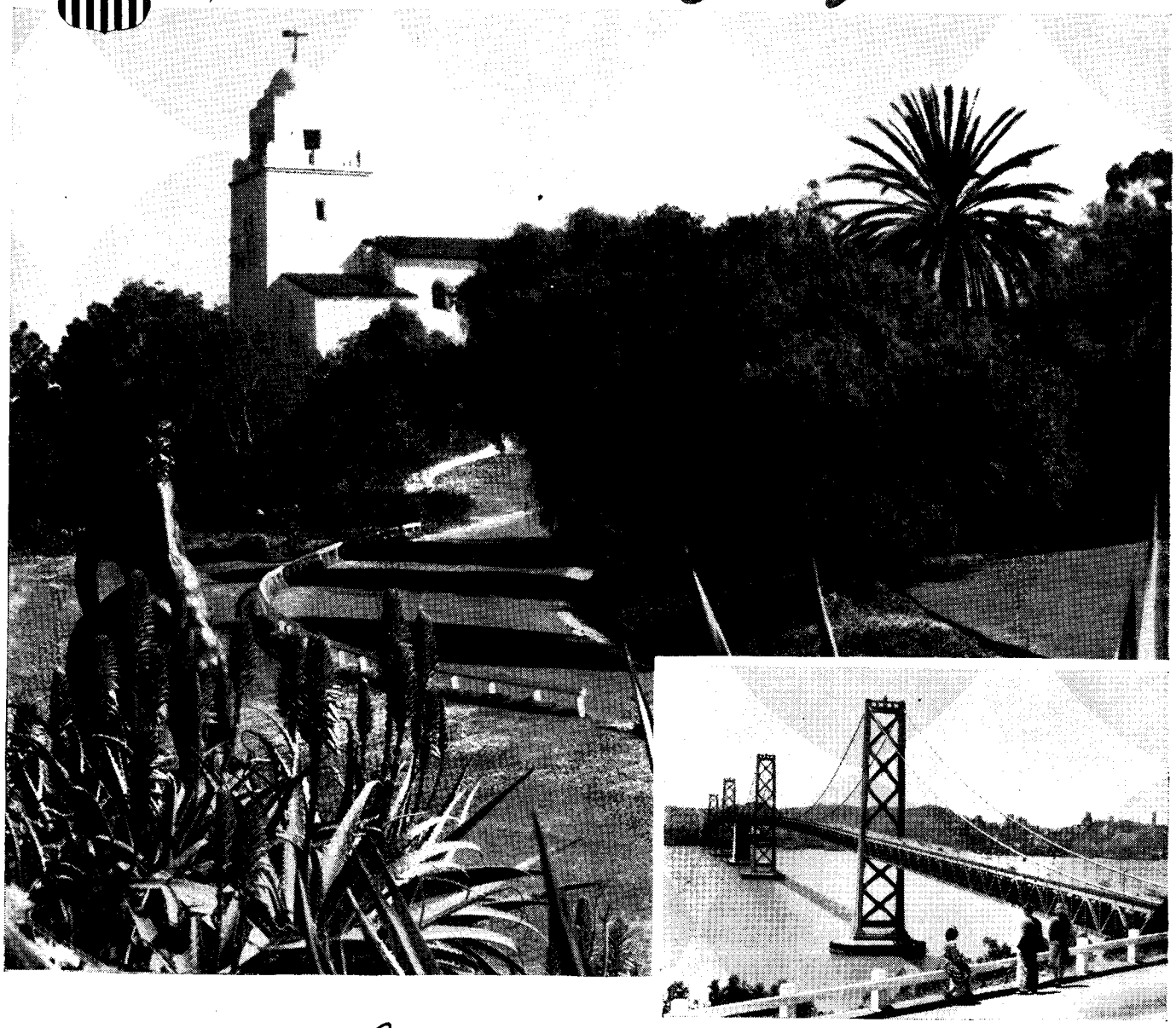

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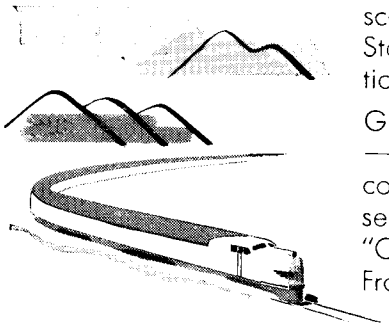

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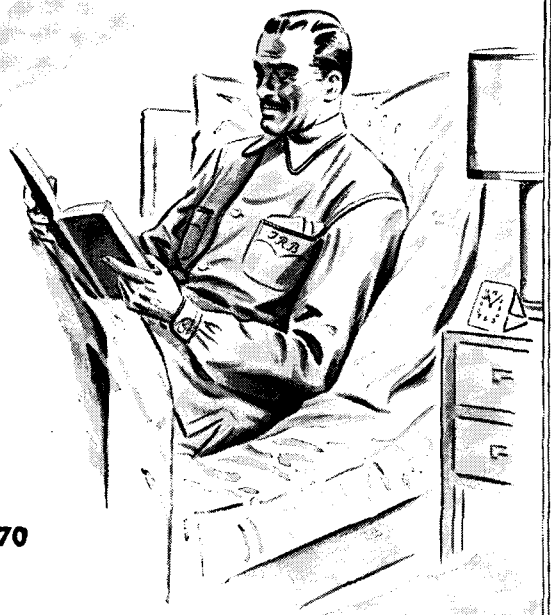

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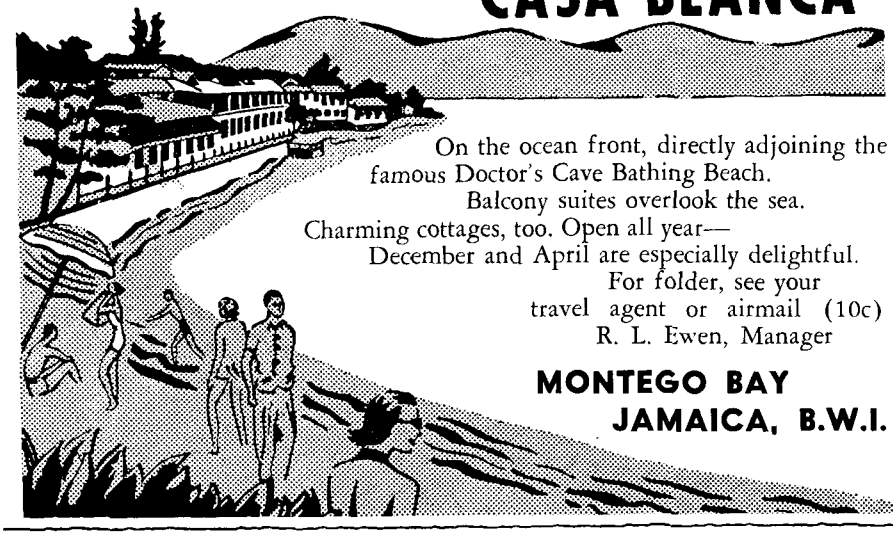

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doubtedly would after a brisk pillow fight.

THE theatre, clearly suffering from a terrible mirror fixation, came up with still another play about actors and actresses when "For Heaven's Sake, Mother!" opened last week at the Belasco. This piece, the work of one Julie Berns, apparently female, was designed to show that the men and women of the stage also lead private lives of enormous confusion and charm, and it was dismaying from beginning to end. The plot was almost impossible to disentangle—eight adolescents, of both sexes, ran through it as indistinguishably as mice—but the general idea was that the heroine, a cleverly preserved antique of forty, was fiercely devoted to her trade, and clung to it right down to the end, though by that time she had become a grandmother for the first time and a mother for the third.

The lesser characters, in addition to the mice, included her husband, who exasperated her, naturally enough, by going on successfully with his own career; an old suitor, who was said to be a formidable seducer, though the evidence seemed much too slight to convict him of anything worse than jostling; her father, another veteran of the stage, who turned up once disguised as Abraham Lincoln and recited the Gettysburg Address; a Negro maid and a telephone, both employed about as you'd expect; and Molly Picon, who put on a one-woman vaudeville act, irrelevant and sometimes a little cryptic (I caught one Yiddish word, for instance, as "homolka," which seems unlikely) but under the circumstances more than welcome.

The chief victim of this negligible massacre was Nancy Carroll, whose age was the principal topic of conversation throughout the evening, and who put up with that and other indignities (seldom has any girl been so perilously tossed through the air outside of an adagio act) with remarkable grace and fortitude. Among the others were St. Clair Bayfield, Herschel Bentley, Stiano Braggiotti, and Margaret Draper.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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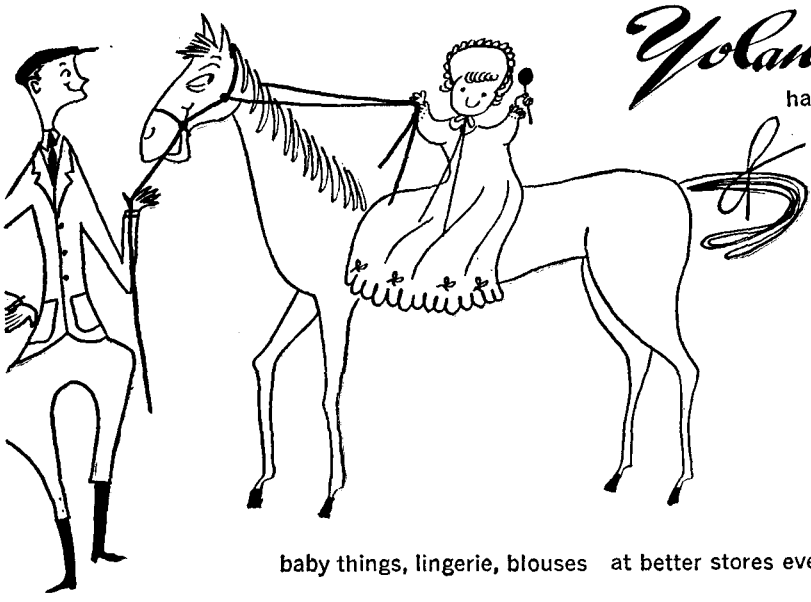

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OF ALL THINGS

EVERYTHING is topsy-turvy these days. The United Nations has made an attempt to get itself bypassed, J. Parnell Thomas is being investigated, and the country's pulse-takers are having their pulses taken.

•

The Republicans are still enjoying a lively debate about the reasons for their recent disaster, and the most original theory is Mark Sullivan's. He declares that the main cause of Dewey's defeat was Truman.

•

Henry Ford II has come out in favor of the Taft-Hartley Act and against governmental price controls. In fact, Henry has practically vetoed the whole election.

•

There is a general belief in Washington that civil-rights legislation will not be urged upon Congress until other matters have been disposed of. Everybody knows there are some subjects that should not be discussed during a honeymoon.

•

Ireland is going ahead with her plan to set up in business as an independent republic. She is apparently determined to sever all relations with the British Commonwealth, the Crown, and even the new baby.

•

The Chinese government and the Communists are sending out conflicting reports about the battle around Suchow. In that strange country, we are told, leaders often make extravagant claims in the middle of a campaign.

•

From all accounts, the Truman inaugural will be the best and biggest ever held. The plans include a four-day vacation for federal workers, an air show, fireworks, a ball, and very nice weather.

•

Agitation to change the name of the Avenue of the Americas back to Sixth Avenue has evidently failed. So henceforth our citizens will call that thoroughfare Sixth Avenue.

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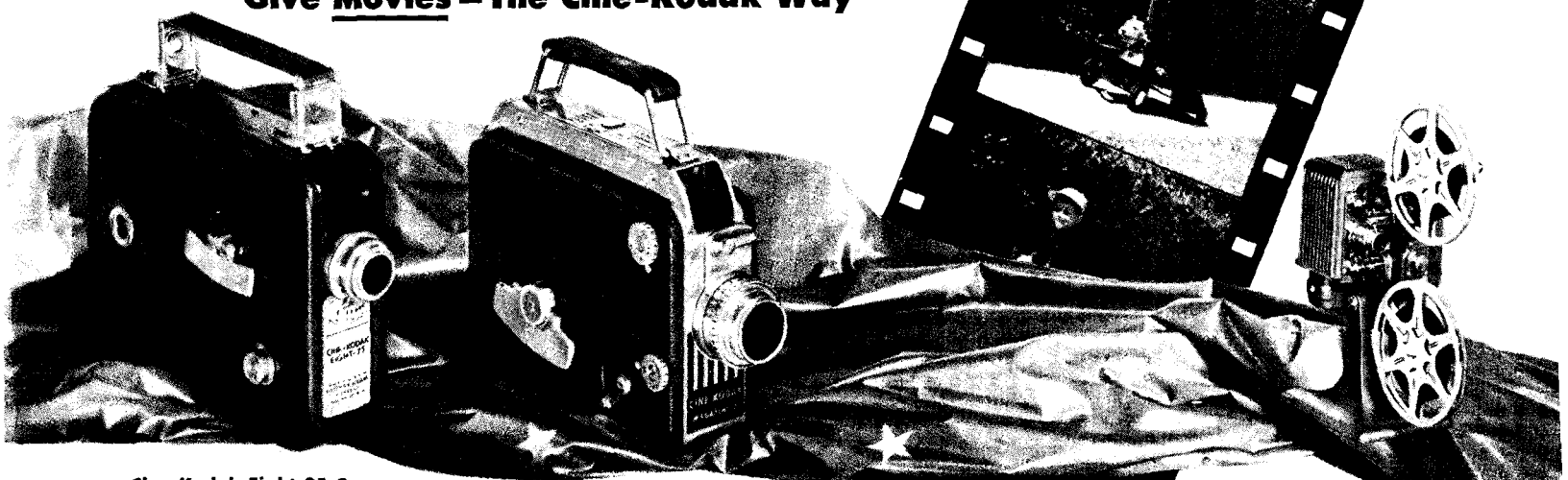

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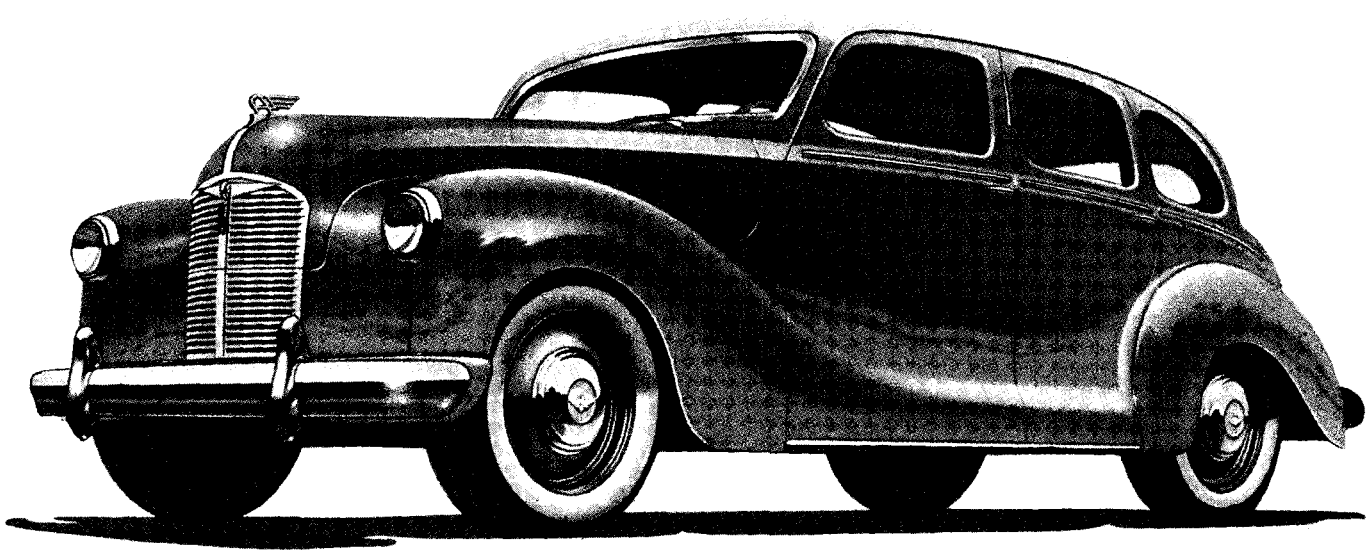

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THE SKY LINE

Stuyvesant Town Revisited

A FEW weeks ago, I had a good deal to say about the merits and demerits of the East Side housing development called Stuyvesant Town. My remarks induced Mr. Robert Moses, in his capacity as City Construction Coördinator, to compose the following letter:

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN his recent Sky Line article on Stuyvesant Town, entitled "Prefabricated Blight," Mr. Lewis Mumford has singled me out by name as the public official most worthy of opprobrium. It is one thing to complain about a new sky line; it is quite another to corrupt the text with gross misrepresentations. I would not dream of competing with this paper planner in the realm of aesthetics, but let's look at the record. Stuyvesant Town, built on a twenty-three-per-cent coverage of land, houses veterans in rooms that all have sunlight and air.[1] The acreage is sixty-seven—not sixty-one, as stated by Mr. Mumford. The density per acre is three hundred and fifty-nine, therefore less than three hundred and ninety-three.[2] Mr. Mumford says the previous block pattern was planned for seventy to ninety people, which implies that the population went up from seventy or ninety to over three hundred and fifty when Stuyvesant Town was built. This is a grotesque misstatement, because the rookeries that it replaced housed over twenty-five thousand when my mother was born, in a pleasant brick house on Fourteenth Street, off Madison Avenue.[3] The dismal walkup cold-water tenements just off the good residential section were built on a sixty- to seventy-per-cent coverage, and most of the rooms were dark and airless. When the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company took over, the population had been reduced to eleven thousand but in the ensuing shortage would have gone up again to the old twenty-five thousand. The old tenants were taken care of in better rooms than they had before, and the veterans who moved in are immeasurably better off. The figure of three hundred and ninety-three persons per acre, cited by Mr. Mumford with shivers and moans of horror, is less than that of the finest hotels and apartment houses fronting on Park and Fifth Avenue, where the coverage is more than twice as great and the average height much greater.[4]

Mr. Mumford gloomily described this extraordinarily successful project, called a seventh heaven by five times as many applicants as there were apartments, as an unrelieved nightmare, a caricature of urban rebuilding, a Police State architecture exhibiting all the worst vices of regimentation and state control, etc., toward which the city gave many streets without compensation, wiped out schools and churches, waived taxes of fifty-three million dollars, and failed to guarantee that it would house low-income people, etc., etc. These wisecracks bear little resemblance to the truth. He refers, for example, to two little narrow strips deeded to the city for street widening. The fact is that the boundary streets were enormously widened, and that service roads were provided, together with a broad new public artery through the development, all at the expense of the Metropolitan. The story that schools and churches were tossed out arbitrarily is hokum. The old Catholic church and parochial school, for example, received a very large award and moved across Fourteenth Street into the Grace Church branch, which was vacant, and which the Catholic planners converted into a fine new building and school. The public school was paid for by the Metropolitan, and all pupils are adequately provided for nearby.[5]

Mr. Mumford's tax-subsidy story is bunk. In his references to city aid to the Metropolitan, he seems to be quite oblivious of the tonic effect of Stuyvesant Town on neighborhood values and taxes, and the tremendous advantages of having so many people live

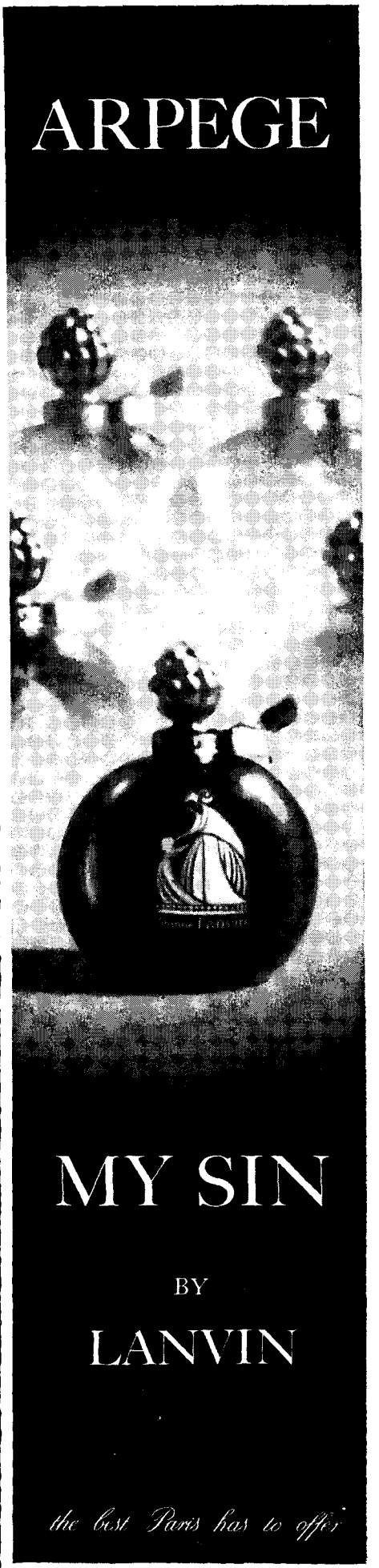
[1] I pointed out that "except for a few skyscraper apartments . . . nowhere in the more expensive residential districts in Manhattan will you discover any comparable access to sunlight, air, and vista."

[2] Mr. Moses confuses the original area of the tract (66.8 acres) with the present area (61.4 acres), perhaps forgetting that two strips of land were ceded by the Metropolitan to the municipality for street widening.

[3] There was no statement or implication in my article about the previous density of occupancy of this particular site.

[4] Comments on this aspect of Mr. Moses' remarks follow his letter.

[5] These are not wisecracks. The city *did* surrender 16.9 acres of land, hitherto covered by public streets, receiving in exchange only 5.4 acres. (See footnote 2.) The city *did* forfeit the school site within the Stuyvesant Town domain, *did* waive taxes on property improvements for the twenty-five-year period stipulated, and *did* fail to require that this subsidy would benefit low-income families.



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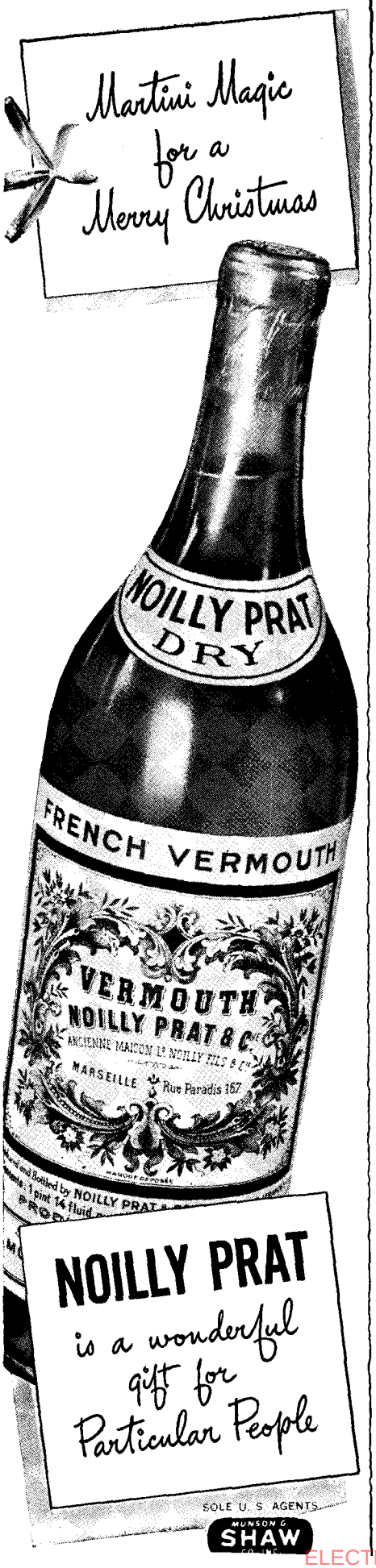

within walking distance of their work, as distinguished from further overburdening our rapid-transit system. The Metropolitan does receive partial exemption to enable it to bring rentals to seventeen dollars, but the city collects the same taxes it received in the same area before, and Mr. Mumford's funny arithmetic is based on the assumption that some private Santa Claus was lurking just around the corner and aching to buy this enormously expensive property, tear down and throw away all the old tenements, rebuild the slums, and pay the city full taxes.[6] Who was this Santa Claus, and why doesn't he turn up in similar remaining slums of Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx? Yes, there is a Santa Claus, but he is a government Santa Claus, who operates on the basis of complete tax exemption, public subsidies, interest rates based on public credit, and losses underwritten by the taxpayers.

Aside from questions of taste, and looking only at economics, the Metropolitan, which is a fiduciary for thirty million policyholders, has done something truly magnificent on terrifically expensive slum property at Stuyvesant Town, and at Riverton, in Harlem, for those veterans who are in the moderate-income group between those eligible for subsidized public housing and those who can pay F.H.A. and speculative-builder rents. Neither the Metropolitan nor public-housing officials can build two-story cottages or garden apartments housing a hundred people an acre on eight-to-ten-dollar-a-foot slum land. Unfortunately, it is cheaper to build high elevator buildings than garden apartments,[7] and in slum clearance the worst stuff is the most expensive.

In spite of forethought in buying steel, elevators, etc., before the market skyrocketed, the cost of building Stuyvesant Town, including seventeen million dollars for land, rose from an anticipated sixty million to an actual ninety million, and this forced the Stuyvesant rentals up three dollars per month per room. The Riverton rentals, however, were raised only a dollar and a half per room. It

[6] The "tax-subsidy story" cannot be bunk if there is "partial exemption." And if the city receives in taxes on this huge, fully rented project only what it received from the demolished slum properties, containing less than half of Stuyvesant Town's population, the Santa Claus seems to be Mr. Moses, who had a great deal to do with the granting of tax exemptions.

[7] But the cost increases with an increase in height, because deeper and stronger foundations, heavier steel framing, more fireproofing, more space for mechanical services (elevators, incinerators, etc.), more maintenance, and a large staff (to perform functions that in small units can be performed by tenants) are required. And traffic congestion, and the cost of that congestion, rise as population density

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may interest those who do not have to live with such alarming statistics to know that publicly guaranteed speculative housing cannot be built today, even in the suburbs, to rent for less than twenty-four dollars monthly per room and that strictly public, completely tax-exempt low-interest housing on outlying vacant land, without other subsidies, can't rent below eighteen dollars.[8]

Mr. Mumford admits that there are a lot of playgrounds and small parks, and considerable fine landscaping, at Stuyvesant but adds that the Metropolitan and city planners did not make the most of the site, either functionally or visually, because there is too much asphalt and there are too many walks and "spiky fences" in and around playgrounds "that offer none of the natural resources or the implements for any kind of play except the most mechanical and organized." The result of this dismal planning failure will be, Mr. Mumford says, more regimentation, as an aftermath to conflict and frustration. The right things, we are told, would have included "hide-and-seek" bushes and provisions for "games of make-believe" for older children. Having built and run more city and suburban playgrounds than almost anyone else around, and never having seen any designed or operated by Mr. Mumford, I don't know what all this mumbo-jumbo is about.[9]

To cap this dreadful climax as to recreation, Mr. Mumford says city planners everywhere agree that there should be one acre of open green space for every hundred people and that one for three hundred is the barest minimum. This is just plain tripe, which leads our Ivory Tower expert to the triumphant conclusion that Stuyvesant Town adds to the chronic shortage of parks and playgrounds in Manhattan.[10] I only wish many other neighborhoods in Manhattan had anything like the

[8]All this means is that the tenants of Stuyvesant Town, many of whom are not in an income group low enough to deserve subsidy, are living in a subsidized project at less than an economic rent. Furthermore, according to its contract, the Metropolitan may, five years after the completion of the project, pay its remitted taxes to the city and, unless forbidden by rent-law restrictions, thenceforward charge its tenants what it pleases.

[9]I am possibly qualified to speak on the subject because I am an educator and parent and was once a New York child myself, who could dig holes, roast potatoes, and play cops-and-robbers not on smooth asphalt but on those old-fashioned natural urban playgrounds—vacant lots. I believe that at least equivalent opportunities should be afforded by any model housing project.

[10]Mr. Moses, as Park Commissioner, has provided the city with a number of playgrounds, but there are not nearly enough near the areas of greatest population density. Stuyvesant Town aggravates this already grave condition.

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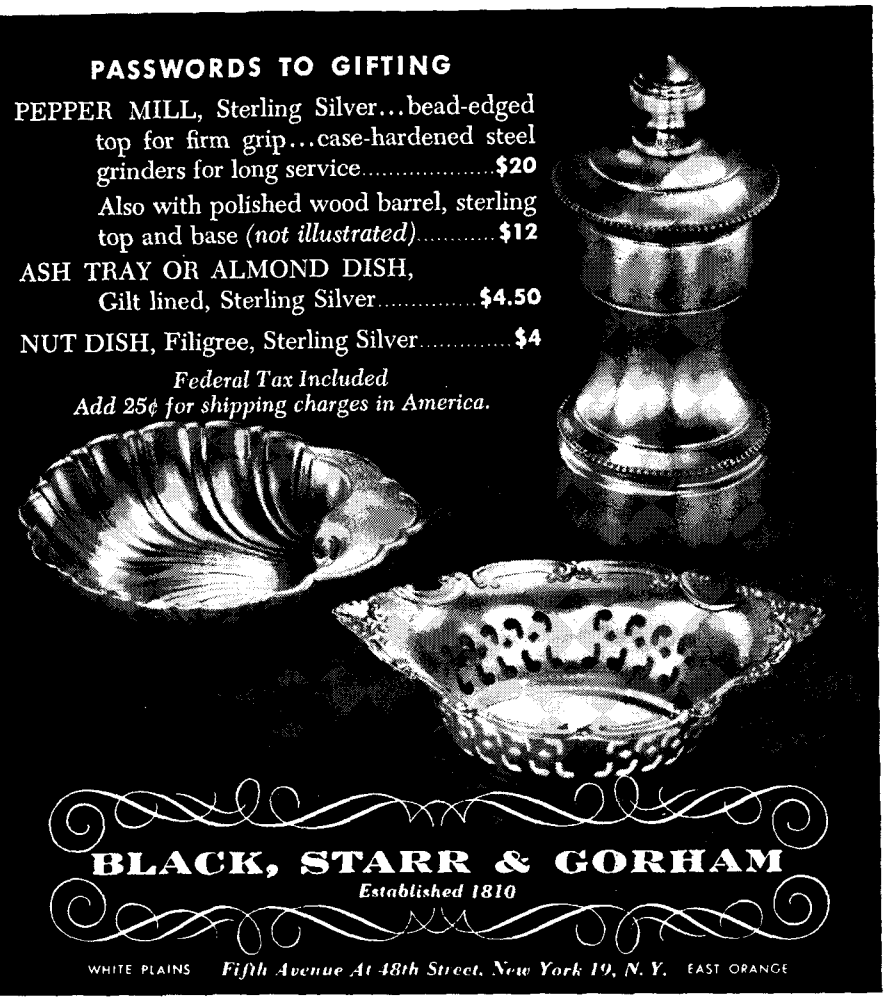

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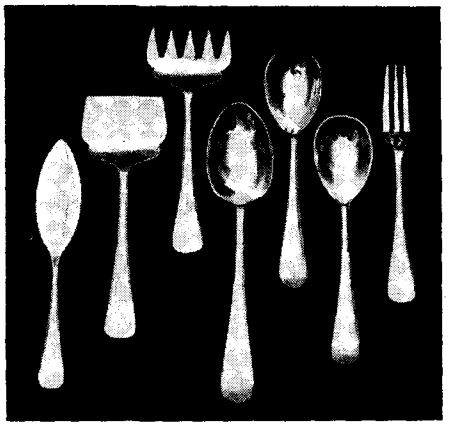

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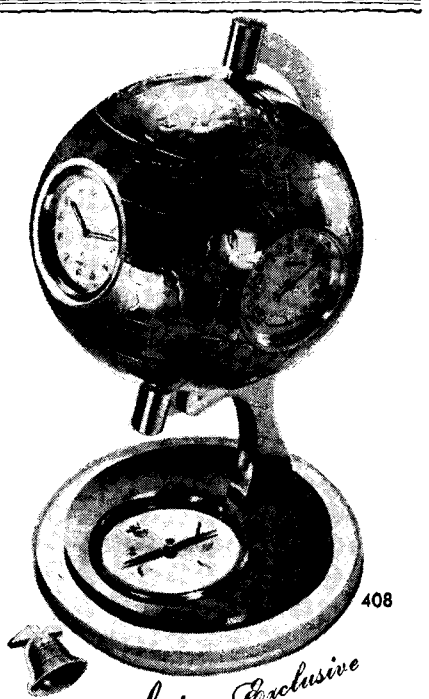

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park and play space set aside in Stuyvesant Town.

It is a sad bird who fouls his own nest. People who don't like New York anyway, and others, who think big insurance companies should promptly be taken over by the government, will be happy to believe that there is a dreadful mess at Stuyvesant Town, hidden until Mr. Mumford courageously held it up to scorn in *The New Yorker*. On the other hand, I can testify that smarter visitors, not poisoned by jaundice and envy, whom we have guided along the new East River Park from Bellevue to Corlear's Hook, have frankly expressed amazement and real admiration at the almost unbroken series of modern multiple houses for people of small and moderate means, built by a combination of public and quasi-public enterprises.

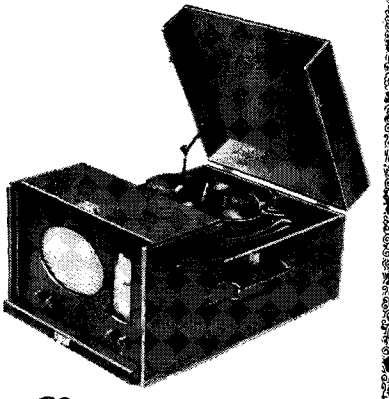
Sincerely,

ROBERT MOSES
Coördinator

MY monograph on Stuyvesant Town has brought other letters, from tenants who wish to defend the apartments they live in against my criticism. Quite properly, they declare that their quarters are the equal of anything Manhattan can offer elsewhere at two or three times the rental, and they feel that they are in heaven. On that limited basis, as I have already pointed out, they are right, and nothing I have said in disparagement of the project should diminish their pleasure. But, like almost all New Yorkers, who have spent most of their lives in cramped, sunless, dusty, and even garbagy blighted areas, they have no proper basis for judging Stuyvesant Town. Doubtless they would be surprised to learn that all over the world, from Greater London to Baldwin Hills Village, in Los Angeles, modern planners have produced quarters immensely better suited to human occupancy than the Metropolitan Life's well-policed barracks. They praise Stuyvesant Town only because they do not know how much is missing from its design.

As for Mr. Moses' part in the building of Stuyvesant Town, two issues are involved. The less important one is whether Mr. Moses, an official guardian of the public interest, should have been so generous with public property and public tax money to a corporation that is organized for private profit. The more important issue is what will happen to the city if it continues to follow Mr. Moses' policy of replacing the admittedly rotten slums of New York with [illegible] like Stuyvesant

for Christmas



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Town. For Stuyvesant Town is not unique; it is merely one more example of a pattern of congestion in mass housing that was established around 1940. Ever since then, our new public housing projects have consisted mainly of thirteen-story apartment buildings, and that is the height adopted for Stuyvesant Town. The excuse for this is, as Mr. Moses has just finished pointing out, that the cost of the land even in slum districts is too high to permit buildings that will provide a medium density of population. Many people, it is true, have approved and actually abetted this policy, but, owing to the prestige Mr. Moses has attained because of his valuable achievements as Park Commissioner, his advocacy of it carries special weight.

Mr. Moses' concept of what is desirable in housing appears to spring from two untenable notions. The first notion is that the upper-income groups in New York, who presumably can afford the best that money can buy, are well housed. For him, accordingly, the pattern of congestion that is acceptable to those who can escape for weekends to Long Island or to Westchester, and for longer intervals to Palm Beach or to Biarritz, must also be considered acceptable for new housing projects. He therefore can defend the atrocious congestion in Stuyvesant Town—three hundred and ninety-three persons an acre—by pointing out that the best hotels and apartment houses in mid-Manhattan have an even greater density of occupation. Well, there are expensive single-family residences, just off Fifth Avenue, that are built almost back to back and separated by only a ten-foot light court. No matter how elegant and costly the interiors of these homes, they are basically slums. If one judges housing not in terms of rents and profits and prestige but in terms of human decency, the greater part of New York consists, in Patrick Geddes' words, of slums, semi-slums, and super-slums. Mr. Moses should not be trying to drag the dwellings of the lower-income groups down to the level of Park Avenue; he should be trying to raise them to the level of, say, the housing development in Sunnyside, Long Island. The other disabling notion is his apparent belief that once the pattern of overcrowding has been established by increasingly high ground rents, nothing should be done to diminish that overcrowding, lest the land values based on congestion be reduced. This is a strange notion for an administrator who has also been called a city planner, inasmuch as the fundamental task of modern town

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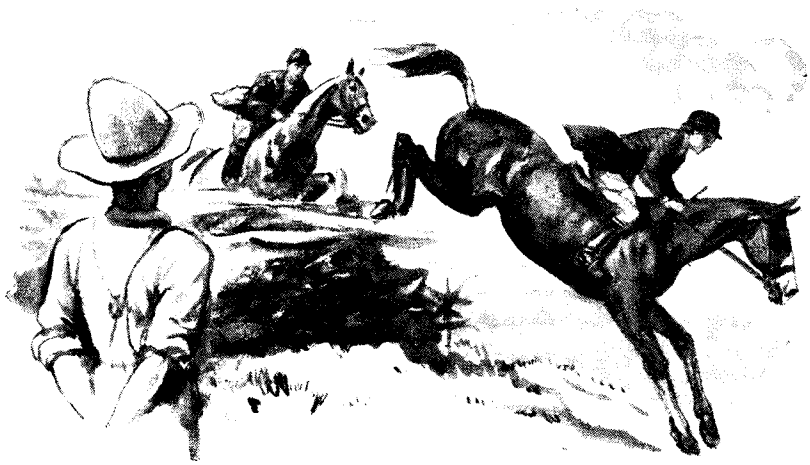

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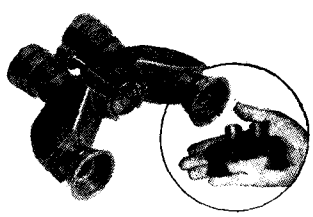

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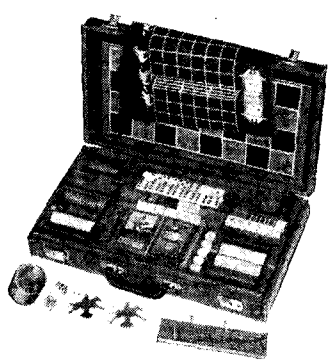

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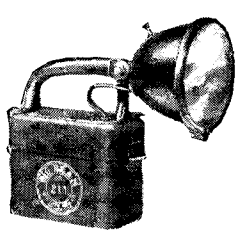

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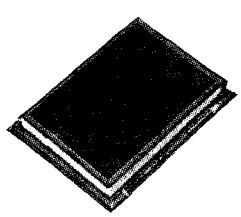

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planning is, as Raymond Unwin, the greatest planner of the last generation, held, the regulating of density of population, in the interests of health, efficiency, and family life, to say nothing of many more intangible matters. The high cost of land in New York is the result of the failure to set maximum densities in residential areas by law. The ruling motive in the development of New York has been the desire of speculators and investors for high returns on land, regardless of public welfare. Hence the universality of slums and blighted areas.

One effect of this congestion is to drive many families to emigrate to suburbs, where—temporarily, at least—lower densities prevail. (For a number of years before the second World War, Manhattan's residential population steadily declined.) Another result is to place such handicaps on industry and business that they, too, are decentralizing, either to suburban areas—like the big department stores—or even farther afield. Meanwhile, the overload of people on the land creates traffic and transportation problems that have increased the cost of living and of doing business in Manhattan by hundreds of millions of dollars a year. As long as the present pattern of congestion is maintained, these problems are insoluble. Far from improving conditions, every one of Mr. Moses' showy expedients for combatting the results of overcrowding the land—widening streets, building express highways, multiplying tunnels and bridges—only worsens them, because they throw new burdens on the taxpayer, and these higher taxes are an excuse for overcrowding the land still more. So, year by year, the traffic moves more slowly; year by year, the waste and inefficiency increase. At a recent meeting of the American Society of Planning Officials, Mayor O'Dwyer confessed that the city is in a state of chronic arrears and deficiencies, and that if the municipality made an honest effort to build enough hospitals, homes for the aged, playgrounds, parks, and schools to eliminate its painful shortages (and if it weren't restricted from doing so by constitutional limitations), it would go bankrupt.

There is no easy cure for this condition, the result of a century of misplanning and misbuilding. To make New York once again a pleasant place to work and live in, a fresh start must be made, on a sounder basis. Since values, and hence taxes, are based on congestion of population, the city must

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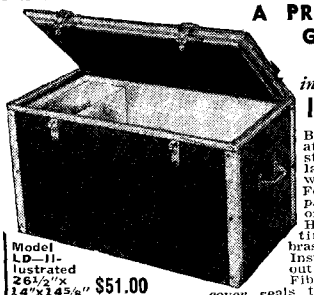

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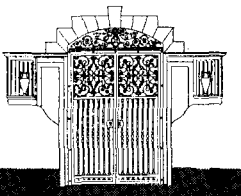
ably the federal government, for financial assistance, because the job cannot be achieved without a vast decentralization of population and the building of balanced communities that are closer to the human scale. Not long ago, the head of the Regional Plan Association of New York, a most unrevolutionary group, came out in favor of a series of new towns within a fifty- or sixty-mile radius, to drain off part of New York's population and so reduce the problem of urban rebuilding to workable proportions. Those who would like to preserve the status quo might be excused if they sought, simply in protection of their pocketbooks, to maintain present densities in the city. But people of Mr. Moses' school are not content with this; they have even imposed the pattern of congestion on, for example, such sites as one in Brooklyn hitherto occupied by two- and three-story houses with ample back yards. The policy of maintaining existing high densities and of creating fresh areas of congestion is nothing less than urban malpractice. No program could be more certain to bring about a complete paralysis of the city's activities.

One must not be deceived by the fact that new developments like Stuyvesant Town and the Jacob Riis Houses, nearby, have more open space than the old slums. What matters in their case is not merely the percentage of the land covered by the buildings (see Mr. Moses' remarks on the subject) but the number of people crowded together in a given area. Like Le Corbusier, Mr. Moses confuses visual open space with functional (habitable) open space. In these projects, the city, far from rectifying the situation, has reëstablished slum densities. Such slum clearance is completely unrealistic, and far more costly than the alternative, which is to write off the cost of land in every public housing project and keep the density of population moderate. The only reason Manhattan's congestion is not more horrendous than it is is that the island's average height for residences, despite the enormous number of tall tenements and skyscraper apartments and hotels, is still less than five stories.

The policy of rebuilding New York on a pattern of congestion not only creates costly traffic problems; it has a severe effect upon human life. No great metropolis of today can reproduce its population; life on a metropolitan basis hinders normal family life and normal reproduction. For mothers who have neither nursemaids nor governesses, nor even grandmothers and aunts, to aid them in looking after their children, life



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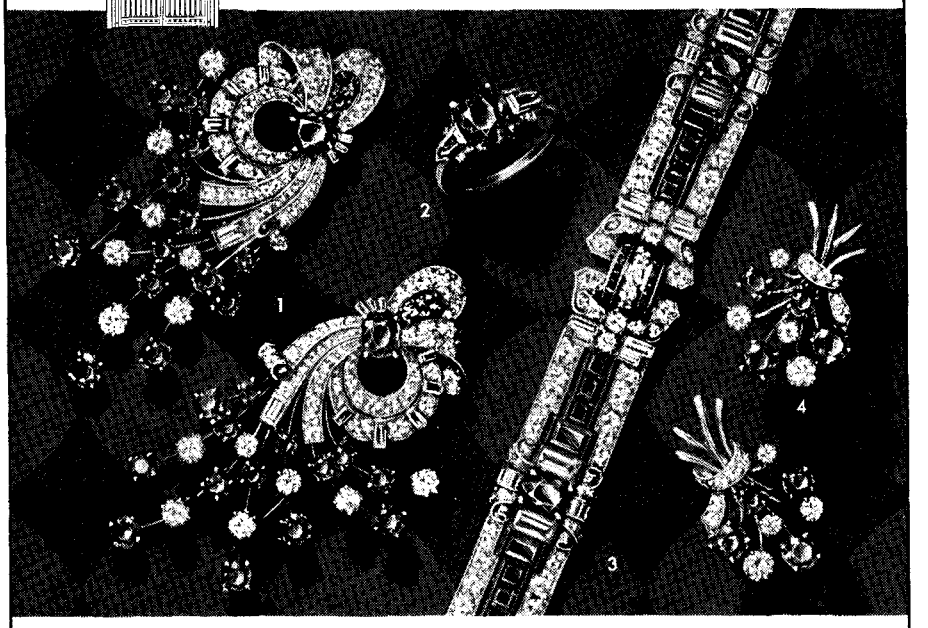

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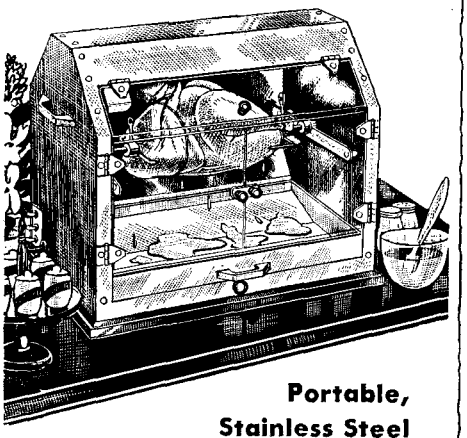

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Throughout the world, preëminently in Britain, city planners and administrators have dedicated themselves to rebuilding urban communities on a human scale and to reëstablishing a healthy density of population in cities. Mr. Moses, a man of singular authority in our city's rehousing scheme, is proceeding counter to this worldwide movement to rehumanize city life. He has a deserved reputation as an administrator who "gets things done," and he has carried out works, such as Jones Beach, that are monuments of skillful and imaginative planning. But though the great urban planners of our time have learned their lesson from the democratic Ebenezer Howard, Mr. Moses seems still to be following the imperial example set in the reconstruction of Paris by the autocratic Haussmann, whose purpose was to put up a front for Napoleon III. The ability to get things done quickly is not as important as the ability to get the right things done in the right way in the right order. Many generations of New Yorkers will have to pay for the mistakes that have already been made. —LEWIS MUMFORD

•

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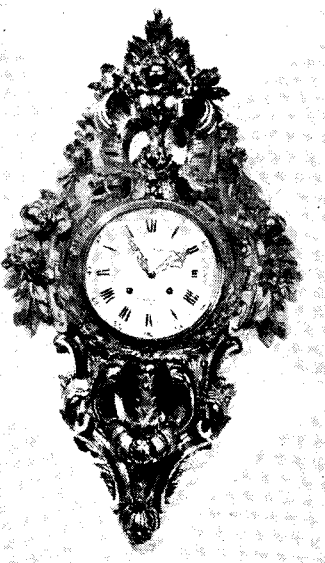

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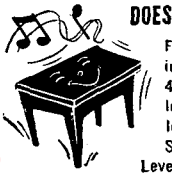

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10. **Sparkle Tree** with On Dit Perfume, 3.00
11. **Blue Grass Stocking** holds perfume, soap, dusting powder, bath petals, Flower Mist, 8.50
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28. **Brandy Glass Ballerina** holds lipstick, rouge, eye shado, puff, On Dit Perfume, 10.00
29. **Sleigh** with oval compact, lucite lipstick, lip brush, It's You Perfume, 8.50
30. **Accordion Box** holds Gold Rush compact, lipstick, Blue Grass Perfume, Pony guest soaps, 12.00
31. **Blue Grass Mist Set** (Flower Mist, dusting powder, sachet powder), 5.00
32. **Giant Bath Bell** (Blue Grass bath petals, bath oil, soaps, wafers), 7.50
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34. **Blue Grass Bath Soaps.** Dressed in foil or cellophane. Set of 3, 3.75*
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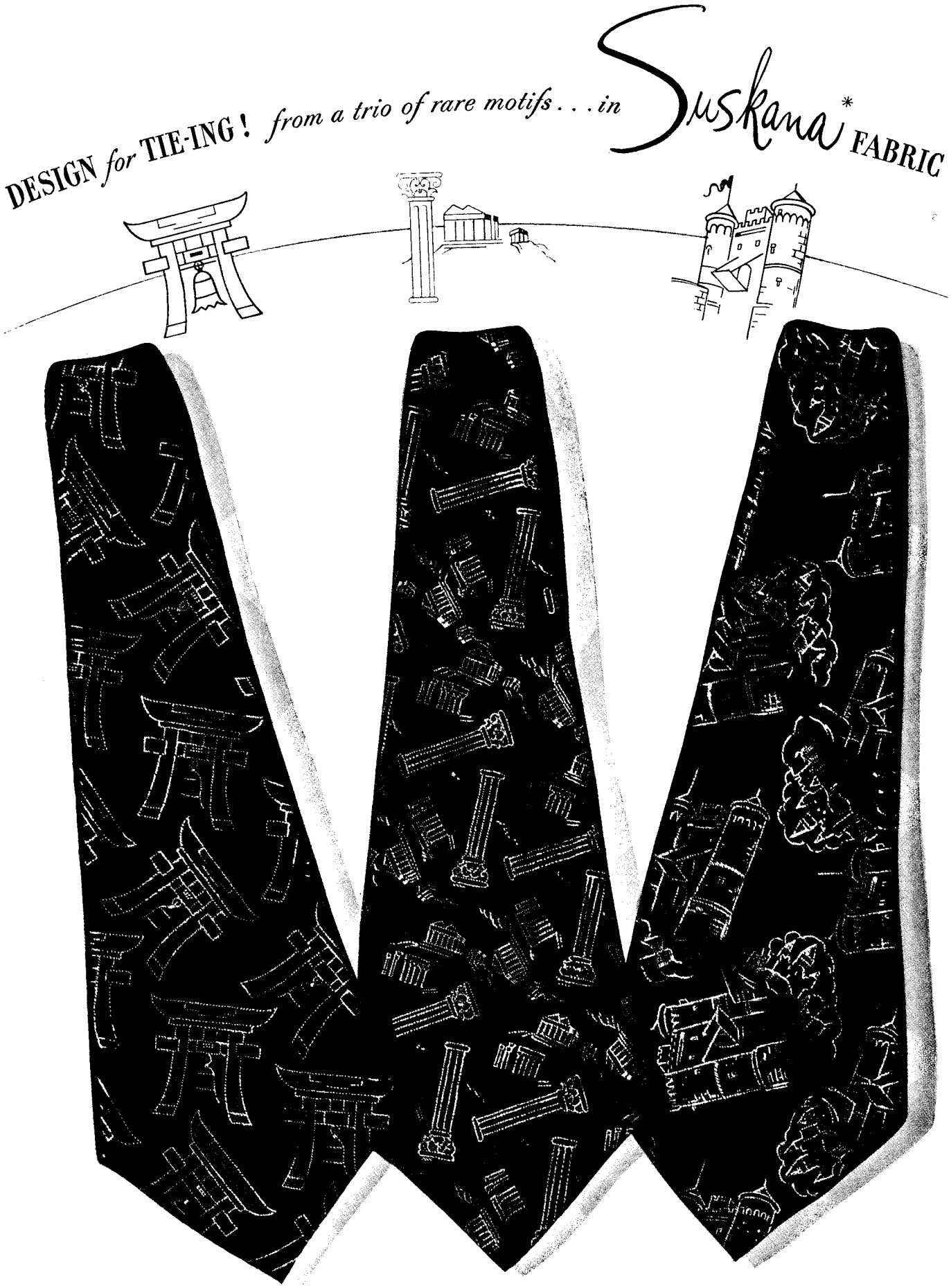
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A NOVA SCOTIAN CHILDHOOD

THE FRENCH WALK

WHEN my mother married and left her native village of Pubnico, Nova Scotia, to live in Boston, she made my father promise that he would let her return to her family home every year to spend the summer. My father kept his word, and in June, as soon as school was over, my mother would pack up a few of us nine children and take the overnight boat from Boston to Yarmouth. From there, a horse and carriage brought us the thirty miles to Pubnico. That is how I happened to spend a good part of my childhood in the Middle Ages.

Pubnico is a narrow little harbor tucked between green hillsides that slope down to the water. The town is inhabited by perhaps two hundred families, who live in tiny white houses along the eight-mile road that follows the shore. The two sides of the harbor—called the East Side and the West Side, a distinction that was then more than geographical—are so close that people on one side can see what is going on on the other. Behind the hills were the scattered huts of the Micmac Indians, who constituted the fringe of the familiar Pubnico world. In those days, just before the first World War, about the only visitors from the outside—except for occasional tourists and native sons and daughters who, like my mother, came back from the States—were the crews of vessels that had been wrecked on the rocks beyond the harbor during bad storms. At such times of crisis, the young men of the village would set out in small boats through the gale to bring in survivors of the shipwrecked vessel and, more than incidentally, to pick up any cargo that was floating around. Sometimes they brought back boxes of oranges and lemons, or whole cheeses. Almost every house in Pubnico contained a few treasures—pictures or rugs or silver—that had been salvaged from a shipwrecked vessel. It was a black day for Pubnico parlors, though, when the schooner Moravian foundered off the coast, casting up bales and bales of carpeting in a large and hideous floral pattern.

All the people on the West Side of Pubnico, where my mother's family lived, were French, descendants of Acadians who had been expelled from their fertile lands and had made their way back on foot after years of exile in Massachusetts. On the East Side, there were a good many English-speaking families. Most people, on either side, spoke a mixture of both languages. French was used for prayer, poetry, and song, but the hard thoughts of business and law were expressed in English. I remember the old French priest pleading with the men to swear in English, if they must swear at all. English was also used for nicknames and for humorous effect, in the curious belief that there was something essentially comic about the language. Long after automobiles were in general use in the States, they were still frightening apparitions in Pubnico. Newspapers were only rarely brought in from Yarmouth, and most of the things we needed were ordered by mail from T. Eaton, a department store in Toronto. The state of solvency in Pubnico was closely related to the price of fish and the size of the catch. It was a great occasion when one of my uncle's sails was sighted in the harbor. We children would run down to the beach and wait in an anguish of excitement during the hours that it took the crew to anchor, put the gear to rights, and row ashore. The ship might have been gone four or five months—on a fishing trip to the Grand Bank, and then perhaps to the West Indies and back—and the only warning of her approach was when someone caught sight of her sails. Then people started hurrying from one house to another, spreading the news. Most of the crops of the countryside were meagre, but there were some things in quantity, such as blueberries, that "foreigners" seemed to like and that could always be sold to them. In the early summer mornings, a covered wagon used to take big loads of us children out to the Lake Road, nine miles away, where the Indians lived and where the blueberries were thick; at the end of the day we turned in the blueberries we had picked at my uncle's store and were paid off in eggs. The price of blueberries was for some reason always reckoned in eggs—so many eggs per bushel of berries, according to the day's quotation.

The Indians who lived in the woods near the Lake Road, subsisting mainly on blueberries, rabbits, and trout, were a very important element of the Pubnico world. We called them "*sauvages*" and "*sauvagesses*," with no offense intended or taken. They were the recipients of what little charity the bleak poverty of our village allowed. On big church feast days, such as the Feast of Corpus Christi, which generally fell in June, and the Feast of Saint Anne, in July, they would walk in from the Lake Road to join in the religious festivities. Some of the men wore Mayflowers in their old felt hats. The only other times we saw them in town were when the mothers brought their babies in to be baptized, which happened as soon as the women were strong enough to carry the infants on their backs, and when a couple came in to get married. My aunt,

"Look at it, Doyle! Look!"

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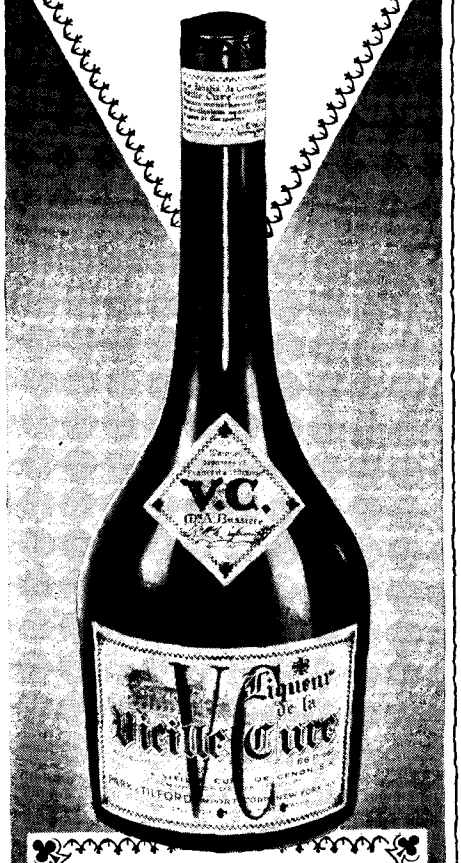

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with whom we were staying, gave a wedding breakfast for one Indian bride and groom. The bride and her mother and sister spent the night before the wedding at our house, and the three men of the party slept in my uncle's cooper shop. The bride, much to my surprise, was a faded blonde, despite her swarthy skin, and she looked terrible in white muslin. After the ceremony the next morning, they all came back to the house for the wedding breakfast, which consisted of cold meat, apple pie, and tea. As far as I know, the social gulf between the Indians and the white people was totally ignored only once. That was when an English girl from up the Bay, enraged because her father wouldn't let her marry the man she wanted, swore that she would take the next one to ask her, no matter who he was. The next man was an Indian, Matthew Francis. She married him and went with him to his hut on the Lake Road. They had a large number of dark-skinned children, including one beautiful girl whom we called the Lady of the Lake and who later married very well and went to live in the States.

THERE were only a few family names on the West Side—d'Entremont (my mother's), Amirault, and two or three others—and all the people who bore the same one were related. Since there was no way to distinguish a person by his last name alone, he was always called by his first name, followed by his father's first name and the first names of as many ancestors as were necessary to identify him. Paul d'Entremont, for example, was known by that name only on his birth and marriage certificates. He was called Paul-à-George-à-Léonide. Everyone knew just who George and old man Léonide had been and what they had been like. Under these circumstances, it was not surprising that line of descent came to have an exaggerated significance in the village. The François-à-Philippe-à-Pierres, for instance, were all considered flighty and no good, because the original Pierre had married that girl from up the Bay. The Bill-à-Marks were known to have a knack for telling a story. Nicknames were handed down as well as real names; there were several branches of the George Lights, who were descended from a lighthouse keeper; one branch, in fact, still held the job. An old man, a few generations back, had had a pompous way of referring to his son, in English, as "my son," so the boy was called My [illegible]

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Son. I used to play with the old man's great-granddaughter, Rose-à-Freddie-My Son. Rose had a pompous streak, too. As can be imagined, the system was confusing to outsiders. A new insurance collector once came down from Yarmouth and asked a little boy on the East Side where he might find George Amirault. The boy said he didn't know him and, moreover, had never heard of anyone by that name. Of course he knew the George-à-Davids, and George-à-Bill-à-Marks, and the George-à-Laurients, on the other side. But as for George Amirault—no such person.

Idle visiting was frowned on in Pubnico and kept to a minimum even during courting. A trip from one side of the harbor to the other was not to be undertaken for any casual reason. Everyone just worked hard all day. In the evenings at our house, which followed a routine pretty much like that of the others, we sat around the kitchen stove while my grandfather read aloud from the Bible or French history books and the women crocheted table mats or braided rugs. The only social life in the village revolved around the white-steepled church near the West Side wharf. The priest was a fine old gentleman, well educated in France, who had answered the call of the missions, and filled his patriarchal role in the village with kindness and a strong sense of responsibility. One summer, I remember hearing him preach fire and brimstone for people who danced modern dances—clearly inventions of the Devil—like the waltz. He needn't have been so violent about it, because no one in Pubnico would any more have thought of waltzing than of giving a champagne supper.

WE always prayed for a fine day for the Feast of Corpus Christi, which falls on the Thursday of the ninth week after Easter. We called the occasion "*la grand' fête de Dieu*" and considered it more important than Christmas or any other holiday, because everyone for miles around who was not bedridden came to take part in the religious procession. Whole families arrived in rowboats from the East Side; we could recognize them as they started out from the other side soon after dawn. The Lights rowed in from the lighthouse, bringing a lunch that they would eat on the flat rocks near the wharf. The men, who wore high boots, carried the women ashore. Old people came in oxcarts, six to a cart, sitting very straight and dignified on the board seats, the women wearing black shawls on their heads;

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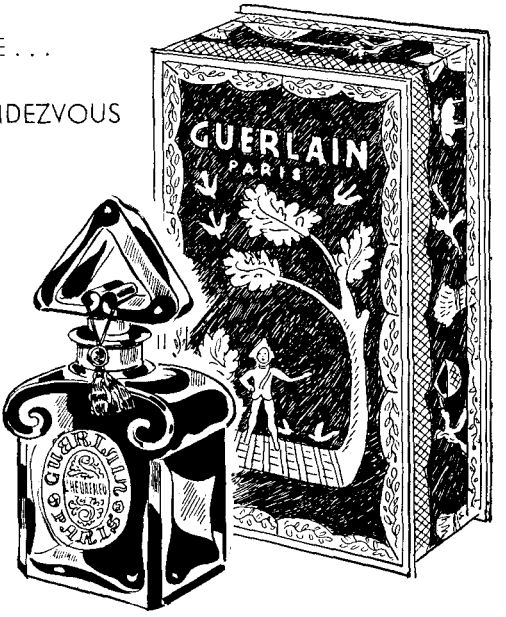

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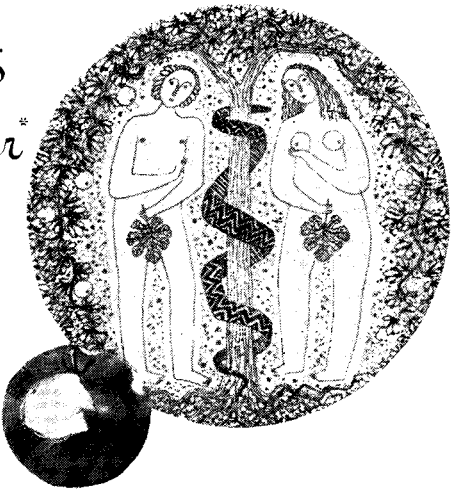

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with the points in back arranged just so. Devout families of Indians trudged in from the Lake Road. There were also always some English people, who came just to watch the procession. Weeks beforehand, they would start calling at my uncle's store to ask on what day they would be able to see what they called the French Walk.

The ceremony started with High Mass at ten o'clock. We would all be in our places in church at least half an hour ahead of time, the men and boys on the right, the women and girls on the left. Mass lasted well over an hour, and then, after a stately pause on the steep church steps, the procession would set out. Past the wharf and the boats in the salt mist, past the store and along the harbor road, we marched, while cripples and aged people in bed at home lifted their heads to hear, borne on the wind, the deep-toned Latin hymns, flecked with the cracked notes of the old women. The priest, in glittering white-and-gold vestments, walked at the head of the procession, carrying the Blessed Sacrament in a gold monstrance. My uncle carried one of the four poles of the canopy held over the monstrance, a privilege that had come down to him from his father and grandfather. Tradition allotted other families the privilege of holding the long ribbons that spread out majestically from the poles, and still others had inherited rights to carry certain banners. The older boys, dressed in red soutanes, white cassocks, and red sashes, served as altar boys; the small ones carried little homemade flags of white cloth with, perhaps, colored crosses sewed on them, or the Union Jack, if the family happened to own one. Next came the marriageable girls, all in white dresses, their heavy underwear giving them a bulky look. The older people followed behind, holding their prayer books open in earnest concentration.

My part in the procession was a glorious one. With the other small girls, I walked in front of even the priest himself, strewing flowers along the way. Actually, the flowers were mostly scraps of gilt and colored paper that we had saved all winter and had cut into confetti during the weeks before the great day. Often the wind whirled the fragments away before they touched the road. Sometimes the wind carried away our white veils, too, if they had not been securely pinned on, or blew our thin dresses sky-high. But we shivered happily, much too excited to care. The road rang with our singing, in which the Indians joined. The English visitors [illegible] the side of the road in silence.

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Three times, we stopped at repositories that had been built for the occasion, and knelt on the ground while the priest raised the Host aloft in solemn benediction. The repositories were rude wooden frames around an altar table, but the most treasured quilts and rugs in all Pubnico had been brought out to adorn them, covering the bare earth and making a bright background for the altar. We had some silver candlesticks at home that were always requisitioned for one of the shrines. All of us waited breathlessly for the moment of benediction, because it was accompanied not by the usual ringing of little bells but by a gun salute. Every man who had a gun was welcome to bring it and fire away. Many of the pieces were relics of the threatened Fenian Revolution, in 1866, when the English became so panicky that they armed and drilled the Acadians. Old Toussaint, the captain of the guard, gave the commands—"*Pre*sent . . . arms!" and so on, ending up with "Fire!" The women shuddered at the noise, and the men bowed their bared heads. Those were the most thrilling moments I can remember.

The only thing that might have rivalled the excitement of the gun salute happened at one of the last processions to be held. That was when Toussaint, who wore a uniform and carried a sword for which I cannot account, took offense at what he thought was lack of reverence on the part of an English bystander, who was innocently standing near a shrine with his hat on. Everyone was silent. Toussaint drew his sword, took a mighty swing, and swept the hat off, roaring, in unaccustomed English, "Off with your hat!" We talked about that for weeks afterward, as we watched the old man getting out his dory down by the wharf, and marvelled at his courage. The processions were given up soon after that, because too many people came to watch, not to pray; the Pubnico people had no intention of providing a quaint spectacle for curious onlookers.

—Agnes Bourneuf

•

Max Harrison, president of the opera company, said Miss Swarthout used a real dagger rather than the customary wooden prop after borrowing the weapon at the last minute from Carlos Alexander, of New York, who plays Escamillo the director, as part of a survey he is making of the housing situation in the Third Congressional district prior to taking his seat in the new Congress.—*New Haven Register.*

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THE ART GALLERIES

The Whitney Annual

THERE are so many important exhibitions around at the moment that it is hard to know where to begin, but I imagine the Whitney Museum's 1948 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, the fifteenth in this series, ought to take precedence. The show is the first since the death of Mrs. Juliana Force, long director of the Museum, and the accession of Hermon More to her post, and the first since the breakdown of the plan to absorb the Whitney into the Metropolitan. That strange betrothal began, you may recall, as tempestuously as any other love affair, with the Metropolitan clasping the Whitney to its powerful bosom and swearing to treasure it always, and slightly later an odd *ménage à trois* was hinted at when the Museum of Modern Art was invited to share in a cozy division of the possessions of all three into ancient, modern European, and contemporary American art. The engagement ended, for reasons that are not quite clear, a couple of months ago, when the Whitney announced to the press that the whole thing was off. The Metropolitan has since made wistful protestations, but the lady seems determined to stay on in her home on Eighth Street, where, in the opinion of many of us, she belongs.

The new show is pretty much in the traditional Whitney manner, with that air of authority that one has come to expect in its national surveys. As is usual, too, it's a shade "polite." My main objection is that the organizers, when confronted with a choice between quiet good taste and strident power, too often have plumped for the former, and thus, in spite of the wide variety of styles included, there's an emotional sameness throughout the collection.

The better-known artists come off exceedingly well, though a few of them are represented by pieces that are not very recent. Walt Kuhn's "Clown in His Dressing Room" dates from 1943, while Edward Hopper's fine scene in an all-night lunchroom, called "Nighthawks," and John Marin's "Lower Manhattan from East River" are about as old. On the other hand, Niles Spencer's brown "Still Life," Charles

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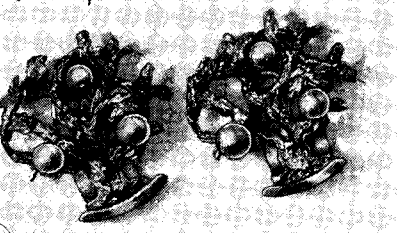

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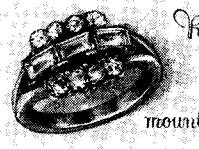

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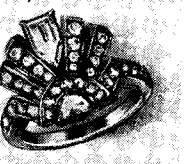

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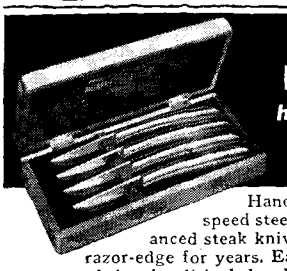

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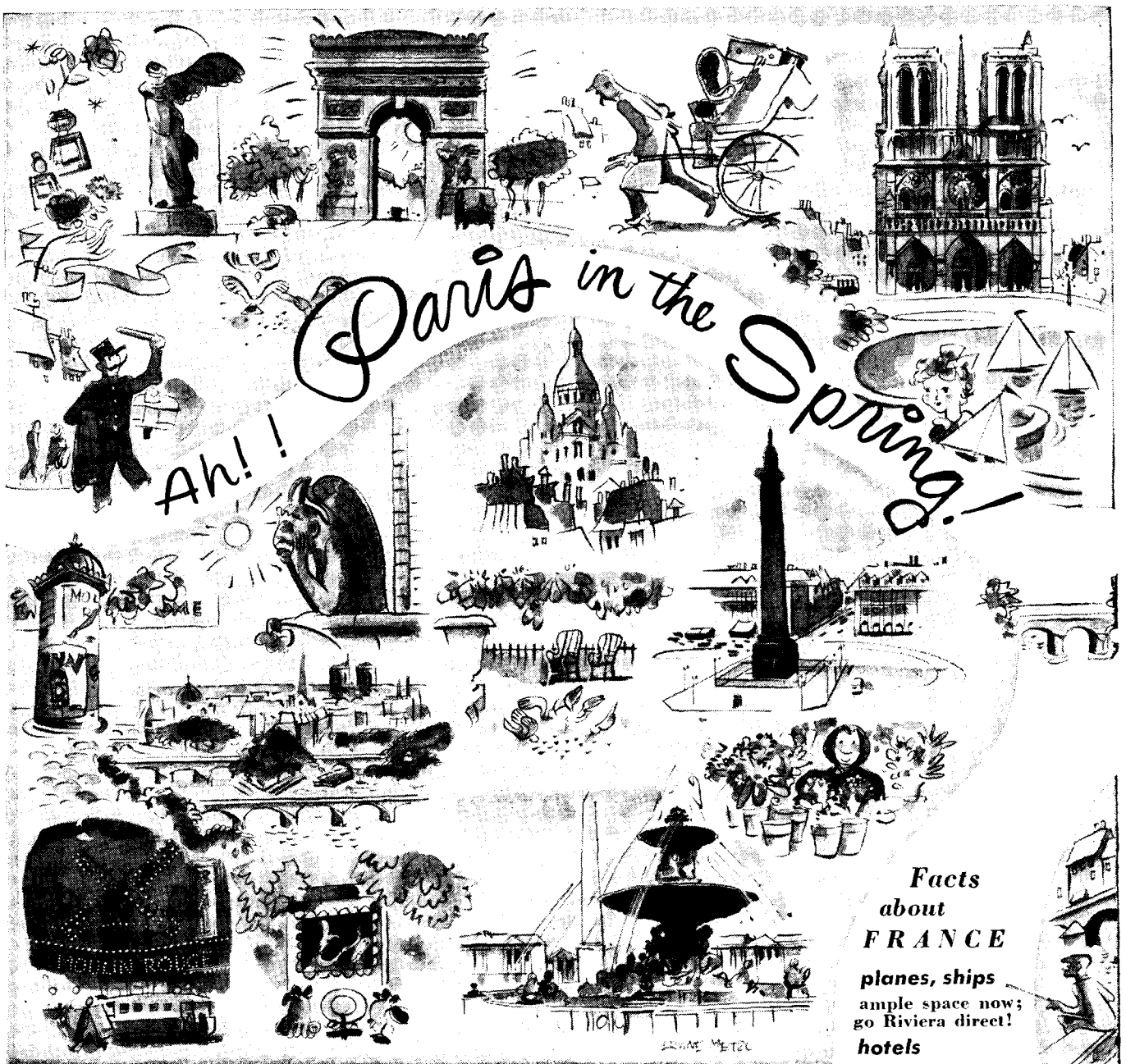

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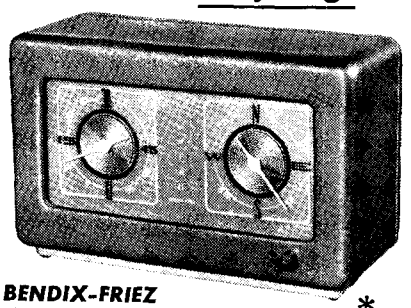

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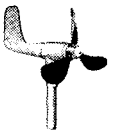

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straction called "Architectural Planes," Abraham Rattner's "Church in the Valley," and Louis Bouché's "New Lebanon Station" are not only more contemporary but are splendid paintings as well, as are Ben Shahn's "Allegory," Julian Levi's sensitively simplified "Sand and Sky," and I. Rice Pereira's large, neatly organized "Oblique Progression." Many of the artists in this year's collection are more or less unknown to me, and quite a few of these are represented by really excellent offerings. I liked particularly Claire Falkenstein's highly original "Tide Pool," an abstraction painted on a concave metal surface, and Werner Groshans' misty, meticulous "Figures in a Landscape," in addition to the lively little "Brooklyn Social," by Frede Vidar, and the charmingly handled back-yard cityscape called "McCarthy's Place," by Aleta Cornelius. Among the other works, by both knowns and unknowns, I'd list Lee Jackson's summery "The Mall, Central Park," Adolph Gottlieb's "Pursuer and Pursued," Sidney Gross's "Of Boats and Men," and the strikingly effective "Old Candelabra," by Ben-Zion. It's a spirited show, and it is difficult for one to go through it without feeling pride, as an American, at the amount of originality and talent that it sets forth.

THE Tryon Museum, at Smith College, had arranged, when I last visited it, some years ago, a number of its exhibits in what might be called a system of juxtapositions. The conventional grouping by schools had been abandoned, and a head by Derain might be placed beside a head from a Pompeian mosaic, similarly brown and remarkably alike in style, or a statue by Lehmbruck put beside an equally attenuated archaic Egyptian one. The idea, which was successful, was to indicate the sources in ancient art of much that is modern, as well as other less direct affinities between the two. Now the Museum of Modern Art, with its far greater resources, has attempted the same thing, on a much larger scale, in a loan exhibition called "Timeless Aspects of Modern Art," and it is a thoroughly exciting and stimulating one.

Fifty-six pieces constitute the collection, and several of the juxtapositions set up are quite unexpected; there's a stone "Head" by Modigliani that follows faithfully the shape and design of a large "House Mask," in painted wood, from Micronesia, and a small oil study for the head of the wounded horse in Picasso's "Guernica" [illegible] strikingly like-

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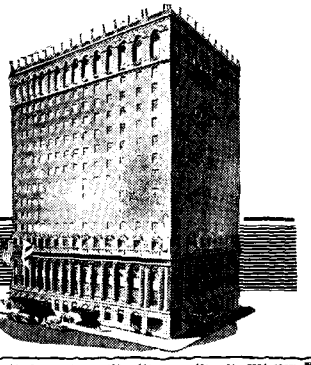

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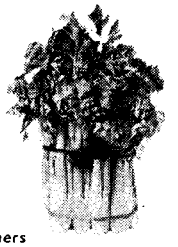

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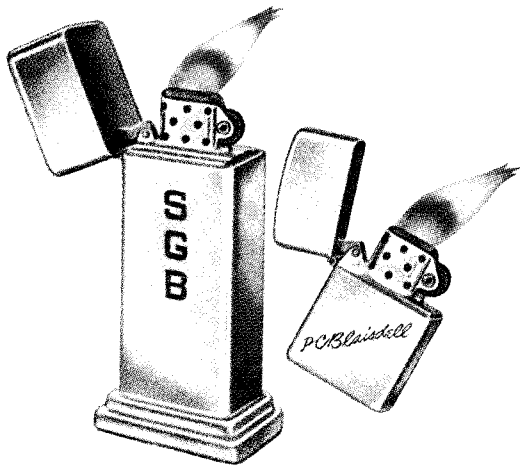

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the "Mask Representing Deer," made in bark cloth, by Panamanian Indians. But then Picasso has borrowed from many sources, as is suggested by the two African sculptures—a Sudanese "Wooden Figure" and a "Funerary Figure," from Gabon—that are set beside his oil "The Painter and His Model," and by the possibly fortuitous structural resemblance between his early, Cubist "Ma Jolie" and the Piranesi "Prison Interior," with which it is contrasted. A good many of the relationships set up, in fact, seem no more than fortuitous. There is no question but that the Rouault "Christ Mocked by Soldiers" has at least a spiritual connection with the thirteenth-century Spanish wood sculpture, "Christ on the Cross," that is placed beside it, or that Cézanne, in "Pines and Rocks," was influenced by the theories of foreshortened perspective applied in the thirteenth-century Chinese "Dragons and Landscape" alongside it. But I doubt that there is much beyond accidental resemblance in the Chirico "Delights of the Poet" and the Piero di Cosimo "Building of a Palace," and other comparisons suggested are on equally shaky ground. Though it doesn't always prove its point, the show has been most effectively staged, and the wide range of the exhibits, and the excellence of many of them, make it well worth a visit.

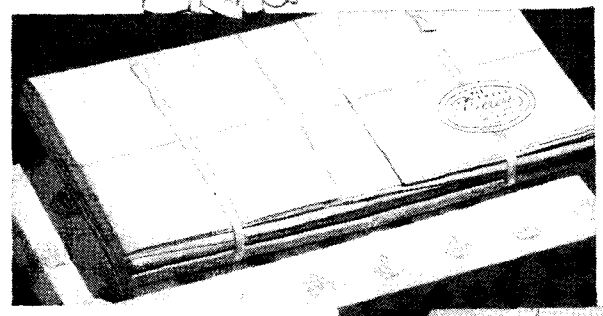
AT the Paul Rosenberg, there is a loan exhibition, for the benefit of the Public Education Association, called "Twenty-one Masterpieces by Seven Great Masters" and including an early, middle-period, and late painting apiece by French artists, from Degas to Picasso. This may seem like familiar stuff, but the pictures have been brilliantly selected, and the changes in styles as the artists progressed give the show a considerable historical depth. Compare particularly Renoir's early, delicate "Portrait de Mlle. Romaine Lacaux" with his late and almost overpoweringly sensuous "Gabrielle à la Rose," or van Gogh's dark, youthful "Trois Paires de Souliers" with his exuberant "Portrait de l'Artiste," done just a year before his death. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

WHICH PAGE OF THE EVERYMAN'S EDITION OF SAMUEL RICHARDSON'S "PAMELA" D'YA READ?

. . . *Clarissa,* which (for some inexplicable reason) illiterate people will call *Clarissa Harlowe.—Introduction, page ix.*

The following is a list of Samuel Richardson's works: *Pamela,* 1740; *Clarissa Harlowe* 1748 —*Page x.*



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OPERATION MIDTERM

STANDING sleepily at the classroom window of the girls' school called Cosdale, his thighs warmed by the sputtering radiator, Professor John Milton Gordon directed his eyes and his attention outward and downward, and watched three workmen in the Small Quad trying to outmaneuver the autumn wind. They were cautiously raking into piles the broad sycamore leaves that had fallen on the grass, then gathering the piles between rakes and widespread hands and putting them into a chicken-wire box that sat in a trailer attached to a light truck. The Small Quad was itself a box. Its four sides were the ivy-covered field-stone walls of the school buildings named Cosdale, Hake, Wilsner, and Croft. The ever-anxious wind rushed into this box through the archway between Cosdale and Hake, found itself trapped, swirled frantically, ruffled the ivy, and pressed tentatively upon the leaded window-panes of all four buildings. Finding that the box had no top on it, the wind then leaped straight upward and out into the empty sky. Professor Gordon for some seconds saw only the workmen combatting the wind. Then he saw a few leaves that had escaped from the workmen and were making a rude scramble upward. He noted that these paused in the less turbulent air above the rooftops and floated there with a certain serenity, almost dignity. They gave Gordon points of reference by which he perceived the tremendous depth of the sky. Mists, he thought. "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." So his friend Duffy, long gone now from his professor's chair at Cosdale, had quoted Keats to him last autumn as they had sat over beers during a weekend in New York. It was a weekend during which, Gordon reflected, Duffy had seemed gaily busy with other matters than conversations over beer with a fellow-professor. Duffy was a rebel, and so was Keats. Both had an uncivilized earthiness. Diverting but unsound. Autumn should be blown healthily empty, Gordon thought, like the Small Quad there.

Gordon turned from the window and glanced at twenty-three temporarily desperate girls writing his English 20 midterm. His movement had not [illegible] by the warmth of the radiator and by his being silent instead of talking. The twenty-three pens whispered softly as they travelled across sheets of white paper on the twenty-three desks. He put his hands in his trouser pockets and leaned, half sitting, against the radiator, rereading his own questions on the blackboard. The radiator was too hot. He left it and walked slowly along the windows to the rear wall of the schoolroom. Sarah-Jane Williams looked up at him, rubbed her wrist, made a face at him in mock despair, and went back to writing. No one else paid him any attention. They all looked alike to him except for a superficial variety of dress. Some wore blue jeans, others had on skirts. Each had a mass of clean, soft, luminous hair, the trademark of the Cosdale girl approaching the time of her début.

That one is Martha Rogers, Gordon told himself. Twisted around to write left-handed on a right-handed chair and writing as fast as she can force her pen along. Too bad Rogers can't stay over in Art, where they say she's happy and even talented.

He drifted back along the windows and sat down at his desk. Rogers' words of yesterday lay on the top of one pile of papers:

> The beauty and perspicacity of William Wordsworth (1770-1850) is shown in his great poem Preludes. His depth of humane understanding and faculty of expression. I choose this poem to discuss because I especially appreciate William Wordsworth because he has so much good advice which can be related to our own personal lives. The time he stole the boat, and the mountain seemed to be telling him to take it back. Thus we see that William Wordsworth speaks to the modern world of today. . . .

"The world of today" reminded Gordon of something else. He picked up from his desk the *Cosdale School Bulletin*, in which he had stuck a sheet of paper to mark the place where the *Bulletin* proclaimed:

> It is the proud duty of Cosdale School to lead its students to a wise and mature citizenship in the complex world of today.

He had marked the passage because it had recalled to him so strongly the rebellious Duffy. He could see the angry gesture Duffy would have made if he

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had still been at Cosdale and had read that. "Well, damn that pompous fool!" he would have said, as he had said last autumn, running both hands desperately over his short, stiff hair. "You preach and preach at him to put some life in the school, and what happens? He nods his beautiful white head, smiles like a grandfather, drums his fingers on his desk, looks thoughtful—and all that comes of it is one more piece of junk for his *Bulletin!*"

Then Gordon noticed what he had used to mark the place in the *Bulletin* and snorted in amusement. It was what Prexy called "a directive." "Briefing the Faculty for Operation Midterm," it was headed, and it said,

> It will be remembered that the honor system is not in effect at Cosdale, and that alert and vigorous proctoring is required at all times. Students will not use hidden notes or copy from others unless presented with an opportunity to do so . . .

Gordon found himself infuriated by the words and the heading. Why couldn't he learn to take official verbiage calmly? That's the thing to do, of course. Take it calmly. Take everything calmly. That was precisely the trouble with Duffy. No distinction between inspirational language and practical language.

Gordon tried to remember the name of the Southern-mountain college where Duffy was teaching this year. He couldn't. A slow, drawling place, probably, with the rebellious Duffy trying to stir it up. Gordon left his desk and leaned against the wall. It was pretty slow and sleepy here in this schoolroom at this moment. His mouth felt dry but not unpleasantly so. In front of him, the twenty-three hair-brushed girls scribbled industriously. It's as if one were hypnotized, he reflected—or dead, perhaps, quietly dead and hovering in this warm room, a comfortable ghost.

A MURMUR pulled his attention to the front of the class, where Gertrude Smith was borrowing a pen from that turnip-faced girl whose name he could never remember. Not even her last name, much less her first. Near them, Shirley McMurray slumped in her chair and stared at the ceiling. He frowned. The dolt would be in his office tomorrow saying what *fun* the class was, and how *much* she really got *out* of it, but *really* she got so *nervous* in exams. She'd say it and sit there waiting for him to help her. *Besides*, she just *didn't* really under*stand* the *question*. It's so sort of *mixed up*, really, *isn't*

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it? Take this bishop of Mr. Browning's. You know, "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church." Why, *he's* not even—well, he's not even *hep!*

Browning's own words slid nimbly into the Professor's mind:

Peach blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe,
As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse. . .
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast

Did you notice, as you read, how much these three lines suggest of the personality of the bishop? The blue of lapis lazuli, the preciousness of the stone, the glorious Renaissance Madonnas, the mistresses, and his undiscriminating delight in it all? Yes, Miss McMurray?

Well, Dr. Gordon, don't you think —I mean, isn't that *sacrilegious*? How could a man like that *ever* get to be a *bishop*? This Mr. Browning must be *very* pessimistic.

Gordon shrugged, walked back to the window, and looked out. The workmen had gone, and so had almost all the sycamore leaves. On the instep of the largest of the sycamores sat a corpulent squirrel fussing with a nut, the gray down of his tail blown sidewise by the wind. A car came under the arch, and the squirrel hugged the tree, hanging there peeking, too fat and lazy to climb.

Fat and lazy. The Professor sighed. Duffy had accused him of being too fat for his age, had mentioned metabolism and the vigor that is sapped when it is low. Well, he'd been walking more this autumn, and his weight was down a bit. On that walk yesterday, he'd overtaken three of his students, filling the sidewalk, switching abreast, eating double-decker ice-cream cones. "All of them too fat for girls about to become women," Duffy had said one time. "I'd like to put them to work. Make them rake up these leaves. Work off, perhaps, some of the mental fat along with the physical." Duffy had actually argued for this, too, to Prexy and even to the Dean. Duffy had also wanted to suspend most of the dormitory rules. And to encourage the girls to meddle with town politics. Good God!

GORDON glanced around the room again, looking for Jackie Cape. There she was. He moved a little in order to see her better. She had kicked off her moccasins and taken advantage of the freedom of blue jeans to hoist a [illegible] of her chair. One

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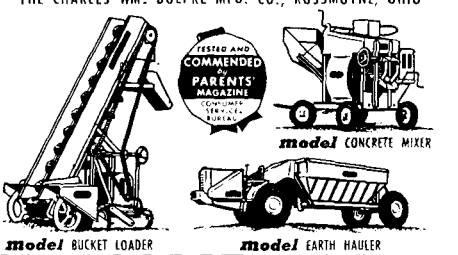

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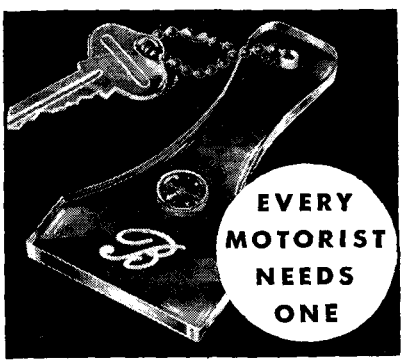

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hand slowly rubbed her toes through her white sock as she struggled with her thoughts. Her soft lips nibbled the end of her pen. Her light-brown hair spilled richly over the shoulders of her plaid shirt.

He'd met this Jackie Cape one day on the road to town when there were wind and rain in the air. She had worn a light-blue raincoat with a monkish hood over her head, and a most unmonkish wet face had laughed up at him.

"Dr. Gordon, do any poets write about the rain? This rain today needs a poet."

"Why don't you, Cape, if you feel that way?"

The next day, he had found in his box a verse on an unsigned sheet of typing paper:

I tilt my face up to the rain;
  I catch it on my tongue.
I taste a sweet surcease from pain;
  I never miss the sun.

"Well, hell!" Gordon had said to himself at the time. "It's a poem. It's a poem."

He thought of Duffy in the Southern mountains, mixing up physical labor and all kinds of things with education. Probably right now he's hoeing beans along with his students. Oh, the hell with Duffy!

He stood away from the wall again, mildly astonished at the effort it took. Heat and silence, with the faint whisper of the twenty-three pens, seeped into him and hardened in the veins like thin plaster. He felt as if he would have to break the hardened plaster in his veins in order to move a step. He stretched out his arm, pulled up his sleeve, and looked at his watch. Ten minutes to go. He walked heavily to the front of the room, sat down at his desk, and leaned back languidly. He settled comfortably into the quiet warmth and felt almost

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- ☐ B **$3.00**—"Dinner For Eight", four 7½-oz. cans Deviled Crab (two in "Dinner" box, two extra), and eight crab shells.
- ☐ C **$7.00**—One dozen 6½-oz. cans White Crabmeat.
- ☐ D **$4.00**—One dozen 7½-oz. cans Deviled Crab.
- ☐ E **$5.50**—Combination—four 6½-oz. cans White Crabmeat with four 7½-oz. cans Deviled Crab and four 6½-oz. cans Clawmeat.
- ☐ Enclose my card in gift packages.

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Street.....

City.....State.....

...te sheet for more than one

hypnotized as Browning's lines ran idiotically through his mind.

An unseasonal fly lit on his cheek. He lifted a ponderous hand to brush it away. He saw Smith as she kept tugging at the edge of her black skirt, pulling it down primly without looking away from her paper. He saw her knees. He saw how pink her legs were, and dimly reflected that they looked as if she had just got out of a bathtub. Her pink socks matched her soft, pink sweater. Her fingertips matched her shiny red lips.

Smith came to a break in her thought, looked up, brushed her black, fluffy hair away from her ears, and stretched. The movement pointed her healthy young bosom directly at Gordon.

Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast . . .

Abruptly, Gordon found himself on his feet. He was trembling, and his heart was pounding. A bell was clanging, and the girls were standing up, calmly talking, yawning, balling up pieces of botched white paper, throwing them in trash baskets, getting ready to hand in their little blue essay books. Gordon put his hand over his heart. His face was hot. He was afraid he was blushing, and he was. Then he realized with sharp relief that he had dozed off for a second or two. That was all. That was all that had happened. He walked over and stood by the door and took the little blue books from the chattering girls as they flowed past.

—Robert C. Cosbey

•

Let's pull all the stops, release the brakes, and shift into high, stiffen the old backbone and hit the jackpot, for good old U.S.A.—*From a speech delivered before a National Association of Home Builders convention.*

All right, let's! Are you ready?

•

Then, dainty as a wolf, a woman stepped into the bare moonlit circle surrounding the *Argus*. She threw back her head to stare up at the towering spaceship. She was dressed in boots and breeches, but they couldn't conceal her sex.—*"Black Silence," by Emmett McDowell, in Planet Stories.*

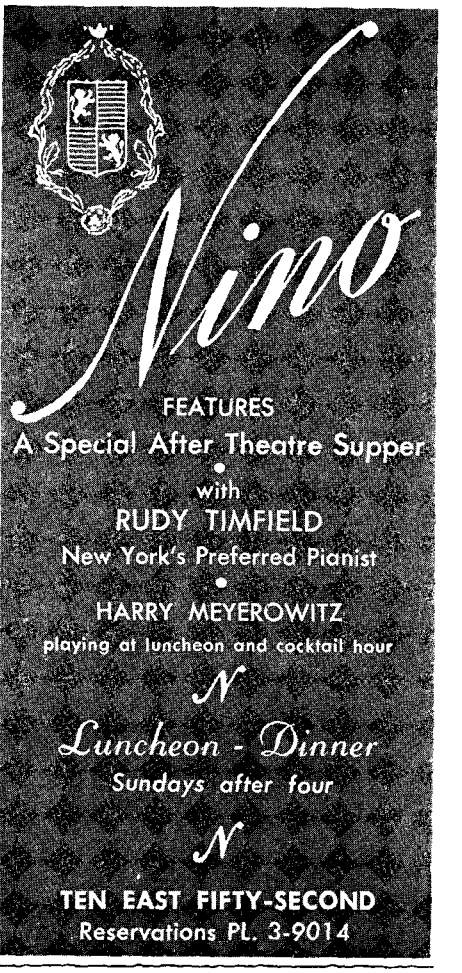
Or her magnificent *savoir-faire.*

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From Electrical Engineering*]

Lamps must be long to be efficient, and the average length is likely to increase. Long deliberation at one laboratory has produced the following rule on maximum lamp length: "No lamp shall be longer than the maximum dimension of the room



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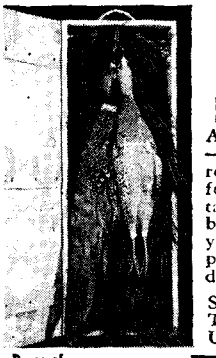

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Guitry with a Heavy Hand

AT the outset of the French film "Mlle. Désirée," we are informed that the picture was "conceived, written, directed, and interpreted" by Sacha Guitry. Even this formidable billing, however, doesn't do justice to M. Guitry's activities, for in addition to serving as commentator and occasionally showing us a few shots of himself as he is in real life, he turns up in the role of Napoleon, complete with spit curl and an air of glum authority.

It is M. Guitry's notion that the Emperor, along with his other worries, got mixed up in a complicated amorous tangle with the Queen of Sweden, wife of Bernadotte, and her sister. All kinds of court intrigues are spun out in "Mlle. Désirée," none of them particularly plausible. One of the tricks M. Guitry employs is to use one cast for the first part of his picture and another for the later scenes. Thus we have Jean-Louis Barrault functioning as Napoleon for a while and then being succeeded by the Master himself. This bit of whimsey adds nothing but confusion to the picture, which reveals, as did M. Guitry's recent "Private Life of an Actor," the author's lamentable urge to essay serious themes that are far beyond the capacity of his nice, light talents. There is more than a little lunatic chauvinism in his account of the good old days under Napoleon, and he seems inclined to think that it doesn't matter what kind of government a country has as long as the rulers keep the nation strong. All in all, the production is slow, ponderous, and hopelessly talkative. It is a peculiar thing that a man who has in the past been as agile as M. Guitry at making movies should turn out anything as leaden as this one. The acting in "Mlle. Désirée" is typical costume-drama posturing, and M. Guitry's Napoleon reminds one of a Dale Carnegie student launching into "You know, we French stormed Ratisbon . . ."

IN "The Kissing Bandit," Frank Sinatra is one of those inept but lovable heroes who just can't seem to manage anything, from riding a horse to kissing a girl. The picture would have us believe that Mr. Sinatra is the son

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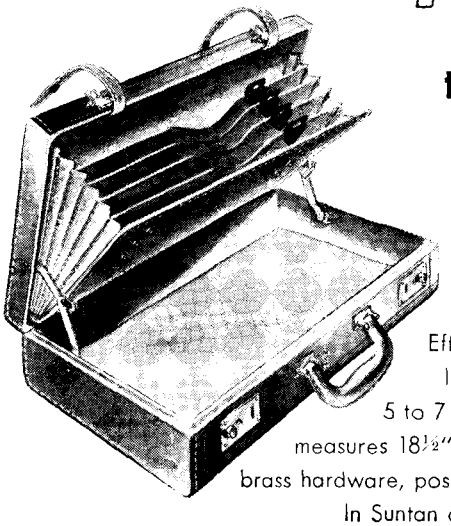

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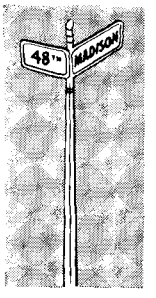

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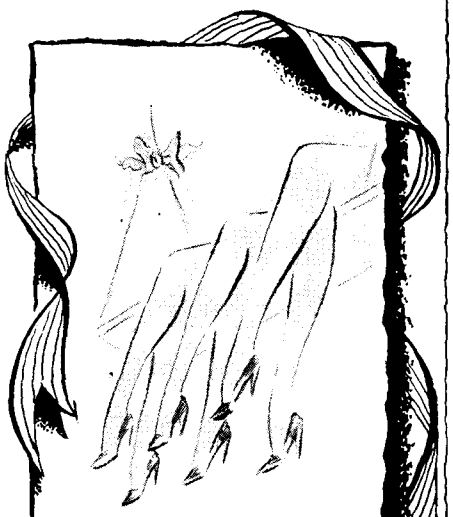

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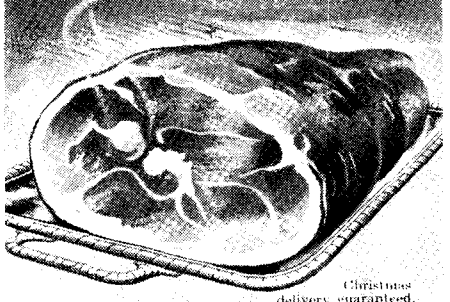
with hickory smoked flavor



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For the gourmet on your list . . . the person who really appreciates the out-of-the-ordinary. Send an unusual gift of Jefferson Farms tangy, smoked, pork sausage, sliced bacon or ham.

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of a bandit whose gang flourishes in southern California during the days when the Spaniards had charge of the area. Called upon to assume leadership of this group of brigands, Mr. Sinatra proves himself an almost total failure. His antics as a bashful holdup man are supposed to be comical, but I'm afraid acting just isn't his forte. He makes out better when he sings, although the songs he runs through here aren't very stimulating. Along with Mr. Sinatra, "The Kissing Bandit" gives us a glimpse of Kathryn Grayson, Ann Miller, and Cyd Charisse, all of whom are as adept and efficient as anything. The Misses Miller and Charisse at one point take off in a number called "Dance of Fury" that is quite galvanic.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

THE RACE

He has chained down
His baser nature,
And travels well
Without the creature.

Never before,
That hound at heel,
Did he this swift
Impulsion feel.

Never before
At such a pace
Sped he, or travelled
With such grace.

The pity is
Hound slips its tether
And he and it
Arrive together.

A pretty mess,
A pretty quarrel;
Shall hound or master
Have the laurel?

He had not come
Save to escape,
Nor this except
To overtake.

Each is to each
Forever bound
And, winners both,
They both are crowned.

—MARGARET MARKS

•

HAND PAINTED HAMPER made of sturdy metal. Oval front for a distinctive look, and a cover for cleanliness. Stands 26" tall and will decorate any bathroom or bedroom. People will never tell that it's a hamper. *Adv. in the Boston Traveler.*

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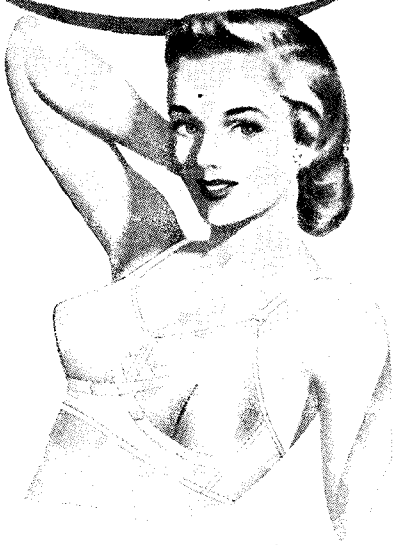

"Allo-Ette" gives fashionable accentuated uplift to *average* and to *slightly* larger-than-average bosoms. In various lovely fabrics, bandeaux, $1.50 up; with 2-inch band, as shown, $2.00 up; with 6-inch band, $3.50 up.

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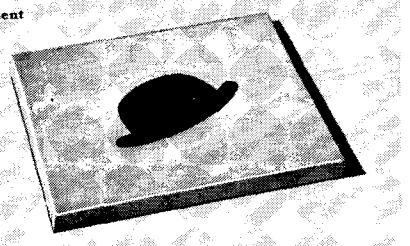

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Old Thompson, the "Wed • In • The • Wood" Whiskey, is all dressed up with someplace to go. No extra charge. Blended whiskey 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskies, 70% grain neutral spirits. 4/5 Quart.

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The lantern carton holds a fifth of Kentucky Tavern. After removing the bottle, the carton can be used to decorate a tree, a centerpiece or a door knocker. No extra charge. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled-in-Bond, 100 proof, 4/5 Quart.

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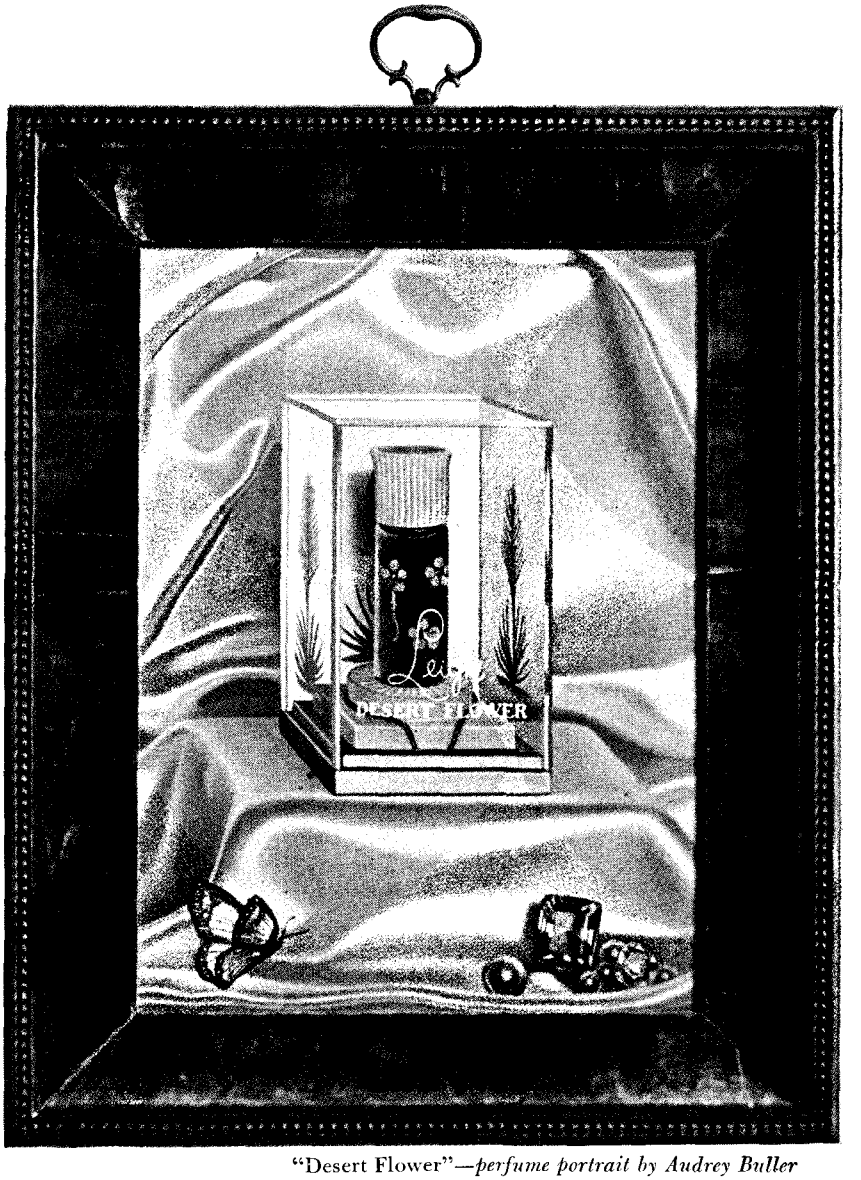

"Desert Flower"—*perfume portrait by Audrey Buller*

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A NEW ENCHANTING PERFUME BY LEIGH

"DESERT FLOWER" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. BY LEIGH PERFUMES, A DIVISION OF SHULTON, NEW YORK

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS IS REALLY COMING

THERE'S no gainsaying it now, the Christmas rush is with us, and it's damn the torpedoes from here on in. We've been ransacking the market places, as we certainly hope you are aware (you've been saving recent issues for reference, haven't you?), and are already halfway through our self-appointed task of digging up Christmas gifts that will be more than a match for any conceivable list. Our survey, so far, has covered:

November 13.... Food for the holidays abroad, and Christmas cards.
November 20.... Gifts for men, and luggage for everybody.

This week has been dedicated to gifts for the house, a field in which television so stands out that we have devoted a whole section to that subject. Next week, we'll tackle gifts for women.

Gifts for the House

AS promised, we stand ready this week to give aid and comfort in the choice of presents for the convenience and adornment of the home. This is quite a responsibility, when you consider how many more people are affected, for better or worse, by advice about ashtrays and framed prints than by recommendations on such relatively private matters as lipsticks and billfolds. We have carefully given thought to the desirability of the items we submit, uninfluenced by that alibi of the lazy shopper that there are all kinds of tastes—even a taste for things marked "His" and "Hers." From this point on, we turn the whole matter over to you, in the hope that you will remember, before it gets to be the last minute, what last-minute Christmas shopping is like. The prices we mention include any luxury taxes that may apply.

To start with a gift of almost universal appeal to women—certainly to every woman who doesn't have a housemaid or who feels the necessity of placating the one she has (if there is a third category into which women fall, we don't know it)—you might well consider the new and, of course, improved Johnson electric floor polisher, which is made of such lightweight aluminum that it practically glides over the floor by itself and can easily be lifted to polish the plain surfaces of chests and tall

The shine that this household blessing imparts makes it worth all the $44.50 it costs, at Lewis & Conger, Stern, Wanamaker, and Hammacher Schlemmer.

As everybody with a fondness for oysters knows, the time that elapses between opening one and eating it has more to do with its flavor than any other factor. The recent appearance, at Lewis & Conger and Abercrombie & Fitch, of a really efficient home shucker should, therefore, solve the problem of what to put in the Christmas boxes of those admirable people who take their oysters seriously—and, for that matter, of the hostesses who would like to serve oysters on Sundays and other holidays, when the shops are closed. Having taken along, somewhat to the surprise of Lewis & Conger, our own paper bag of unopened oysters to try out the new machine on, we know what we are talking about when we say that it performs splendidly and a great deal more expeditiously than any old-time oyster-bar attendant, and that it requires almost no effort. The contraption is made of stainless steel and nickel, and is heavy enough to stay in place without being bolted down. It works something like a nutcracker, and the blade that severs the muscle from the shell is protected by a guard that makes it almost impossible for you to pinch your fingers in the machinery. It costs $14.95.

An invaluable little present for a householder who has even a partial responsibility for his home furnace is called the Honeywell Plug-In Chronotherm—an electric-clock thermostat, which can be installed in about ten minutes, to replace the manual thermostat on nearly any coal, oil, or gas furnace. The fact that this new device is supposed to be a great fuel saver will perhaps mean less to amateur furnacemen than its manufacturer's claim that it allows a hundred and fifty more hours of sleep each heating season, by eliminating the necessity of getting up to adjust an old-style thermostat. The Chronotherm automatically lowers the temperature at whatever hour the mechanism is set for in the evening and raises it in the morning again to suit the family rising habits. For all this extra sleep, extra comfort, and extra saving, the price is only $39.50, at Lewis & Conger or through the Minneapolis Honeywell Regulator Company, 221 Fourth Avenue (18th).

At Mark Cross, 707 Fifth Avenue (55th), a firm that still believes in the fast-disappearing easy life, you will find an assortment of splendid English tea

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A sophisticated junior drape dress with white dots on red, green, blue, gold, navy or brown rayon crepe.
Sizes 9 to 15. $17.95
at Saks-Fifth Avenue,
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at Julius Garfinckel & Co.,
Washington, D. C.
or write:
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baskets, which should make life happy for a family given to long motor trips. As the manufacture of tea-basket kettles is not yet permitted in Britain, thermos flasks have been substituted. Otherwise, the baskets are as traditionally equipped as anything that ever cluttered up a punt. A sturdy varnished willow basket, which costs $35, is smartly furnished for four, with cups, saucers, and plates of a dark-green plastic, as well as spoons, knives, and forks, a quart thermos, and a sandwich box. A practical woven straw-and-plastic basket with strong handles, like a shopping bag, is similarly fitted, for two, and costs $19.50. A combination tea-basket-and-lunchbox of blue leather, equipped for six, is seventeen inches high, has a drop front, and looks like an elegant suitcase; $94.50.

AFTER brooding long and profoundly over the plight of people who want to give or receive a workmanlike, modern-looking desk lamp, we are obliged to conclude that contemporary designers have done singularly ill by this particular piece of equipment. Of the dozens we have examined (we assume you don't want to hear about the spun-aluminum, goosenecked eccentricities), two or three seem to throw a really gratifying light and, at the same time, fit nicely into modern interiors. Lightolier, 11 East 36th Street, has an effective, glareless work light that consists of a doughnut-shaped fluorescent tube surmounted by a metal shade and shielded underneath by a frosted-glass disc. The shade is supported by a cantilever arm that allows it to be directed forward instead of focussing most of the light on the lamp's base, as so often is the case. Several finishes are available for this one, the most pleasing being a silver-like surface with a twelve-inch black metal shade. The lamp stands seventeen and three-quarters inches high and costs $29.50. An efficient desk light that is easy to look at is sold at Modernage, 16 East 34th Street, for $24.50; the base and pedestal are of brushed chromium and it has an articulated, two-piece bracket arm of polished chromium that swings the light around to where you want it. The shade is of Fiberglas, and an incandescent bulb in a china reflector supplies the illumination. Another excellent light for close work is sold at Rudolf Wendel, 730 Fifth Avenue (57th). This, too, is of brushed chromium and it has a reflector unit, under a deep round metal shade, that casts light in surprisingly large semi-

and the price is $58.50. While you are at the Wendel studio, you might have a look at a light intended for use on a dressing table. It consists of a silver-plated candlestick and a simulated candle with a glass flame at the tip, for soft illumination. By turning the candle, a slot that runs down its entire length is revealed and a brilliant light is thrown on one's face, for putting on makeup; $54 per candle.

SINCE wastepaper baskets that aren't either depressingly banal or over-ornate are as infrequently met with in homes as in shops, you may want to know about a few good ones we have found. Some dignified containers, unobtrusive enough to go with any interior and very practical and sturdy, are made of wood covered with a plastic-treated paper that is decorated with an all-over photographic print of burled-walnut grain. These baskets have brass handles and removable brass linings, and can be found at Bergdorf Goodman's Gift Shop; $25. More informal are the Tahitian lauhala baskets, woven in a flat, heavy pattern, that are sold, for $6, at New Design, 33 East 75th Street, and the containers of etched Mexican tin (these, unfortunately, are on the small side), for $4.50, that can be had at the Pan American Shop, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd). These three varieties are, we think, just about the nicest wastebaskets you'll come across.

IF you have friends who would be pleased with some bit of inexpensive prettiness that isn't duplicated in a dozen department stores, we advise you to follow us to the laboratory-supply house of E. Machlett & Son, 220 East 23rd Street, where you will find odd receptacles of vitreous porcelain that would be both decorative and useful around the house. Thick porcelain casseroles with covers and light-colored wood handles—much too nice to waste in a laboratory—come in various sizes, at prices that start at $3.43; shallow evaporating dishes that make arresting ashtrays cost $1.71; little tall and narrow crucibles, lined with black and fine for dinner-table cigarettes, are $1.65; cylindrical beakers, six and a half inches high, that serve as effectively for flowers as anything you will find cost $3.86; and heavy mortars and pestles that would be handy in a kitchen sell for from $1.10 up.

SHOPPING for women who have a taste for luxury in bedroom acces-

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splendor is a familiar Christmas hurdle but one that you may be helped over by Eleanor Beard, 446 Park Avenue (57th), who can provide you with bedspreads, quilts, and chaise-longue covers of great simplicity and elegance. At the Beard shop, there are some hand-quilted white bedspreads of finest Egyptian cotton, lined with sateen, for $71; some others, with fringes, that are quilted in a more intricate pattern, at $93.50; and a number of even handsomer spreads, of sumptuously soft cotton in shades of pink and blue, with a border of appliquéd chintz flowers, at $118. Severely tailored silk boudoir pillows in strong shades, instead of the anemic colors usually provided for ladies to recline upon, are priced at $20.

Lord & Taylor, also holding the belief that we can dream just as sweetly off satin as on it, present, just in time for Christmas, some new blankets, called Craig-Covers, which are woven of high-quality wool in a number of pleasing colors and bound with bias bands of fine chambray in contrasting or matching shades, instead of the satin that has been used for binding such things since the beginning of time. The blankets all measure seventy-two by ninety inches and cost $22.50. Colors include pale beige, bound with light brown; blue-gray, with ice-blue binding; yellow, bound in brown-and-white check; and so on. For $25 apiece, you can get these blankets with rounded corners at the foot end, to permit easy and smooth tucking-in, an inspiration that Lord & Taylor profess to believe will revolutionize bedmaking. Whether or not this feature is as important as they make out, the firm is dead right in saying that the nearly indestructible chambray bands will do away with the tedious job of renewing blanket bindings.

Lewis & Conger, who must spend many a wakeful night meditating on the sleeping habits of the rest of us, have come up with a blanket that should serve nicely for people who share the same bed but not the same taste in bedclothes. This coverlet, made by the North Star Company, is woven so that a broad satin band running down the middle divides a lightweight half from a warmer half that is almost twice as thick; it comes only in white, measures eighty by ninety inches, and costs $29.50.

FOR a country dweller preoccupied with the planning of a new fireplace, or for just an ordinary city friend who wants something pretty on which to set her teapot, you might investigate

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. . . delightfully debonair for an evening by your fireside, a college dorm on a chilly morning. Leopard-printed rayon. Sizes 10 to 20.

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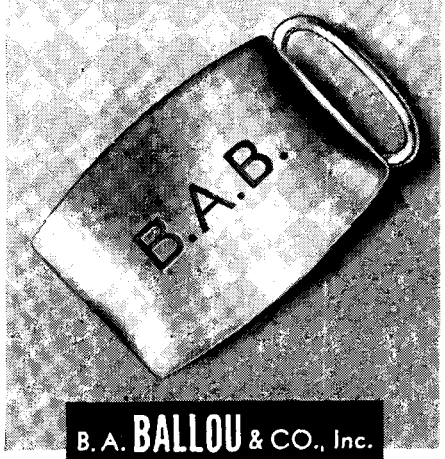

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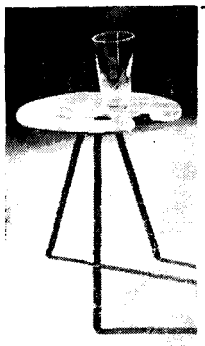

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Jackson, 159 East 54th Street. There are seventeenth- and eighteenth-century specimens (all five inches square) from Holland and Spain that are interesting from a collector's point of view and extremely decorative for, say, the facing of a fireplace. Some rare seventeenth-century Delft tiles, known as the Pilgrim series, with figures of peasants and cavaliers, cost $5 each; other Delft pieces, with Biblical scenes in blue-and-white, are $10. At the same price you can have mulberry-colored scenes from the Bible, with text, chapter, and verse, or some seventeenth-century polychrome tiles that show birds or flowers. The Spanish examples, which have a free, rhythmic design that the Dutch tiles lack, include some with mulberry-colored figures and lively representations of bullfights, grandees, and such, reminiscent of Goya; $7.50 for these. At the same shop, for a friend with a more fundamental kind of heating problem, you will be able to choose among a number of unusual American chunk stoves of the early nineteenth century, which differ from the Franklins not only in having a closed front but in the elaborateness of their decoration. One of the handsomest of these has a richly embossed front, and two short chimneys that rise from the top of the stove and are joined by a transverse piece that connects with the stovepipe. The price is $175; less ornate originals of the same period are around $120. Excellent reproductions of cheerful, small-sized Franklins cost from $50 to $65.

If you are not familiar with the antique glass at Steuben, 718 Fifth Avenue (56th), perhaps you had better hold up on your Christmas shopping until you have explored this fascinating department. Here is the dream of the acquisitive connoisseur come true—a museum collection, and every bit of it for sale. There are limited sets of Georgian water and wine glasses that represent the finest work of their period; one set of four water glasses, with oval bowls that are encircled by a band of incredibly delicate diamond cutting, costs $85. An open, oval Georgian butter dish with an incised pattern is $135. A large, boat-shaped eighteenth-century Irish glass fruit dish, on a deeply cut column, costs $650. For a man, there is a giant goblet of Irish glass, made in 1800, which holds at least two quarts and costs $95, and you will find plenty of smaller goblets, made around the time of Queen [illegible] As for Steuben's own work, you when it is not being self-consciously turned out for exhibitions or royal marriages. Certainly nothing could be more desirable than the present collection of stemware. Prices of some of the best designs in champagne glasses—to select one size arbitrarily—run around $130 a dozen; severely plain, almost spherical finger bowls of massive crystal cost $100 a dozen. You had better see this assortment for yourself, because there is almost sure to be something here for every woman who ever set a table.

The selection of a family present that shows even a perfunctory interest in the *man* of the house offers such a problem that you undoubtedly will be grateful for Plummer's unusual collection of English decanters that date from the eighteen-twenties. A heavy, squat bottle of that period, cut with a palm-and-diamond design and with an incised star at the bottom, costs $45; another, of the same era, at $35, could readily be mistaken for a Waterford piece; and there are various unfamiliar cuts of Late Georgian times on bottles of much distinction. At Tiffany, you will have to look sharp to recognize that the beautiful decanters on display are reproductions of eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century designs and not antiques. Among several dozen such bottles, you will see a copy of a Waterford piece cut in a Delft diamond pattern, at $24; several of those long, tapering decanters that were so popular on Early Victorian tables, at $22; and many, many other skillful reproductions. You won't find a larger variety of modern decanters than that at Georg Jensen, where, along with superb examples from the Kosta and Orrefors factories, in Sweden, there are some unusual white-striped wine and spirits bottles of Venetian origin. The Orrefors bottles cost from $10 up; a striking Kosta design of exaggeratedly heavy crystal, with deeply cut sides and a square bottom, is priced at

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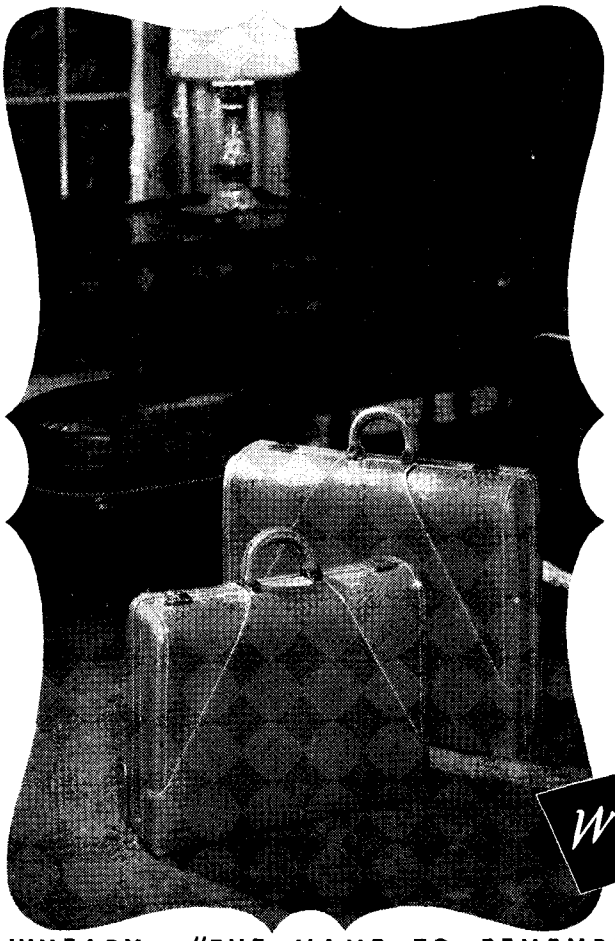
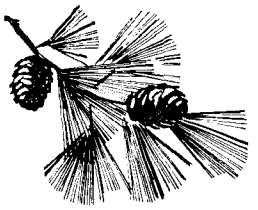
$36; the prettiest of the Venetian decanters costs $40.

Cocktail shakers that you can bestow with the confidence that they will be well received are not nearly as easy to come by as you might think, so perhaps you had better make a note of some commendable formal ones at Tiffany, at prices around $22. Hammacher Schlemmer have an assortment of shakers in convenient small sizes that cost in the neighborhood of $4.50, and at New Design you will find a Martini pitcher of commendable simplicity in two sizes—$1.25 and $2.75.

IF you are at all interested in the aesthetic aspect of needlework, you must have seen, in the Textile Study Room at the Metropolitan Museum, the unsurpassed embroidered table linen designed by two gifted people named Emile and Vera May Marghab, and made, under their supervision, on the island of Madeira. The almost legendary background of this extraordinary linen, examples of which are for sale at Georg Jensen, is only slightly less impressive than the embroidery itself. Flax is grown in Belgium especially for the manufacture of the linen, and a certain growth of Egyptian cotton is allotted to the sheer material on which some of the work is done. Special looms in Switzerland are involved in the process, and Madeira women are apparently born and bred to make the stitches. Then, of course, come the Marghabs themselves, who concern themselves with the designs. As you may have gathered from this solemn buildup, the table linens at Jensen are only for the cherished ones at the very top of your Christmas list. Here is an idea of what you will find for such lucky recipients: charming tea cozies, done in an organdie-like material invented by the Marghabs, at prices that range from $13, for one with a single heliotrope-blue iris embroidered on one side of the cozy, to $20, for a pearl-colored (or blue or yellow) one called Madcap, which is decorated with a little embroidered figure in a tall coral cap galloping blithely along on a spindly-legged horse. One of the most delightful luncheon sets comprises a fifty-three-inch cloth of yellow, peach, green, or white, with an insert of pearl linen over which a pattern of morning-glories sprawls, and six fourteen-inch napkins; $110. The table mats of a sixteen-piece set of great beauty and almost rigid formality have heavy scalloped edges with embroidered representations of cords running across the top and down each side, ending in two long, embroidered





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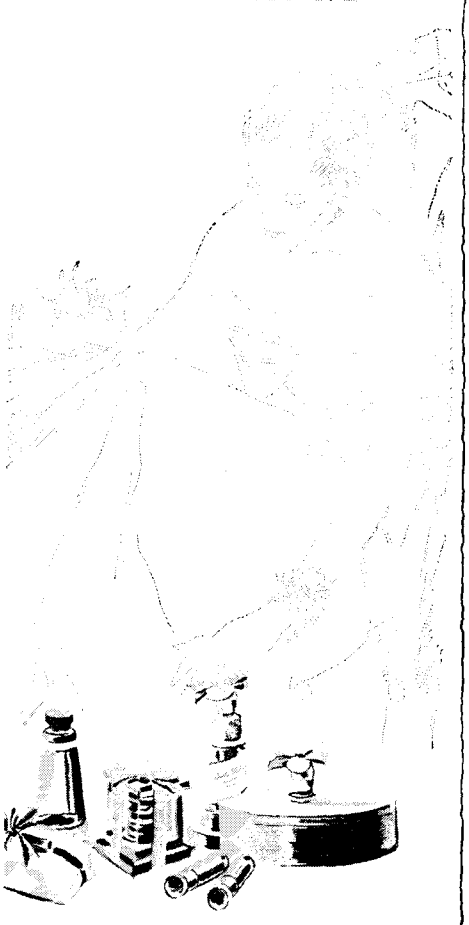

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tassels; the set comes in various colors, and the price is $250. There is such a bemusing variety of designs and subtly thought-out color combinations that Jensen entreats you to bring in a piece of the dinner service that is to be used on the cloth, to insure perfect harmony between china and linen.

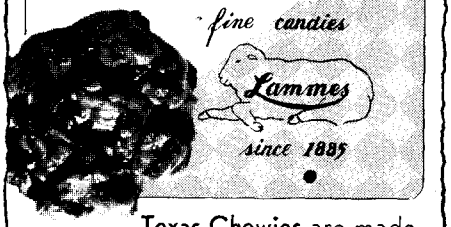
Even though the Grande Maison de Blanc, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), isn't piously turning out museum pieces, the linens you will find here would delight any woman who has a feeling for such things. Hostesses who hold that there is something unseemly in eating a really serious dinner on anything as frivolous as a mat should be comforted by one of Maison de Blanc's four-yard, heavy-linen dinner cloths and its twelve accompanying twenty-inch napkins ($350); it gave us a sense of replete well-being just to examine them. For ladies who will settle for less classic dining, there is a three-yard linen cloth from France, in a shade like the inside of a ripe banana. Its lighthearted design is a marvellously embroidered pictorial map of the wine country around Reims; the most famous cellars and the names of wine-producing villages, together with decorative motifs of bunches of grapes, peasants with grape baskets, and grape leaves, are picked out in shades of orange, red, and brown. Both the cloth and the accompanying fifteen-by-twenty-three-inch napkins have a stripe of red and a stripe of a brownish purple along the borders, and a small bunch of purple grapes is embroidered in one corner of the napkins; $750 for this artful frivolity. The Maison de Blanc has, of course, plenty of mats-and-runner combinations in addition to the long cloths; sets with linen flowers appliquéd on organdie cost $110 for a service for eight. The shop has better-looking linen sheets than we have seen in years; some of them are just too richly embroidered for an ordinary night's rest, but there are also simple sets of fine linen, with no more adornment than a beautifully hand-appliquéd border. A first-quality percale sheet with a four-inch border on which a flower design is appliquéd, and a matching pillowcase, cost $31.50.

To get back to long cloths, Lord & Taylor have a remarkably handsome formal cloth of heavy, off-white linen (seventy-two by a hundred and eight inches), embroidered in a Greek-key design that runs in two parallel lines down the middle of the cloth and is repeated on the hem and napkins. That the embroidery is done with untarnishable gold thread may sound garish, but take our word for it, it achieves

TEXAS CHEWIE

Pecan Pralines

fine candies



Texas Chewies are made with crunchy Texas pecan kernels, clustered in great globs of goodness. They're sweet, but not too sweet, and just salty enough to give them a special tangy flavor not found in any other candy. They're buttery-rich and chewie . . . yet they're crunchy.

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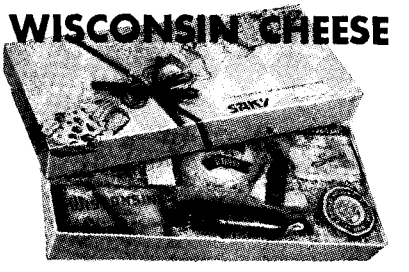

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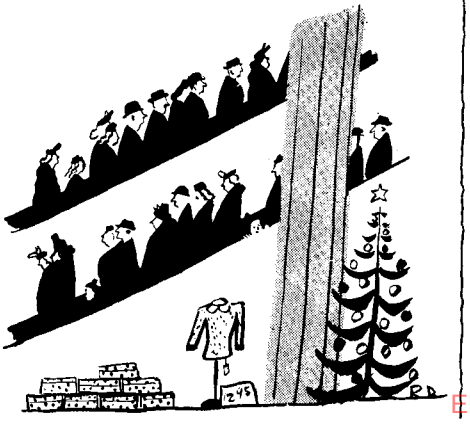
an effect of richness and dignity. The same shop has a white linen cloth, along which, from end to end, extend two parallel bands of pale-gray linen appliquéd with white flowers; twelve comfortably large napkins have the same gray bands and white appliqué on one side. The gold-embroidered cloth is $150; the gray-and-white one, $125.

SO different from conventional embroidery are the bold, imaginative needlework pictures of Mariska Karasz, for sale at the Bertha Schaefer Galleries, 32 East 57th Street, that they should probably really be listed as works of art. It is hard to give you an idea of the charm and originality of these pieces, the designs of which, whether they are conceived with naïve simplicity or ironical subtlety, are always executed with easy, self-confident expertness. In this collection are two companion pictures, fourteen by ten inches, worked on beige wool in shades of brown picked out with deep, warm pinks. One of these, called "Let Not Thy Right Hand Know—," shows three hands. One hand holds an apple; tinsel stars spill from a second, half-closed hand, which is partly covered by a shadowy third hand. The companion piece, "Blessed Are the Feet of Those Who Bear Good Tidings," is a picture of a slender white foot in a sandal, with an olive branch in the background; $75 each. "Adam and Eve and the Serpent" is done on sky-blue linen with the two figures worked in light-colored wools, one on each side of a green Tree of Knowledge. Above the tree hovers an angel with a flaming sword, and around the trunk slithers a serpent, in turquoise tinsel thread, with a human face; this, too, is $75. These pictures are perhaps best enjoyed in the shadow boxes designed by Miss Karasz, which are for sale at the gallery. A large wall piece (fifty by sixty-five inches), for hanging unframed, has an abstract design of the four seasons and is worked on burlap. The figures (two



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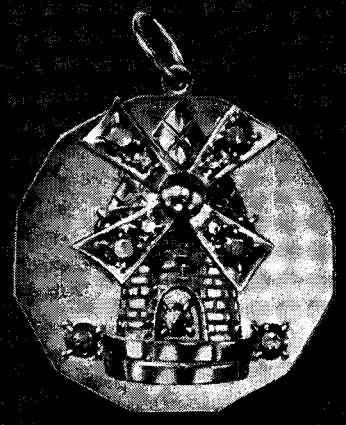

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male and two female) are outlines partly filled in with loose, random-length stitches in colors that suggest the season each depicts. The price is $300.

IF among your friends there isn't one who would be enchanted to receive a rare and lovely sea shell from the collection at the McArthur Shop, which is housed in Proudian's rug store at 786 Madison Avenue (67th), we shall feel that the fault, wherever else it may lie, is *not* with the shells. It doesn't take a conchologist to admire these specimens, which run all the way from the fragile pink murex, with deeply ridged fronds and a lining of delicate pink, to the shell of a giant dolium snail, which looks like a masterpiece of some eighteenth-century Worcester potter. Prices indicate that inflation has not yet reached the shell markets of the Indian Ocean and the South Seas; you can buy a pure-white deep-sea giant clam—a breathtaking thing—in various sizes, from $1 to $15; a large piece of mushroom coral from the Pacific, which looks more modern than anything young designers have yet thought up, for fifty cents to $1; and Saint John's Drinking Cups, from the China Sea, for $10. Graceful, pink-lined conch shells ($2 and $4) make the most satisfactory doorstops in the world, but we shan't try to suggest uses for all these entrancing objects. Some of them can indeed serve as vases, and others make good paperweights, but their best use of all is just being looked at.

TO get on to more prosaic shopping, there are some sumptuous Wedgwood service plates at Black, Starr & Gorham, in vivid shades of green and blue, that are entirely unlike any of the familiar Wedgwood patterns ($300 a dozen), and some less formal plates, in the same ware, with a wonderful design of blue bells, at the same price. The tureens at Tiffany make cheerful gifts. A fine copy of one of Spode's old blue-and-gray Lowestoft tureens, with a matching platter, suitable for either formal or unconventional meals, would almost certainly be received with pleasure by the sort of woman who doesn't buy her soup in cans; $88. An octagonal tureen of pale-green English Calyx earthenware, decorated with pink flowers and a pink border, costs $44.50, and there are others, equally attractive, at varying prices. Alice Marks has a great number of antique tureens, among which there is certain to be the right one to warm the heart of a connoisseur of either English china or soup. While you are at the Marks shop, you should make it a point to examine the collection of ancient English mixing bowls. A very rare seventeenth-century bowl of walnut, to which age has given an honorable patina, is seventy-two inches in diameter, stands fourteen inches high—on four legs—and costs $135. An eighteenth-century octagonal oak bowl, fifteen inches across, would make a fine bread tray ($30), and an oblong walnut kneading trough ($45) should give distinction to any salad course.

Serious collectors of Lowestoft china are presumably already aware of the collection of Sarah Potter Conover, 820 Madison Avenue (69th); less knowledgeable amateurs will doubtless be glad to know that they can find here as rich an assortment as there is anywhere. Among decorative, but not too scarce, Lowestoft pieces are many generous-sized mugs. There is a set of six soup plates with the typical Lowestoft bright-blue border ($75 for two), a pair of creatures that show an interesting crossbreeding of greyhound and dragon ($450), and on and on. A great punch bowl made in 1790 and decorated with a hunting scene that was probably copied from a French mezzotint by Cantonese decorators; two punch bowls bearing Masonic emblems of the sort that were popular at the beginning of our clipper trade with China; and a complete tea set done in a delicate black-and-white design are highlights of an impeccable collection.

JAMES AMSTER, 215 East 49th Street, has the right feeling about capacious ashtrays, an assortment of which you will find at his shop. Old majolica leaf dishes ($7), antique blue-and-white Chinese plates in the shape of fish ($16), and numerous eighteenth-century china receptacles are in the group. You will also find here a lot of not too costly antique trivia that should make pleasing, uncommon gifts. There are, for instance, a couple of dozen oversized cups and saucers, dating from the mid-nineteenth century and adorned with sentimental mottoes, for around $12 each, and all kinds of French nineteenth-century pharmacy jars (nearly two hundred of them), at prices that begin at $35. At the charming new shop of the Swedish firm of Bonnier, 605 Madison Avenue (57th), there are, among the Scandinavian imports, some large-sized ashtrays done in off-white pottery, with forceful blue designs, by the Danish firm Nymølle. Prices run from $9.25, for an effective seven-inch tray with an intricate border of dark-

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blue whirls, to $11.25, for a larger one with an arresting modernistic portrayal of a medieval queen. There are also big antique ashtrays worth going to see at the Christmas Shop, a little place that has sprung up for the holiday trade, at 702 Madison Avenue (62nd). There are lots of one-of-a-kind trifles here at prices that won't alarm you.

Antique cigarette boxes of designs as unusual as any you are likely to run across are on hand at Ruth Berlin, 760 Madison Avenue (66th). . . . Alice Marks seems to have cornered the market on Lowestoft gravy boats ($125), which make such excellent cigarette containers that they will likely never see another drop of gravy. . . . At Bergdorf Goodman, there is a mid-Victorian frosted-glass box, for $25, in the shape of a dove with folded wings (the upper part lifts off); some covered Lowestoft dishes; and other eighteenth-century pieces salvaged from broken table sets for modern living-room use. . . . Young Books, 746 Madison Avenue (64th), has a sizable collection of rather remarkable mugs for children, from famous eighteenth-century English potteries, that would make fancy cigarette containers or, for that matter, mugs for children.

If you count among your friends a collector of those astonishingly expensive mid-nineteenth-century glass paperweights, there's one gift problem that can be solved happily, if not economically, at Toby House, 172 East 51st Street. Among some hundred-odd specimens, which range in price from $50 to $2,000, there are splendid examples from the three great French factories—Baccarat, Clichy, and St. Louis—whose work has always been much coveted by collectors, and a few less valuable American weights. Small Baccarat weights of not outstanding pattern—but very pretty, all the same—start at $50. The more expensive weights, among them a St. Louis with a nosegay on white lace inside a *millefleurs* garland ($500), and various magnificent ones from Clichy, all show such color, form, and arrangement that it is easy to understand the collector's passion for them. Another exhibit of these spheres is to be seen at Arthur Ackermann, 50 East 57th Street, where some especially fine examples of the French factories include a Clichy *millefleurs* ($275) and an exquisite Baccarat weight in which a butterfly hovers above a flower ($500). You will also find here some fetching Bo-

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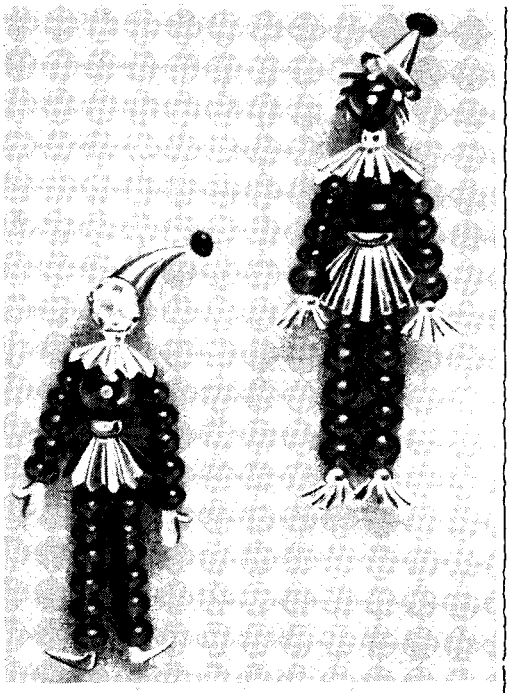

Gay Parisian creators have translated their whimsy into the lasting laughter of the clown and scarecrow. The captivating clown with body and hat of rubies and gold, diamond face . . . $1075.* The scarecrow, body and hat of rubies and gold, ruby face . . . $1000.* Either in cultured pearls from $350.*

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ingham and Derby figures of dogs—pugs, spaniels, and French poodles—that range in price from $125 to $150.

THOSE *who are familiar with only* the elaborate and widely publicized ecclesiastical silverware of Stone Associates will not be prepared for the almost stern simplicity of their handmade domestic pieces, which are sold by Leah Curtis, 460 Park Avenue (57th). The three patterns of Stone flat silver available here are without any decoration and differ from one another only in the shapes of the spoon bowls and in the handles, which can be had round, square, or pointed. All of them are in the eighteenth-century tradition and yet are unaccountably modern in feeling. To settle a Christmas and an engagement gift at one shot, if the opportunity presents itself, extraordinarily heavy and beautiful soup spoons, at $144 a dozen, or pistol-handled dinner knives, at $129.60, ought to do well indeed.

Anyone who is searching for old silver of distinction certainly can't afford to overlook Tiffany's antique department, where there are not only collector's items but delightful pieces of not-too-costly old silver. For a man who fancies himself a cook, a pair of long and hefty eighteenth-century beefsteak tongs ($100) should be just the thing, and an ivory-and-silver cucumber slicer ($50) would be interesting either in a vitrine or on the table as a utensil for people who hold that cucumbers should never be touched by steel. At Black, Starr & Gorham, there are handsome eighteenth-century dressing spoons, which run in price from $18.50 to $55; a lovely one with a bright-cut edge is $35. And here, too, is an eighteenth-century two-quart, pothellied silver saucepan, with a silver-and-fruitwood

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handle, that has recently come down in price from $350 to $190.

IF you are toying with the idea of giving modern art this year, you might want to know that not all works of contemporary artists are completely outside the Christmas price range. The Durlacher Galleries, for instance, have a number of Tchelitchew drawings, starting at $150. One, at $165, is a composition of children involved in a gloomy, odd sort of way with a clothesline. At the same galleries are some drawings by Gray Foy, whose adroit fantasy may interest you; two particularly well-organized studies of dead stumps, flowers, and other objects are $75 each.

For quite different tastes are some felicitous Chinese scrolls, at the Ferargil Galleries, bearing water colors and black-and-whites by the young Chinese artist Chen Chi. The simple, expressive compositions—Chinese figures and landscapes—seem to the Western eye strangely serene, and the papers and brocade that make up the scrolls are works of art themselves; most of these arrangements cost around $100, and a few are more expensive.

Excellently done reproductions at very reasonable prices are on hand at the studio of Esther Gentle, 51 Grove Street. Here you will find, among other things, eight of Miss Gentle's colored reproductions of works by Paul Klee, and thirty-two lithographs done in collotype and collected in a portfolio that sells for $8.50. Three Joan Miros are reproduced with an exactness that brings out all the brilliant coloring of the background and the delicacy of the figures; these are twelve by forty inches and cost $15 each. Extremely successful Gentle reproductions of line drawings by Picasso and Matisse (fourteen by twenty) are priced at $5.

Lord & Taylor have portfolios of four witty water colors by Mary Petty, printed in collotype by Arthur Jaffee and published by the American Folio Company, at $20.

Three charming little volumes of prints—"The Romantic Ballet," "Tropical Birds," and "Garden Flowers"—published and sold, at $2 each, by B. T. Batsford, 122 East 55th Street, make engaging Christmas presents. Each contains sixteen eight-color plates of a quality usually found only in more costly reproductions; Sacheverell Sitwell has written notes for the ballet and bird books, and Robert Gathorne-Hardy for the flower book. Plates in "The Romantic Ballet" reproduce

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I would like to know if you still sell this item. It has occurred to me that I would like to order some of these cartons at Christmas time for gifts. Can you let me know if this is possible?"

To this lady - and to all our good friends:

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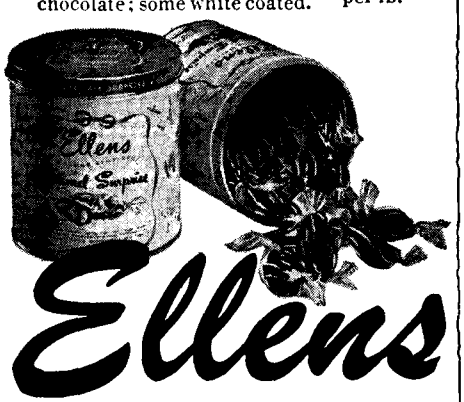

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THIS, we hope, should see anybody with the normal complement of friends and relations through the hard weeks ahead. However, just in case your circle is larger than we have thus far counted on, here are some odds and ends that it would be a pity to neglect. Nice individual maple salad bowls for the girl, or man, who lives alone cost ninety-five cents at the Post Mart, 260 East 78th Street; old-fashioned cast-iron popover pans for the hot-bread artist sell for $1.75 at the same shop; the invaluable Swiss-pottery dish warmers, in which the heating is done by two low candles in glass cups, can be bought for $5.95 at Bazar Français; long, wooden-handled skewers that will please a gentleman barbecuer who likes to vary his beefsteaks with *shish kebab* are forty-five cents each at A. Kehayan, 380 Third Avenue (27th); hand-crocheted sewing cases big enough for a thimble, small scissors, two or three spools, and the like cost $1 at Southern Highlanders, 610 Fifth Avenue (49th); a supply of agreeable-looking and surprisingly absorbent Masslinn fabric guest towels, at Saks, Macy, and Arnold Constable, are thirty-nine cents a packet; a new sort of cocktail shaker, which has an inner chamber for the ice, is called Precision Cooler and costs $9.95 at Lewis & Conger (it is especially good for chilling coffee and fruit juices); and, finally, a well-constructed folding combination buffet-and-bed-table that fits across a bed, for serious paperwork, or that can be set up as a bar or serving table, is $18.95 at Hammacher Schlemmer.

Television

AS we have been making our way through the shops this season, it has seemed to us that the clerks with the most eager Christmas smiles and surrounded by the most flourishing Yuletide bustle have been the television salesmen—probably with good reason, when you come to think of it. There's no doubt but that a television set would be a marvellous and spectacular thing to unwrap on Christmas morning this year; after all, the programs have become a good deal more than a succession of wrestlers and 1926 movies starring Rod La Rocque and the receiving apparatus has reached a point where it must be considered a good deal more than a mechanical toy. Therefore, you will find below a number of pointers on what to look for in the murky electronic innards of a good set (we've tried to get along without mentioning such things as oscillators, discriminators, and sync separators, which we don't understand, either), as well as a few notations on the decorative quality—or lack of it—of some of the examples on the market.

If you are going into the matter of television at all seriously, it might be a good notion to get an idea of what a really good television image looks like. Many of the television stations will give you tickets to their viewing rooms, where you can see, on monitor sets, just how a receiver acts under optimum conditions; the result usually surprises someone whose television experience has been limited to the corner pub or a friend's parlor. If nothing else, such a visit should give you a sharp set of values to exercise before a dumfounded clerk. After this prefatory exploration, there is the matter of choosing between a direct-view set, in which the picture appears directly on the face of the kinescope (the tube that makes television visible), and a projection set, in which the image is projected onto a screen. In general, the projection sets cost more and produce larger pictures than the direct-view sets, but the images aren't as clear or bright. As a matter of fact, projected images are often not entirely satisfactory unless they are looked at from a respectful distance—across a great big living room, say. Also, more things can go wrong with a projection set, since it is obviously a more complicated machine. But, as we said, a projected-view set produces bigger images—always a good thing—and if the fortunate person you have this gift ticketed for has plenty of room, maybe that's the better idea.

There are direct-view sets with big images—seventeen inches across—in the upper reaches of the price range (the Du Mont people have two such sets for $2,495), but most direct-view sets have images of seven, ten, or twelve inches. There are even a few Lilliputian models, including portables; the smallest screen we saw was three inches across, on a little bit of a thing put out by Pilot, for $99.50; very bright and clear, too. Then, there is the matter of magnifiers—thick plastic lenses that can be installed in front of the screen to enlarge the image from two to four times. They cost from $19.95 to $59.95. All we can say of them is that, like pro-

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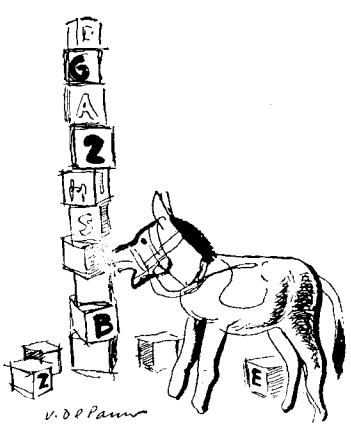
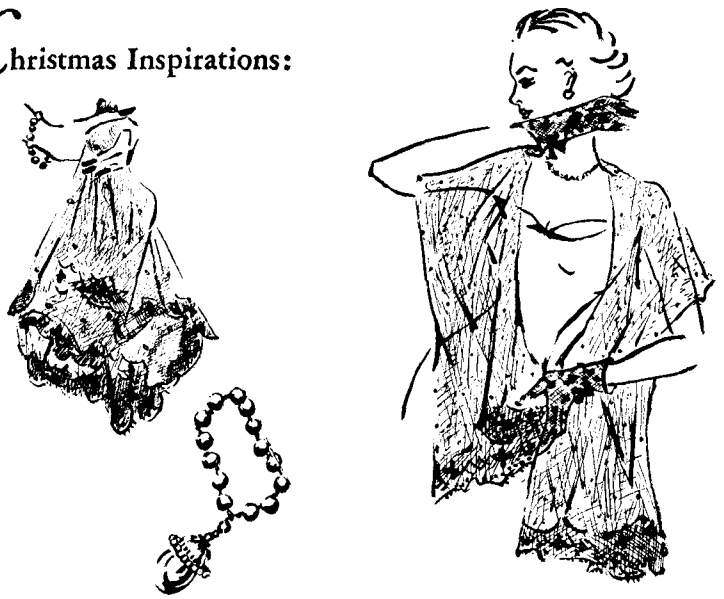
jected-view screens, they are all right when the audience is seated at a distance; however, you'd better try several before choosing one, since some of them distort the image when the spectators are at an angle to the screen, and others produce a "halo" effect, or even a distracting prismatic phenomenon that seems to enclose each figure on the screen in colored parentheses.

The assumption that the quality of a set's performance—either direct view or projection—depends on the number of receiving tubes it contains is generally reasonable but not an axiom. Experts have found that every so often a relatively small number of tubes has been wired up so efficiently that they produce a better picture than a clumsier design employing a whole forest of them. As for controls, we have it on good authority that it is desirable to have one called a fine-tuning dial, even though it adds a knob to the panel. The alternative is automatic, push-button tuning, which is accomplished by electronic pixies inside the works. No matter how precisely the push buttons are tuned, the settings are apt to drift, or be affected by acts of God (weather) or man (dust mops). The owner who has a fine-tuning device can fiddle with the knob and sharpen the image, but the owner of the automatic arrangement can only phone for help.

A set should by all means have linearity controls. These are in the back, are not tampered with in the normal course of events, and they control—well, they control linearity. If the head of a news commentator looks egg-shaped on a television screen and you know perfectly well that it is actually round, the odds are that the trouble can be corrected by having the linearity controls adjusted. There should be at least one horizontal- and one vertical-linearity control. Unless a set has them, most repairmen won't even attempt to remedy distortion, and egg-headed news commentators get mighty tiresome after a



Christmas Inspirations:



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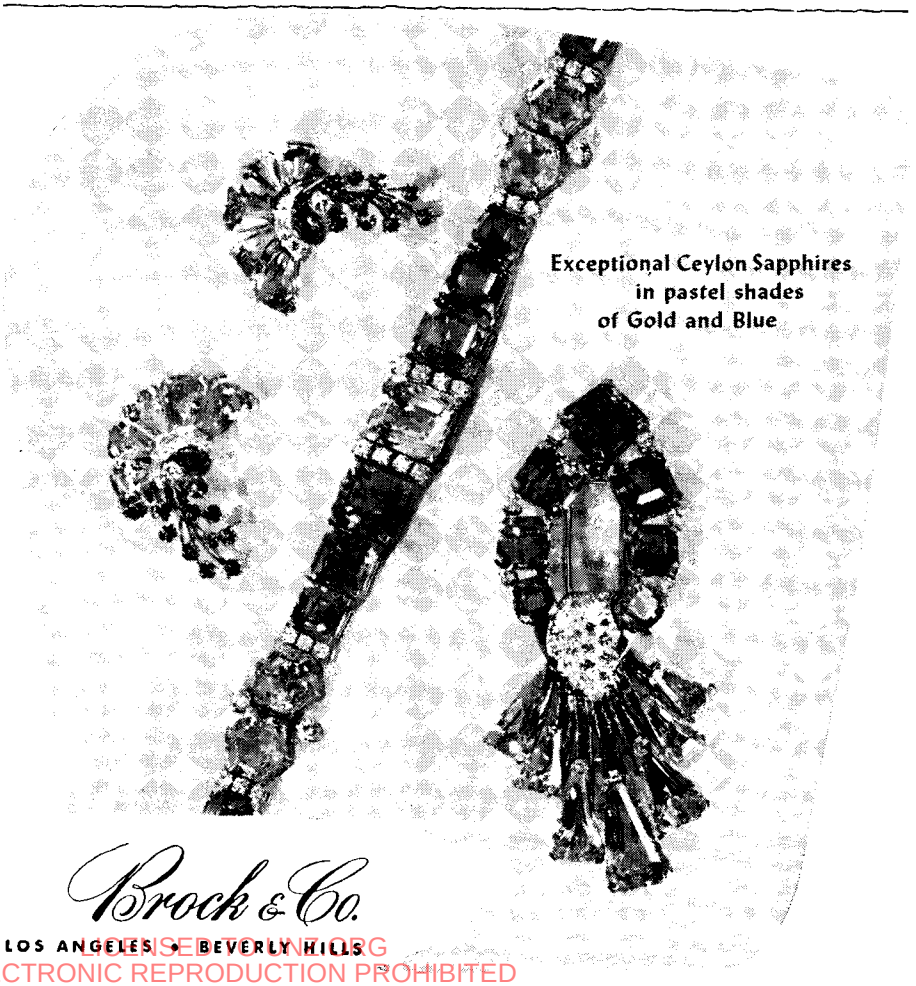

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while. If, after inquiring guilefully about linearity controls, you want to be unbearably knowing, you can find out whether a set has mechanical or electrical linearity controls. Electrical ones are to be preferred. Anyone who is handy with simple tools and can follow an instruction manual can doctor them himself without any risk of harming the set. The mechanical controls, however, are best left strictly to professionals.

One more thing. Sensitivity varies quite a bit between sets, although the variance may not be apparent in an area close to the transmitters. There will almost certainly be a difference between reception on a set in a midtown showroom and what your fortunate friend will get if the same set is installed in, say, Greenwich. So if it's possible, it's a good idea to have demonstrations in the neighborhood where the set is to be used.

It may be comforting at this point to know that a good magic lantern costs hardly anything and never goes wrong.

As for the sets themselves, we have arbitrarily limited ourself in this essay to the full-size ones—no table models, or, at least, hardly any. It may be risky to complain that most of the cabinets containing television and radio sets—they are nearly always combined, and you generally get a record player, too—are still far from decorative perfection. In case the industry *hasn't* given its all (as it appears to have done), there is the chance that well-meaning criticism will only goad it to bigger breakfronts, more ornate *chinoiserie*, and even earlier Early American. From our survey, we got the impression that a good many manufacturers feel there is something slightly indecent about a radio or television set that can be instantly identified as such. We disagree, but until the designers or, more likely, the architects hit upon suitable forms for encasing this new machinery, we'll just have to make the best of it.

Of the big machines that contain everything—television, radio, and phonograph—R.C.A.-Victor's Eighteenth-Century Breakfront, in the well-established Berkshire line, is the most overpowering, and has the most overpowering price tag—$4,100, which includes installation in Manhattan. (We had better say right now that all prices we mention include standard installation costs.) The television component has a twenty-inch, projected-view screen, placed in the top section of the breakfront; the radio-phonograph combina-

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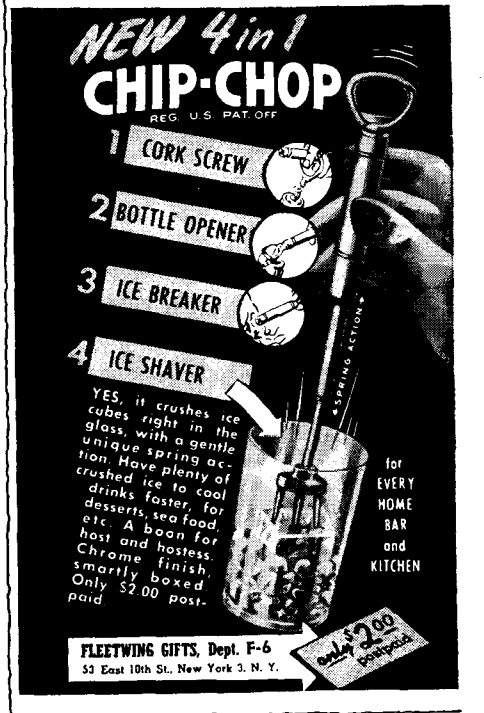

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tion has thirty tubes and, you will not be surprised to learn, sounds first-rate. The breakfront itself is an impressive piece, and the design that disguises its function is the most ambitious we have come across. The cabinetwork is of hand-polished mahogany, and English yew and boxwood are used to outline the drawers (real and fake) and the oval inserts in the doors. The slightly convex panes in the top of the piece, surrounding the screen, are of brilliant English glass. Altogether, this is a very grand reproduction of the Sheraton-Hepplewhite type of secretary breakfront that was so popular in this country at the end of the eighteenth century. The fact remains, however, that it is unavoidably a reproduction, and it certainly would not be at home among genuine Georgian furniture.

In the same Berkshire line, R.C.A.-Victor will show you a model called the Regency, which combines radio, phonograph, and television in a mahogany cabinet with a plain center panel between two brass-grilled doors. (If you frequent radio salons, you will soon be able to identify anything with an inch of brass grillwork as Regency.) The television screen, which is projected-view and twenty inches across, is set behind the center panel, and the radio-phonograph is identical with the one in the breakfront. This is a creation of considerable elegance, which has a vague air of directors'-room formality about it and a distinct air of directors'-room price—$3,250.

Perhaps more satisfactory decoratively than any of Victor's eighteenth-century reproductions is the Berkshire bleached-walnut Modern ($2,300), designed by Robsjohn-Gibbings. It, too, has a thirty-tube radio-phonograph combination, and while it does not come equipped with television, an eight-and-a-half-inch screen and associated works can be installed in it, for from $350 to $400. The charm of the cabinet lies in its proportions and its almost austere simplicity. Slatted sliding doors give access to the controls, and the whole thing rests gracefully on outward-slanting feet. This cabinet seems to fulfill the purpose for which it was designed—contributing to the decoration of a modern room.

Victor also puts out a small triple combination, called the 8TV321. (As we leave the high plateau of the Berkshires, the nomenclature gets more rocky.) The television screen is eight and a half inches across, the view is direct, and the set is encased in a workmanlike blond hardwood cabinet with a

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by the world's largest and oldest processors of persian lamb and broadtail

lower compartment that provides space for records; $635.

THE most elaborate sets in the direct-view field are, as we mentioned before, the Du Mont giants. This company's two big catch-all machines—the Hampshire and the Westminster—are identically priced ($2,495) and both have thirty-five-tube radio-phonograph combinations and spectacular seventeen-inch, direct-view television screens, which roll into viewing position at the front of the set when a section of the lid is lifted. As for the looks of the cabinets, the Hampshire holds a very high place among those of contemporary design, somewhere along with Victor's Modern. (There are probably not many of these sets left around town, though, as the model has been discontinued.) The case, which is of plain blond hardwood with light leather trimmings and a broad band of tooled leather running down the middle (television) section, is so much larger than the Victor cabinet that it might be less welcome in a medium-size home; in a spacious modern room, though, it would be quite striking. The Westminster, Du Mont's other prize (plenty of these available), is the same size but seems smaller, mainly because of its conservative mahogany (or walnut) exterior. There isn't any particular distinction of design in the Westminster, but if you care about fine wood and careful workmanship, you will probably agree that the case is worthy of the instrument it encloses. The Du Mont Devonshire (blond hardwood again) has the same herculean radio-phonograph combination as the two other machines but has to get along with a direct-view television screen that is only thirteen inches across.

PEOPLE who are thinking of a television set as a piece of furniture as well as source of entertainment will probably find that the Magnavox Windsor Imperial ($1,745), with its breakfront top, does very nicely. This is a reasonably good reproduction of an eighteenth-century secretary, which, while it is not as imposing as the Victor breakfront, is, by the same token, not nearly as overwhelming. The lower part of the cabinet, which may be bought separately, for $895, holds the radio-phonograph—a top-notch instrument—as well as a long-playing-record attachment. The television unit, a direct-view, ten-inch-screen affair, is contained in the top section, behind two small doors. At either side of the top section are

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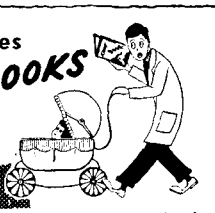

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shelves, and the whole thing is surmounted by a broken pediment.

THE don't-let-it-look-like-what-it-is school of design reaches its full flower in the cabinets of the Brunswick television sets. In this group, the very pinnacle of camouflage is achieved in the Tibet ($1,795). First you see a three-panel Chinese screen, and then, when the middle panel is folded back over one of the side panels, you find a twelve-inch, direct-view television screen and a radio-phonograph combination. The design is certainly an ingenious one, and the proportions of the screen are pleasant enough, but the examples we saw at the company's offices, at 244 Madison Avenue (38th), had a strident Chinese pattern on lacquer, and were discouraging. This model is custom-made, however, and you have a wide choice of panelling—leather, English block wallpaper, antiqued mirror, chintz, and practically anything else you fancy—so there is no reason it could not be properly effective.

CAPEHART, as becomes a firm that has been producing excellent phonographs all these years, has branched out into television, too. Its most notable product is a triple-function machine called the Eighteenth-Century English Breakfront (there seems to be an echo here), which looks rather like an old-fashioned wardrobe with two tall doors. There are bookshelves on each side of the top section. As a decoration, it can't be called exactly a triumph, but the workmanship is splendid and the woods used in its construction are good-looking and seasoned so as to be practically unwarpable. The screen is twelve inches across and direct-view, and the price is $1,395.

NOW, if you're still hanging on, we'll take up the sets with just television and no lagniappe. R.C.A.-Victor has a straightforward television set called the 8PCS41, which comes in a mahogany, walnut, or blond-wood cabinet that looks like an ordinary chest of drawers when closed. It has a twenty-inch, projected-view screen; $995. The case is well made but not remarkable; the company is prepared, however, to install the television mechanism and screen, without the cabinet, in a number of ingenious and highly satisfactory ways. The best of these is to build it into a wall and cover it with a picture (you furnish the picture), which, at the flick of a switch, rolls back into the cavity and reveals the screen. Since this arrangement entails quite a bit of ex-

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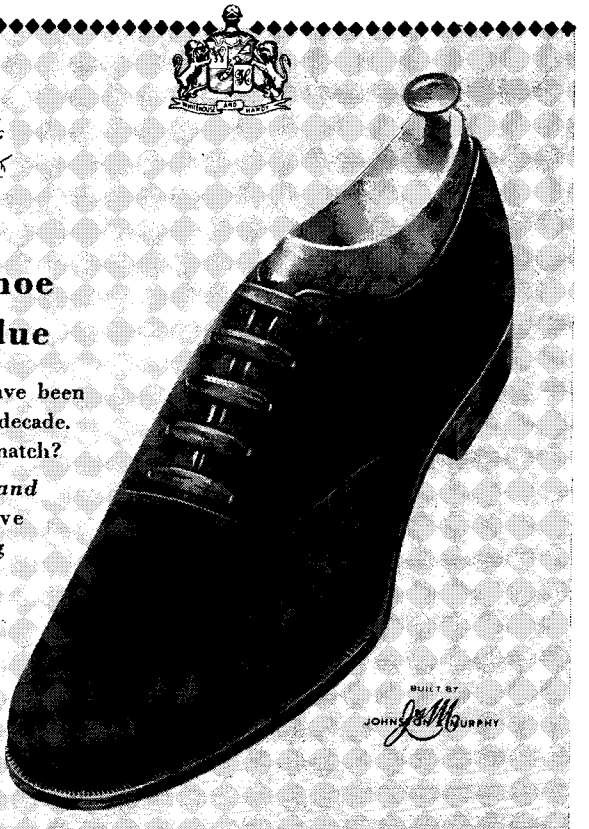

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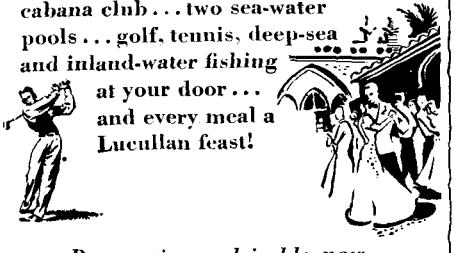

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CASTON LAURYSSEN, *General Manager*

pense, R.C.A.-Victor, with less affluent clients in mind, will fix up a picture on a hinged frame, so it can be opened like a door to reveal the television screen. . . . Scott puts out a sort of super-table-model television set ($760) with a sixteen-inch projected-view screen. It comes in all the standard finishes and can be worked either independently or through the sound system of any radio (Scott is not likely to let you forget that it makes a radio, too). . . . The Fisher people, who manufacture one of the finest phonographs there are, also offer a television receiver, called, quite understandably, the Fisher Television Receiver, in mahogany, ebony, walnut, or blond-wood finish. It has a sixteen-inch, projected-view screen and costs $795. . . . Brunswick's Consort, a straight television set housed in a cube-shaped case of red (or any other color) leather, unadorned except for brass handles on the two doors and a narrow border of hand-tooled gold, is good-looking, and the price is $1,095. It also has the practical advantage of being mounted on an ebonized pedestal that turns forty-five degrees to the right or left, for more convenient viewing.

AND that, we should think, ought to keep you busy for *this* week.

•

Members of the Saturday Night West District Pitch Group and their children met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker last Saturday night, 39 attending. The party was given by the women who were beaten by the men's group last winter. A chicken-pie dinner was served.

The evening was marred by three incidents, the most serious occurring when Mrs. Lee Eldridge got a chicken bone stuck in her throat. She was taken to the hospital where the bone was removed by Dr. William Griffin. Mrs. Baker lost her onions by spilling the entire kettleful on the floor. Mrs. Hazel Corey came to grief when the chair in which she was sitting fell apart like the "one-horse shay."

Mrs. Phyllis Brown and William Brooks won high scores.—*Brattleboro (Vt.) Daily Reformer.*

Depends on how you score an evening like that.

•

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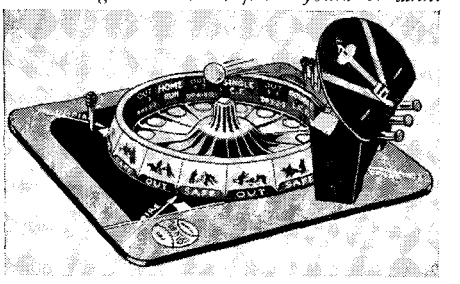

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RAS TAFARI N'EST PAS À PARIS

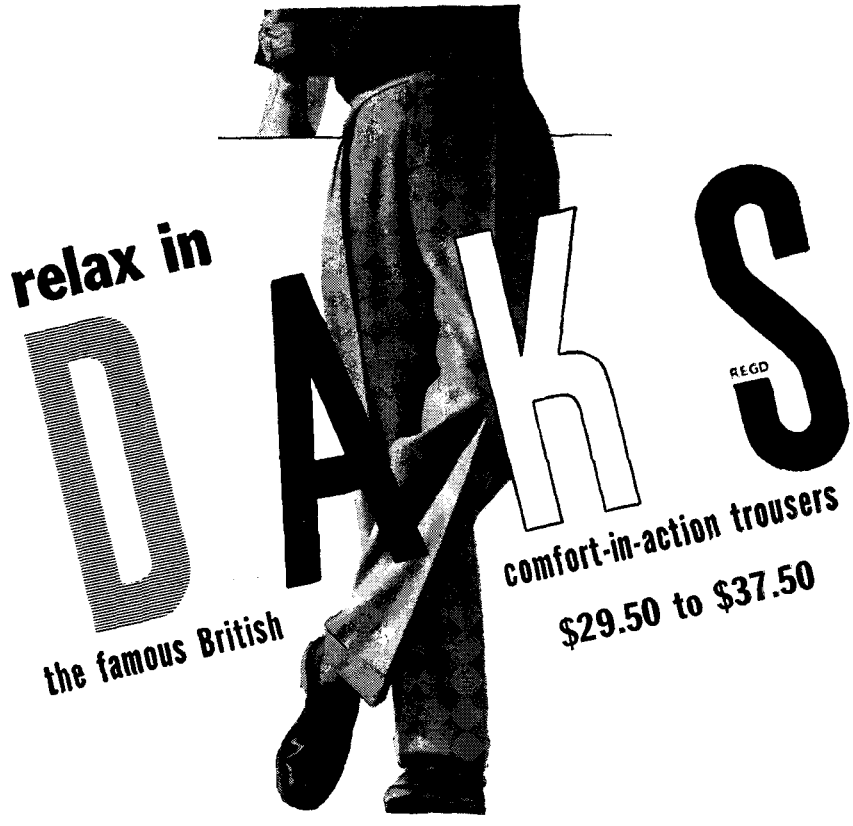
IN the travel section of a Sunday paper, the other day, I ran across a photograph of the Geneva Casino Municipal on the north shore of Lac Leman. A little later, in the same paper, I read an item about Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia. I immediately realized that, however unlikely it might seem, there was some connection between the two, and in a few minutes I had dug it out of the back of my mind.

In the summer of 1924 I was a student at the summer school of the University of Geneva. The curriculum was known, and aptly so, as *les cours de vacances*. Attendance was not compulsory, there were twenty-minute intermissions between classes, and at the end of the term every student was given a handsome scroll called *certificat d'assiduité*—even those who had spent most of their time in Montreux or Evian or Lausanne.

Across the street from the main building of the university was a splendid big *brasserie*, where for fifty centimes (ten cents) you could buy big pewter-topped seidels of imported Münchner beer, cooled to exactly the right degree. It was a very hot summer and there were usually more students at the *brasserie* than in class. It was just as well that the parents of most of the students (the summer school was for foreigners) were hundreds or thousands of miles away and knew nothing about what was going on.

Geneva, though lovely, was rather dull, in spite of the cosmopolitan transient population. The movie theatres showed mostly old American pictures, and the one reasonable facsimile of a night club in town was very expensive because the Swiss franc was at par. Besides these, for evening diversion, there was the Casino Municipal, whose attractions included a big room with a dance orchestra and fairly cheap drinks; a small, very modernistic, and expensive lounge bar; gambling rooms; a *terrasse*, where you could sit and look at the lake and Mont Blanc, when it was not shrouded in fog; and a theatre with a general-admission fee of one franc, which entitled you to standing room.

THE last week of July, the Casino's theatre company presented a revue modelled—but not too closely—on the then current show at the Casino de Paris. I think I finally managed to see all of it, but not at one sitting, or, rather, standing. I'd pay my franc now and then



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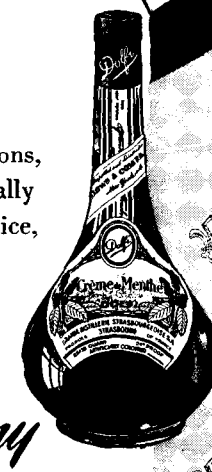

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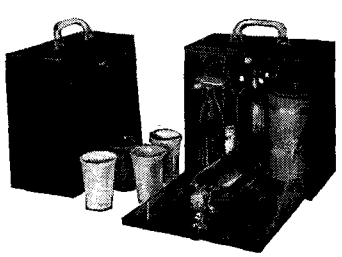

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and hang around for from ten to fifteen minutes and then move on. One night, I happened in on a skit called "Ras Tafari Va à Paris." It was about Ras Tafari Makonnen, Prince Regent of Abyssinia, who was touring Europe at that time, and was very unfunny. Blacked-up actors in absurd white Mother Hubbards bounded around the stage singing topical verses about Abyssinian mores.

About the middle of the act, I heard a commotion behind me and looked around. Two Napoleon-hatted federal gendarmes were escorting a party of two women and about eight men to the left-hand stage box. The men were black, with pointed beards, and wore white silk suits, with trousers that were bound tight around the ankles, and patent-leather shoes. They had black capes draped over their shoulders and carried sun helmets in their hands. One of them was bowed into the box, and the others waited until he had seated himself before they entered and sat down. At first, the actors noticed nothing, and the poor clown who was playing the part of Ras Tafari continued to jump about the stage shouting a song that rhymed "Tafari" with "*Paris.*" There were gasps in the audience, frantic whisperings of "*C'est le Ras Tafari! C'est le Prince d'Abyssinie!*," and several people pointed at the stage box, which was well lit by the glow from the footlights. The actors gradually realized that something, and finally *what*, was amiss. They faltered and blew their lines. The Ras Tafari on the stage stopped capering and threw terrified looks at the real Ras, at the orchestra leader, and into the wings. The musicians emitted some appalling bloops and discords. The curtain came down jerkily and a man in evening dress—the manager, I guess—popped into the stage box. The Prince Regent waved his hand violently and gestured toward the curtain, making an upward motion with his hands. The manager hopped out of the box, and in a few seconds the curtain whisked up. The orchestra blared, and the actors dashed back on-stage and went on with the act. They were obviously terrified; you could see the sweat beading through the burnt cork. Ras Tafari Makonnen, now Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, the Lion of Judah and King of Kings, fanned himself with a little round muslin fan and smiled. He left ceremoniously with his suite in the middle of the next act—two blondined German sisters with a bunch of trained canaries. I'm not altogether sure that the King of Kings knew what was really going on.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

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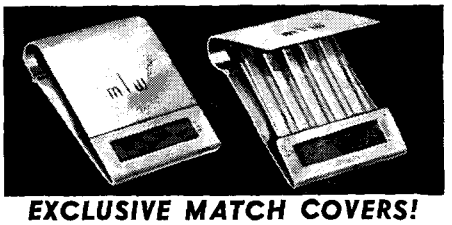

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FOOTBALL

Old Pastures and New

FOR most of the college teams, the season finished up last weekend, probably to the profound relief of a good many of the coaches who had changed jobs at the beginning of the year. This spring, a lot of people were wondering whether Army's Earl Blaik hadn't better be thinking of moving on himself to an institution of learning that could, and would, provide him with the sort of material he had become accustomed to in the splendid days when the celebrated Davis and Blanchard were making touchdowns for him every five minutes. After the departure of Davis and Blanchard, it looked as though Army would never again be able to mount an equivalent offensive. Anyway, a couple of Blaik's helpmeets on the coaching staff departed—Stu Holcomb to run Purdue's football team, Herman Hickman to look after Yale's problems. As things turned out, both men have had grave troubles this fall, while Blaik, guiding a squad that was supposedly almost barren of smart players, now has only to beat Navy this Saturday (a reasonable assignment) to add one more undefeated season to his roster. Army, playing a large part of its season without Scott, an excellent back, and going up against a tenacious and skillful Penn team (its most ferocious opponent this season) without Foldberg, a practically magic pass receiver, has given its followers a great many chills, closely followed by a great many thrills, and has blithely got itself out of every one of the numerous jams it got itself into. The East hasn't seen such an accomplished and, at the same time, happy-go-lucky team since the one constructed by Fritz Crisler at Princeton fifteen years ago.

HOLCOMB and Hickman are not the only coaches who have discovered that changing jobs is not all fun. The season's best example, naturally, is George Sauer, who was chosen, after an unbelievably long series of Navy conferences with many coaches, by Annapolis. He has done very well with the small amount of first-string talent he was given to work with, and his team just missed being the one to end Penn's impressive winning streak. But Navy

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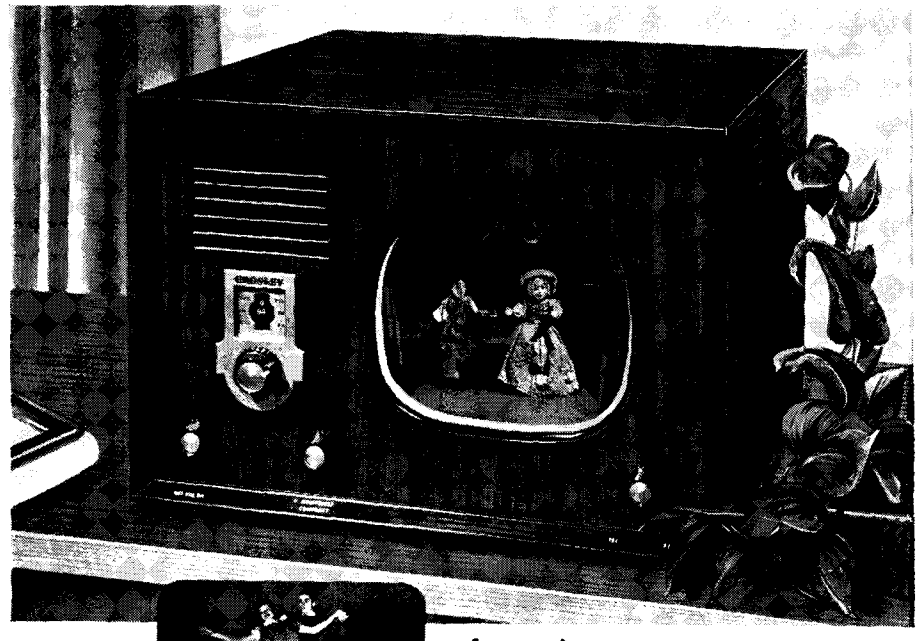

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Eight kinds at your local liquor store.

HEUBLEIN'S
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has lost every game it has played this fall, and it can hardly expect to beat Army on Saturday. Navy, of course, being in the public (or taxpayers') domain, has to gad about the country like the Freedom Train, playing a schedule that should be attempted only by a team with Notre Dame's, or possibly Army's, resources.

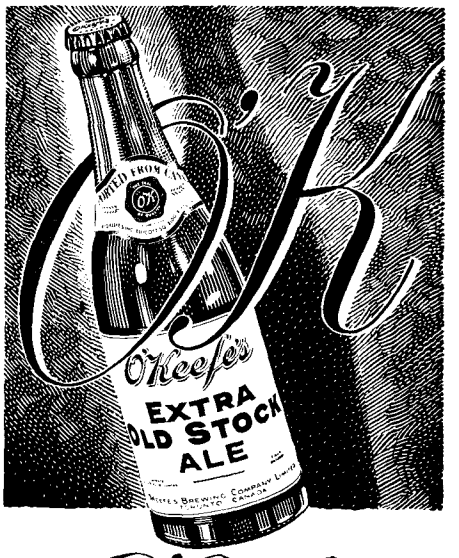
AT Yale, Hickman has encountered a special difficulty that besets anyone who thinks he would like to coach one of the Big Three teams. The preparatory schools that send Yale, Harvard, and Princeton a good part of their football material seem not to feed their inmates enough calcium in their balanced diets, so they are constantly coming apart when they run into the brand of opposition afforded by, say, the Yale schedule of this fall. A very minor team—King's Point—did, it is true, appear on Yale's list, but presumably that was only because Michigan and the Chicago Bears had previous engagements. Then, too, Hickman has been confronted with an undergraduate state of mind that is almost entirely peculiar to the Big Three and some of its companions. Roderick, a great end, and Loh, a useful back, decided that there were other curricular interests besides football, and dropped out this year. Art Valpey, Harvard's new coach, may have been similarly surprised when three of his young men told him that they thought they would sit this season out.

For years, the prep school that did most to bolster up the Big Three's football teams was Kiski, or what is officially Kiskiminetas Springs School, near the little Pennsylvania town of Saltsburg. Then something happened and Kiski just about disappeared from the tabulations in the college football programs. But there is always hope. This fall, a hundred and twenty-five of the hundred and seventy-five Kiski undergraduates turned out for football practice, among them Bob Mathias, the Olympic decathlon champion, who is only seventeen. Whether Hickman or Valpey will eventually get the young man is another matter, though. Jimmy Marks, the head coach at Kiski, is a graduate of Princeton. —J. W. L.

•

On his father's side, he was a descendant of Sir James Lind, 18th century medical writer who discovered lime juice could prevent security.—*Washington Post.*

Add a little rum and it keeps out



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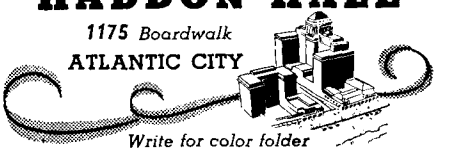

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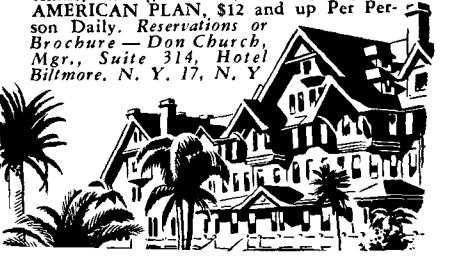

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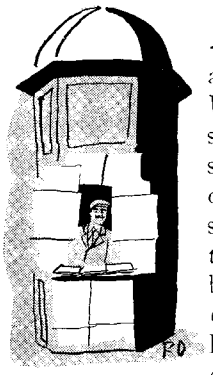
LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 15



A MILITARY touch has been added here to the United Nations Assembly scene. A life-size equestrian statue of Foch, his marshal's seven stars of the first World War blazoned on its pedestal, has been belatedly set up by the grateful city of Paris right outside the U.N.'s door, on the terrace of the Palais de Chaillot. His charger's tail points toward the Tour Eiffel, and the Marshal's bronze eyes are fixed upon the Assembly's lunchroom. On either side of him, in the Chaillot's so-called Paris and Passy wings, the delegates are pushing into the final garrulous stretch of their hopes, insults, warnings, protests, amendments, and occasional concessions, in one more attempt to settle the peace after the second World War and to stave off a third. Much of the worried world is anxious for news of what they decide, but their decisions can amount to nothing more than "recommendations," which no one on earth has to heed and of which only time will be the judge. The delegates may be our saviors, but they talk like lawyers. It is significant that this Paris session's first important political decision, made early this month, was a "recommendation" to itself, proposed by the small-power Mexican delegate, that (in layman's language) the big-power delegates hustle on with their job of understanding each other. That this United Nations "recommendation" has been ignored by the United Nations is proved by the fact that Trygve Lie and Herbert Evatt have just now quoted it, on November 13th, as a prod to those big-power delegates to arrive at a "recommendation" about the continuing cold, and foggy, war in Berlin.

Of the major U.N. committees, the Social, Humanitarian, and Cultural Committee is, to the thoughtful visitor, perhaps the most inspiring. It is also the most despairing. Its delegates have spent their time nobly wrangling about the Rights of Man, the official total of which is now twenty-eight, all of which were approved last June by the Commission on Human Rights, and which

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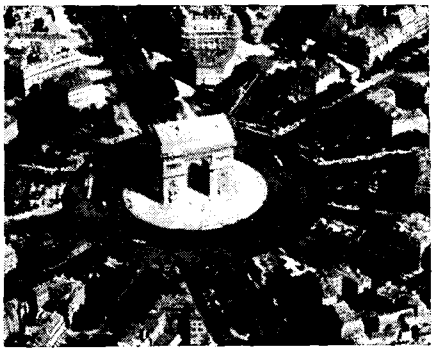

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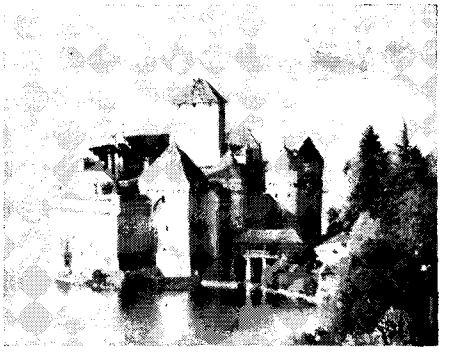
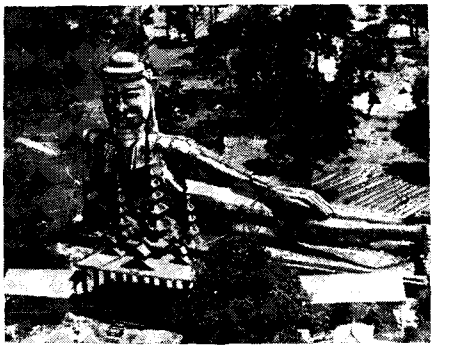
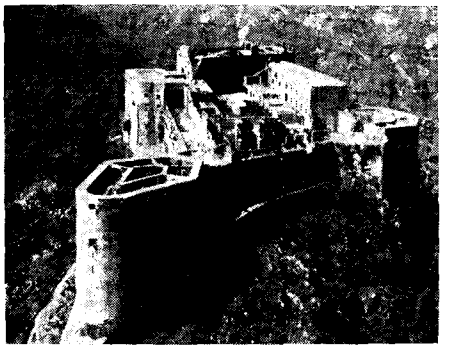


Picturesque from above, these sombre walls and turrets inspired one of Byron's best known poems!



Out where "the dawn comes up like thunder" . . . Batavia bound KLM passengers glimpse this giant Buddha!



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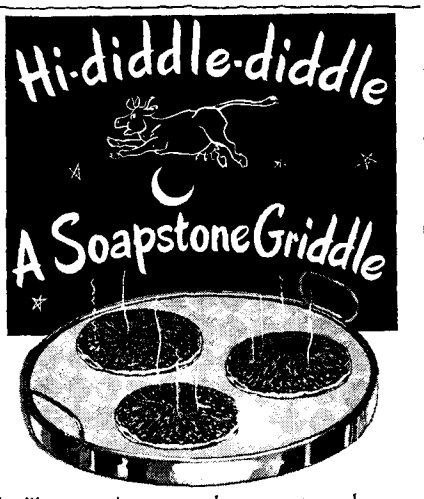

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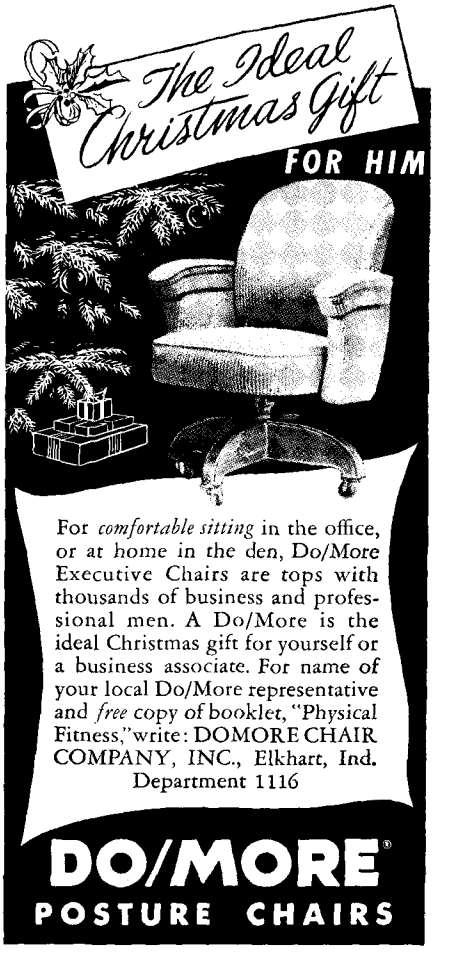
the delegates have recently spent two months fiddling with and amending. Article IV of Man's Rights includes the proposition that he shall not be tortured. Torture is an indignity that would never have been thought of by old-fashioned rights-loving revolutionaries, which shows that the United Nations is, at least, very up-to-date. The Committee is currently talking over Article XXI, which holds that man has a right to be protected from unemployment—another modern twist.

The alphabetical seating has led to an odd trinity in this committee; Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt (for the United States), Mrs. Freda Corbet (for the United Kingdom), and Alexei Pavlov (for the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics) are next to one another. It is in their three voices that Eastern and Western history speaks today, as when, to any Iron Curtain country's proposal for an amendment to Human Rights, Mrs. Roosevelt votes with a loud New York "No," Mrs. Corbet with a refined British "Nao," and Pavlov with a sharp "*Da*." Pavlov resembles a portrait of an old-style Bolshevik. He has white hair and a big black beard, and he wears a black suit; from across a large room, his beard seems to be part of his suit and he looks like a man with only half a face. His special topic is women—how they are abused in the U.S.A. and protected in the U.S.S.R.—and he usually carries a satchelful of newspaper clippings from both countries to prove his points. So far, all the Muscovite amendments to Man's Rights except those dealing with divorce and with society's protection of the family have been defeated. About Article XVI, on freedom of worship, Pavlov complained, "In this era, science should have equal priority with religion." Many of the proposed rights being obviously unacceptable to the Soviet ideology, he rebuts with amendments, just for the record. Thus he suggested that the exercise of freedom of information, which he said leads to warmongering and Fascist propaganda, should be punishable by law. Whereas Russia is the palpable object of such provisions as the one giving man the right to leave his country, to change his nationality, and to own property not subject to arbitrary seizure, labor unions everywhere can feel that they are implicitly criticized in a provision that men may refuse to belong to any association, since this could be interpreted as a protest against the closed shop. And the United States specifically must wince at the provision declaring that neither race [illegible] shall be [illegible] of his rights and



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that there shall be no abuse of his reputation and no intrusion into his private life—indignities that, the Russians made it clear, could be inflicted by unrighteous Americans like Dies and Thomas. In fact, to judge by the United Nations' magnificent list of Human Rights, every civilized country on earth is still guilty of some injustice toward its own people or others.

The Chaillot's Passy wing, in which the Social, Humanitarian, and Cultural Committee sits, is ordinarily occupied by the ethnological Musée de l'Homme. On the third floor, where some of its collections have been stuck away, are several interesting skeletons of early, slow-changing man.

SOME of the most distinguished French literary prizes offer puny purses for writers to scramble for, but they can be worth a good deal in publicity and sales. The coveted Prix Goncourt, which is awarded in December, is still a desirable crown, though it pays only five thousand francs, as does the Prix Fémina. The Prix Théophraste Renaudot pays nothing, being merely honorific. Recently, however, *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* established a fabulous million-franc prize. It was supposed to go to the best novel submitted in manuscript each year, but this first year it has been given in almost equal slices to three novels, since no one of them was thought to be worth the whole thing. Mme. Lucie Marchal's "La Mèche" ("The Fuse"), the most interesting and the most old-fashioned of the three books, is a comfort to any reader weary of the modern, big-city philosophical problems with which the Existentialists are preoccupied. "La Mèche," which could be either postwar or prewar in period, is laid in a small, unnamed town. It is a painful, careful analysis of a man-eating mother, who lets her love ruin the life, both single and married, of her insipid son. The tale is told by the unloved daughter, who finally rescues her wretched, pretty sister-in-law and takes her away, probably only to ruin her in turn. The writing is dry, with loops of finesse in style and imagination, and even though the book has been honored by one-third of a laurel wreath, it may not attract many readers. But it is, at least, a novel in which French people seem as alive as if the reader saw them walking down a street.

BORIS KOCHNO's Ballets des Champs-Elysées, now presenting its new repertory, offered one extraordinary première on its fashionable openino

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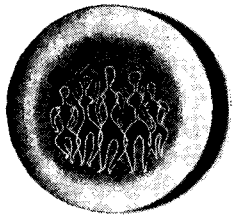

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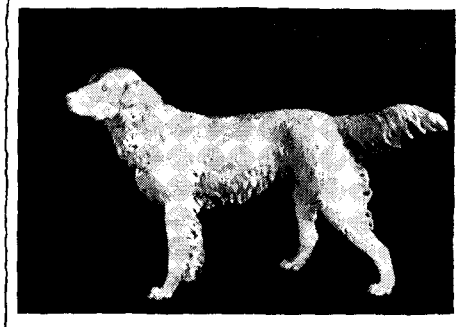
night—"La Rencontre ou Oedipe et la Sphinx," with choreography by Lichine, music by Sauguet, and décor by Christian Bérard. It is beautiful, fascinating, and peculiar, and the work of each of these artists deserves all three adjectives. The Bérard set is built around a red velvet aerial platform mounted on a pole, such as might be used by circus acrobats. On this platform, the Sphinx (Mlle. Leslie Caron, a talented newcomer) operates as an oracle in milk-white tights. To come down to earth and dally and dance with Oedipus (Jean Babilée, a sturdy young man dressed in sapling green), she descends a white rope ladder. As the ballet ends, she, in defeat, is hanging upside down by one leg from the ladder, which serves as her gibbet.

Another Kochno ballet, which will soon have its première, is "Masquerade Dances." The music is the romantic and long-forgotten "Thème et Variations Chromatiques," by Bizet. For this, the dancers will be dressed like opera singers—Juliette, Otello, Marguerite, and so on. Marcel Vertès has designed costumes of voluptuous elegance and wit for them. Perhaps the most literary is that of Don Juan, whose attire includes a great scarlet-silk wound pasted on his naked breast, over his sensitive, cynical heart.

ARMISTICE DAY was a bad, dark day, crepuscular with fog and black with bitterness and a little blood. Late in the afternoon, while the United Nations' famous experts on human rights were optimistically approving a declaration of man's right to free assemblage, a free assemblage of French citizens on the Champs-Elysées turned into a riot, with barricades, stone-throwing, cracked heads, and a few bullets from the police. The citizens in question represented Communist and *Communisant* organizations of veterans from both wars, of war cripples, of members of the Resistance, and of concentration-camp survivors, plus a few Marxist politicians, including a couple of Deputies. All were gathered to form a Left Wing contingent in the traditional memorial marcn to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The *bagarre* that broke up the parade began as a fight between police and paraders over whether the parade should start from the Georges V Métro station or the Franklin D. Roosevelt station. The Communists accommodatingly cast the first paving stone, but it was the riposting brutality of the police that shocked Paris. The riot was a perfect, harsh illustration of the class-war tension here—on one side the intelli-



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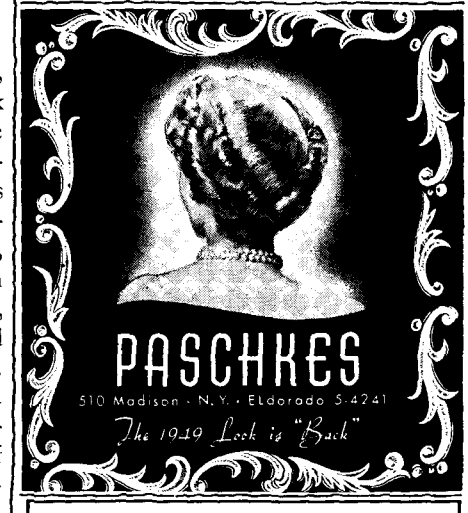

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gent, strategic violence of Communist militants, willing to risk a black eye for propaganda purposes, and on the other the professional repressive brutalities of a weak democratic government's police, increasingly willing to club out a few teeth for good measure.

Even more grimly unsuitable to Armistice Day was the news from the Anglo-Saxon commanders-in-chief in Berlin that Germany's Ruhr, with its lethal steel and coal, is to be handed back—at American and British insistence, once again—to the Germans, as soon as there is a freely elected German government. To the outraged French, it seems as if defeated Germany, with our help, had now won her second peace. President Auriol denounced the project in his Armistice Day speech. After her two bloody experiences with *l'arsenal du Ruhr*, France—with the shrill voice of a diminished power, who knows that her warnings are rarely listened to—has been demanding that the Ruhr be internationalized. She is carrying her protest to the current London Six-Power Conference, where her concern over her past wars may seem strange to her allies, who fear a new conflict from another quarter. Literally, the only conviction in which all French of all political parties are united is that a third armed, ambitious, modern Germany will be the end of France forever. Already, Parisians are bitterly prophesying that there will be no war—until Germany is strong enough to start it. —GENÊT

•

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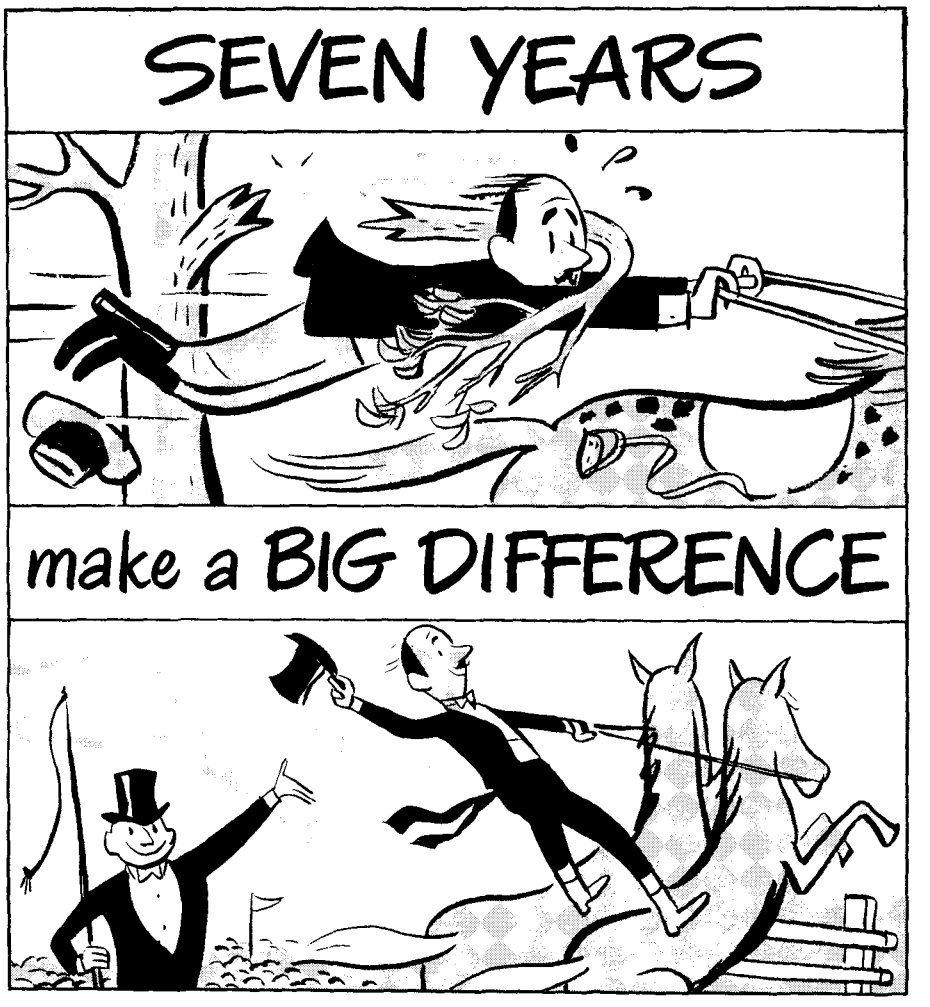
DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From Public Welfare, published by the American Public Welfare Association*]

The conductor had previously wired the Chicago Travelers Aid Society to meet Mrs. R. as she had been found under a dining-room table eating crumbs. Mrs. R. was a person who was not ready for a trans-continental trip.



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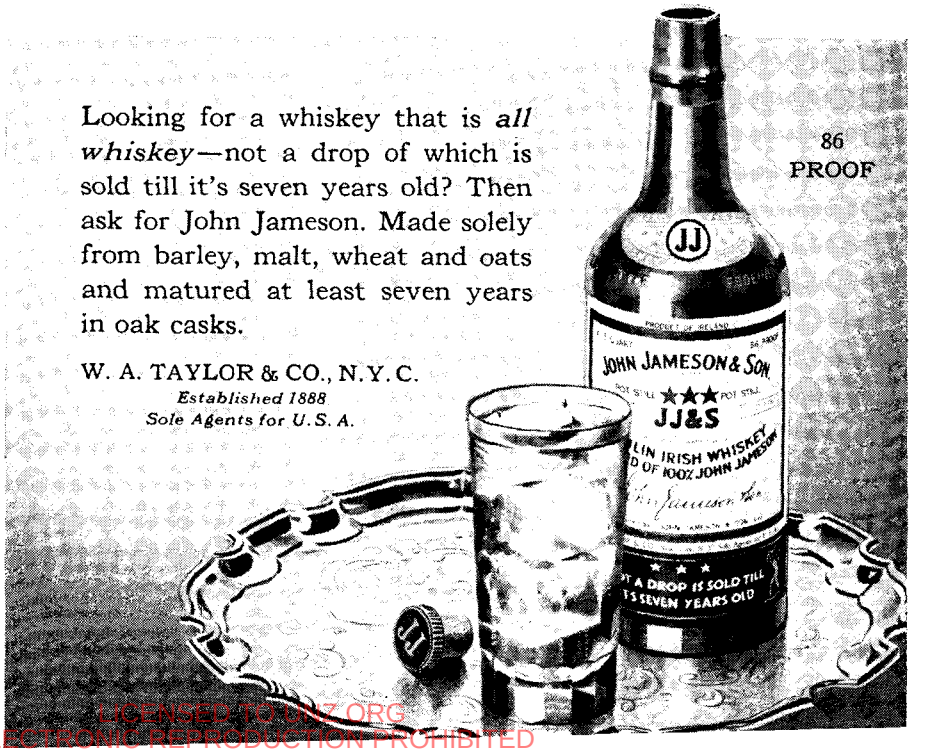

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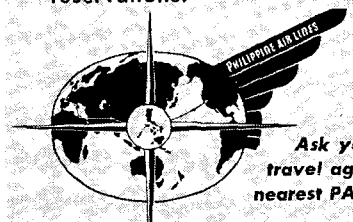

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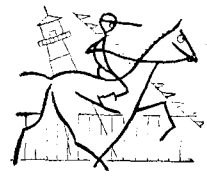

IT was pleasant to sit in the sun at Jamaica last week and watch the racing season on Long Island go out like a lamb. Of course, it would have been pleasanter if First Flight, this department's old flame, had won the New Rochelle Handicap, instead of finishing third. She looked as lovely as ever, wore bandages on only two ankles (a propitious sign; she usually has them on all four), got away well, and raced neck and neck with Buzfuz for most of the six furlongs, but in the last stride or two Miss Disco scooted past both of them. Miss Disco paid a $15.60 mutuel, which delighted various bright-eyed citizens who had watched her training and had backed her as a good thing. Now, no doubt, she'll be tapped for Santa Anita. Apparently, so many stables want to race there this winter that the track management can, and does, pick the horses it wants. When Jake Byer, who trains Miss Disco, asked for stable room, he was told that she would have to do something first. Well, she did.

I suspect that the New Rochelle was First Flight's final appearance on a racecourse. She'll be five next year and less likely than ever to recapture the flair she had at two, when she was the best of her age. Her retirement will be all right with me; I hate to see her beaten. Besides, it will be interesting to follow the progress of her foals.

C. V. Whitney, who owns First Flight, brought off a double, with Mother and Fusscat, in races earlier in the afternoon. I fancy that lots of people are going to whoop up Fusscat as something to remember for the three-year-old classics next spring, because of the handy way he won at a mile and a sixteenth—and, for all I know, he may be. Fusscat is Mother's half brother (both are children of Fuss Budget, who was once Whitney's best polo pony), and he runs exactly like her; that is, he leaves the starting gate slowly, takes a long time to get into his stride, and then finishes with a great burst of speed. Pretty spectacular, but his backers have palpitations while he's doing it.

THERE'S hardly any reason to dwell on the past season at this point. It lasted a hundred and ninety-

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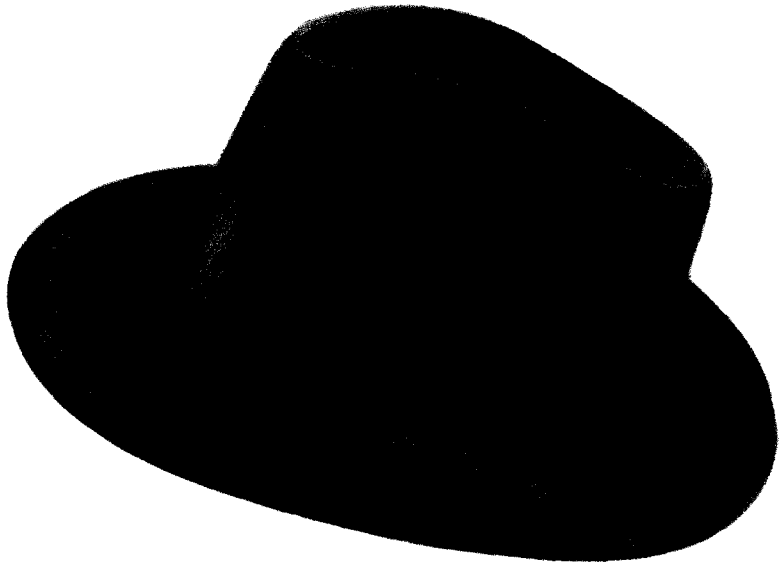

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six days and was the longest New York has ever had, but, actually, it was almost a one-horse year—Citation's. I must say that I guessed wrong about the betting, which I thought would be at least ten per cent off. It wasn't; a total of $333,028,308 was bet this year, as compared to $352,624,464 in 1947. Still, that's much less than was bet in 1945, when horseplayers bravely tossed $450,663,190 into the tote. Frankly, I don't agree with the Racing Association, which attributes the decline entirely to the city's five-per-cent extra tax on the handle. At Roosevelt Raceway, where the tax is also in operation, $88,491,899 was bet this year—$26,551,521 more than in 1947—and attendance increased half a million. Jamaica and Aqueduct (and Empire City, which I suppose will use the Jamaica track again next year) might try putting on better shows, even if they don't improve their stands and grounds. I wouldn't be surprised then if the betting and attendance figures went up again.

I would like to be able to report how many fortunes were made at the pari-mutuels this season, but the only person with whom I discussed the matter was Colonel Martingale. "I can't say that I made any money," he told me, "but I had some wonderful opportunities."

As for Bowie, the Endurance Handicap will be run there on Thanksgiving Day, and the meeting will close on Saturday, with the Bryan & O'Hara Handicap. The other afternoon, the track's daily double paid, as everybody knows, $2,942.80 for a two-dollar ticket. There were eleven winners; one, a woman, said that she had picked the horses after noticing two significant-looking numbers marked on a telegraph pole she passed on her way to the track. From past experience with the daily double, I venture to say that her method of selection was no more flamboyant than some that will be employed in these parts next year, when this form of guessing game is revived at the local tracks. . . . Citation arrived last week at Tanforan, Gene Mori's track, near San Francisco, where he will run in a fifty-thousand-dollar race on December 11th. Then he'll go to Santa Anita for the hundred-thousand-dollar Maturity Stakes, on January 29th. "To him that hath . . ." —Audax Minor

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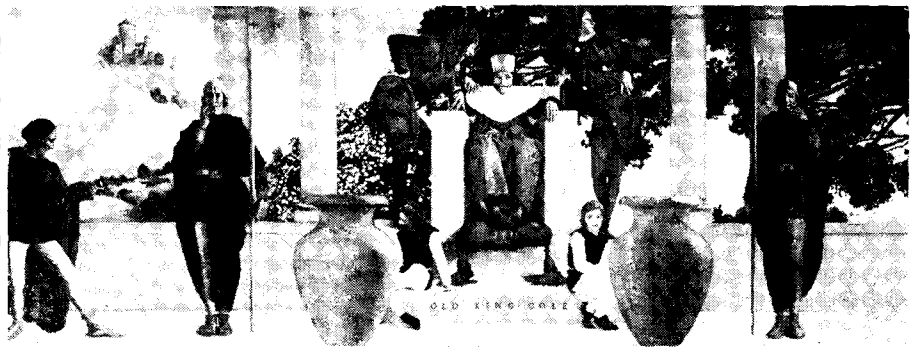
—*Vallejo (Calif.) Times-Herald.*

Gee, they're getting warm.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Instrumental Novelties

THE program of music for two pianos played at Town Hall last week by Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale consisted, with one exception, of first performances of works written within the past three years for the Messrs. Gold and Fizdale. The presentation of so large a collection of custom-composed two-piano music may be a record for the statistical books, but it is probably more important to note that all these innovations were enjoyable listening and that a big audience made a cheerful ado about them. The most elaborate entry was the only one that called for the services of auxiliaries—Paul Bowles' Concerto for Two Pianos, Winds, and Percussion (and, on this occasion, for a conductor, Lukas Foss, who hit the final drumbeat himself, on a snare drum placed within easy striking distance of his platform). Mr. Bowles' concerto was devoted mostly to bright rhythms, ingeniously devised and orchestrated, and melodies that floated about engagingly. The performance, under Mr. Foss's alert direction, was an exhibition of musicianly teamwork and artistry, and so was the playing of the two pianists throughout their concert.

For pianos only, there was a "Sonate," by Marcelle de Manziarly, which began a trifle sternly but soon developed plenty of charm; Vittorio Rieti's "Suite Champêtre," in which gay tunes were skillfully sent romping across the keyboards (a few of them romped just a little too long); and Darius Milhaud's "Carnaval à la Nouvelle-Orléans," a set of four neatly kaleidoscopic sketches, with touches of what might be called Nouvelle-Orléans bounce. Germaine Tailleferre contributed a miniature "Valse Lente," a wisp of a waltz that may have rather an extensive career when the romantic dance bands find it.

The non-novelty of the evening was Mozart's D-major sonata for two pianos. I wondered whether, by any chance, this, too, had been written especially for someone, and, looking into the matter, discovered that, according to the composer's letters, it was written for his pupil Josephine Aurnhammer to play at

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a concert in November, 1781, with Mozart at the other piano.

NEW violin music presented last week included a Concerto in G Major by Sol Kaplan, introduced at the Town Hall program of the Little Orchestra Society, with Thomas K. Scherman conducting and Philip Frank appearing as soloist. This concerto, which was written five years ago, when the composer was in his early twenties, seemed to me to be a restless, overcrowded work, full of ideas and moods, but one that nevertheless marks Mr. Kaplan as an extremely well-equipped musician. Mr. Frank played the difficult solo part brilliantly, and Mr. Scherman was expert at coördinating the orchestral performance. A more venerable newcomer was the early-eighteenth-century cantata "Contrasti Crudeli Risposta," by Pergolesi. This has enough invention and energy to make it a worthwhile musical experience and a valuable piece of research. The tenor solo was sung forcefully by Richard Tucker, who also sang excerpts from Haydn and Handel, and drew a big ovation for his projection of Handel's "Sound an Alarm," in which he delivered the taxing high notes with ease and power.

Frances Magnes, at a Carnegie Hall recital, gave the first performance anywhere of a new sonata for solo violin by Tibor Serly, "*in modus lascivus*," and demonstrated this unusual work, which makes extraordinary demands on the performer, with beautiful tone, sure technique, and exactly the rhapsodic style that it needs. "*Modus lascivus*" doesn't mean anything scandalous in musical circles, by the way; it is one way of referring to the scale of C. There was a scholarly discussion of the subject in the program, but the music made itself clear without footnotes and was absorbing even for those of us who aren't always enthusiastic about unaccompanied violin music. A few bits of curtailing would help, though, to heighten its interest even more. Miss Magnes, who received excellent coöperation from Erich Itor-Kahn, at the piano, also presented some more familiar material, from the violin-and-piano repertory, and her playing was notable for its artistic sensibility and vitality.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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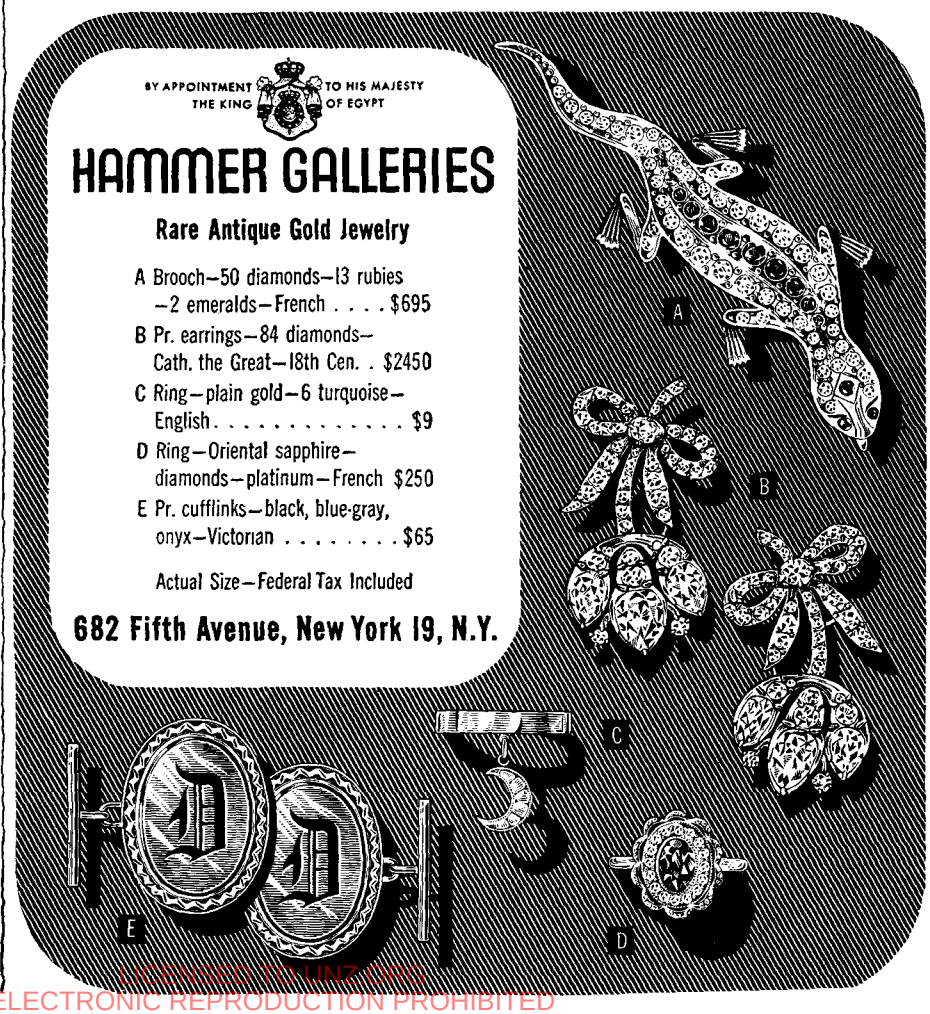

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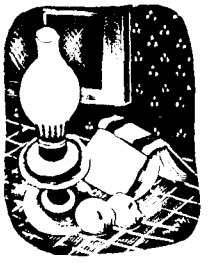
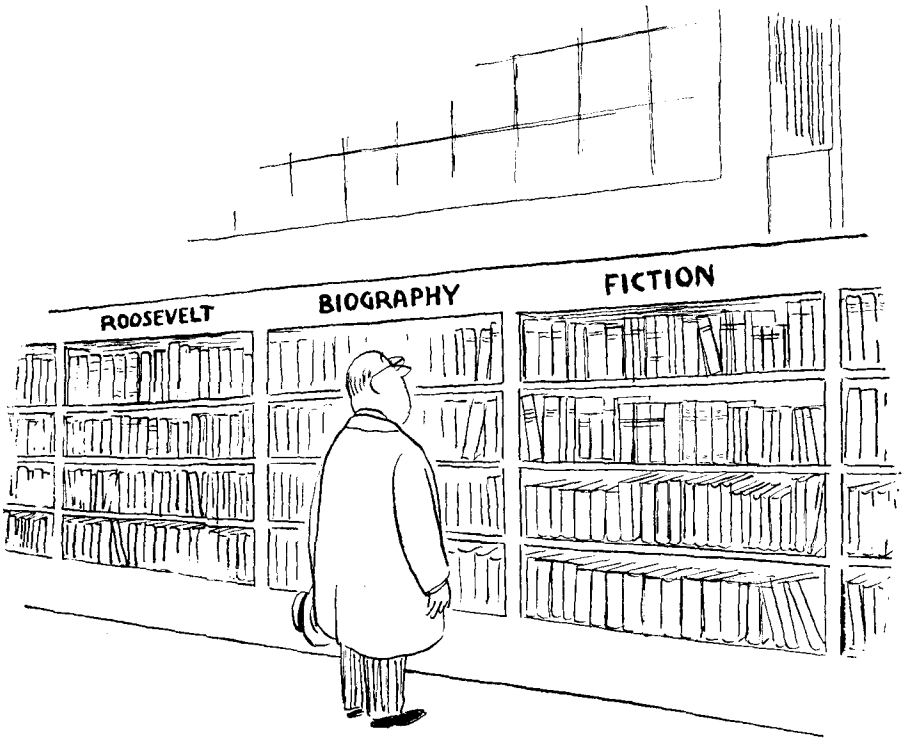
BOOKS

"No! No! No! My Soul An't Yours, Mas'r!"



"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has now been brought out in the Modern Library series (Random House), with a preface by Raymond Weaver. The publishers explain on the jacket that they have had many requests to reprint the book, the complete text of which had apparently been unavailable. It is a curious anomaly of our literature that this famous American novel, which seems to have been read in youth by almost every educated Frenchman, German, Italian, Spaniard, and Russian of the generations now over forty, should have been left in neglect in the United States since the period of its great popularity. There is a very good reason for this, which has nothing to do with the merits of the book. Once the Civil War was over, people did not care to read serious books about its causes and consequences. The Northerners were glad to forget the war, and they did not like to be reminded of the tragedy of Southern society. The Southerners wanted nothing so little as a realistic picture of this society. When George W. Cable of New Orleans set out to dramatize in fiction the situations created in the South by slavery and the mixture of blood, his townspeople became so indignant that he was obliged to go to live in the North, where he discovered that the Northern public were hardly more encouraging than the Southerners to his interest in social problems, and demanded of him only the "atmosphere" of such stories as "Old Creole Days," which could be turned into illustrated editions appropriate for the Christmas trade. I know a man from South Carolina who tells me that he was made to swear at school, holding up his right hand, that he would never read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There was a general understanding both North and South that the book would be ignored and forgotten. The characters still remained bywords, and up through the first decade, at least, of this century the more melodramatic elements of the play continued to be exploited by "Tom shows." But these were on the crudest level, and few young people, by the nineteen-hundreds, had any very clear idea of what was really in Mrs. Stowe's book. It could not be read in schools, and it had even disappeared from the home. One might grow up in the United States and never see a copy of the novel.

To come to "Uncle Tom" for the first time today may, therefore, be a startling experience. It is a much more remarkable book than one had ever been allowed to suspect. Out of a background of undistinguished narrative, carelessly written and not even quite literate, the characters spring to life with a vitality that is all the more striking for the dullness of the prose that presents them. These characters, as in Dickens, express themselves a great deal better than the author expresses herself. Mrs. Stowe had something like a conviction that her book had been written by God, that some power beyond herself had laid hold of her as a medium for its message; and this is actually more or less the impression that the novel produces on the reader. The Shelbys and George and Eliza and Aunt Chloe and Uncle Tom seem to project themselves out of a void. They come before us, arguing and struggling, like real people that cannot be quiet; and the truth is that in one real sense "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did write itself. In the author's long introduction (unfortunately omitted from this edition), she tells of the oppressive silence which hung over the whole question of slavery before she wrote her book: "It was a general saying among conservative and sagacious people that this subject was a dangerous one to investigate, and that nobody could begin to read and think upon it without becoming practically insane; moreover, that it was a subject of such delicacy that no discussion of it could be held in the free states without impinging upon the sensibilities of the slave states, to whom alone the management of the matter belonged." Mrs. Stowe had lived for years in Cincinnati, and she had felt the strain of the unsettled problem; she was the daughter of a preacher and the sister of six preachers, and she was married to a professor of theology. One day when she was taking communion in church, the death of Uncle Tom appeared to her "almost as a tangible vision," and, scarcely able to restrain her emotion, she went home and wrote it down. The rest of the story "rushed upon her with a vividness and importunity that would not be denied," and she poured it out late in the evenings, when the demands of the household had been dealt with. The eruptive effect of the book, as of a throbbing and breathing creation suddenly turned loose on the world, is undoubtedly due to the dams of outward and inward discretion behind which its passionate force had been



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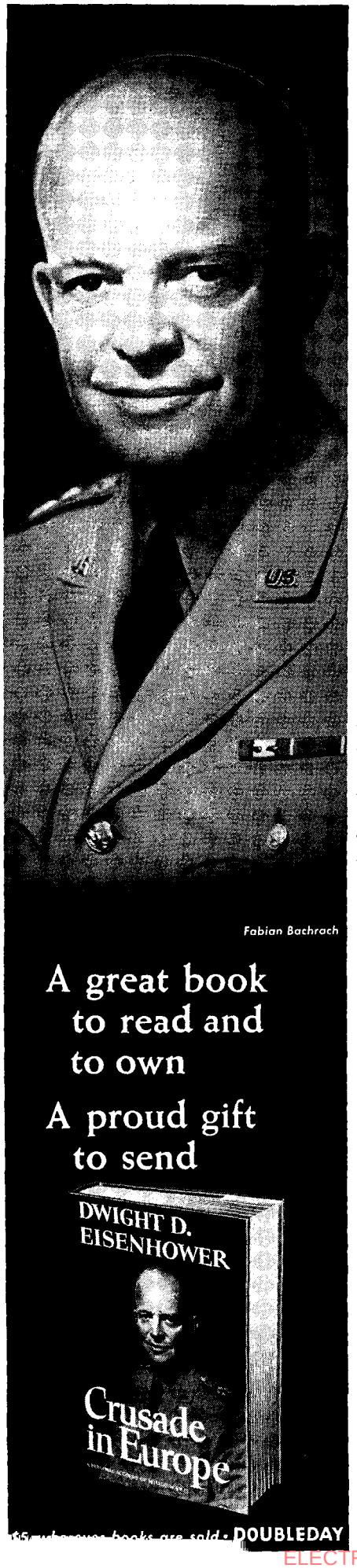

brimming and through which it had had to burst.

YET it is not, with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," merely a question of generous emotion or of lively imagination. As we read on, we become aware that the author has a critical mind, which has seized the complex situation and which is ruling and coördinating her characters, no matter how vehement they are. Though there is much that is exciting in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it is never cheap melodrama of the kind that we get in the play; and though there is a good deal of old-fashioned religion and a couple of Dickensian death scenes, there is very much less sentimentality than the stage version might lead us to expect. We come to recognize, at work in the book, a first-rate modern social intelligence, not unworthy to be compared with that of Bernard Shaw in "Major Barbara" or E. M. Forster in "A Passage to India."

It is surprising, for example, to discover that the novel is by no means an indictment drawn up by the North against the South. On the contrary, the author has been careful to contrive the story in such a way that the Southern states and New England shall be shown as involved to an equal degree in the exploitation of the Negroes and the crimes committed against them, and that the emphasis shall all be laid on the impossibility of slavery as an enduring institution. If anything, it is the New Englanders who take the onus of responsibility, for St. Clare and Miss Ophelia, apparently such typical representatives of Louisiana and Vermont, respectively, are first cousins, the children of two New England brothers, both of them "upright, energetic, noble-minded, with an iron will," one of whom had "settled down in New England, to rule over rocks and stones, and to force an existence out of Nature," while the other had "settled in Louisiana, to rule over men and women, and force existence out of them." The difference between the two cousins is, then, chiefly a difference of habitat: the difference between the effects of a community where you have to do things for yourself and those of one in which everything is done for you. (The description of Miss Ophelia's Sisyphean efforts to bring system into the St. Clare household is one of the best things in the book—especially the scenes in the kitchen, where she is faced with the chaotic resources out of which the magnificent meals are produced.) And Simon Legree, the most sinister figure—he is a

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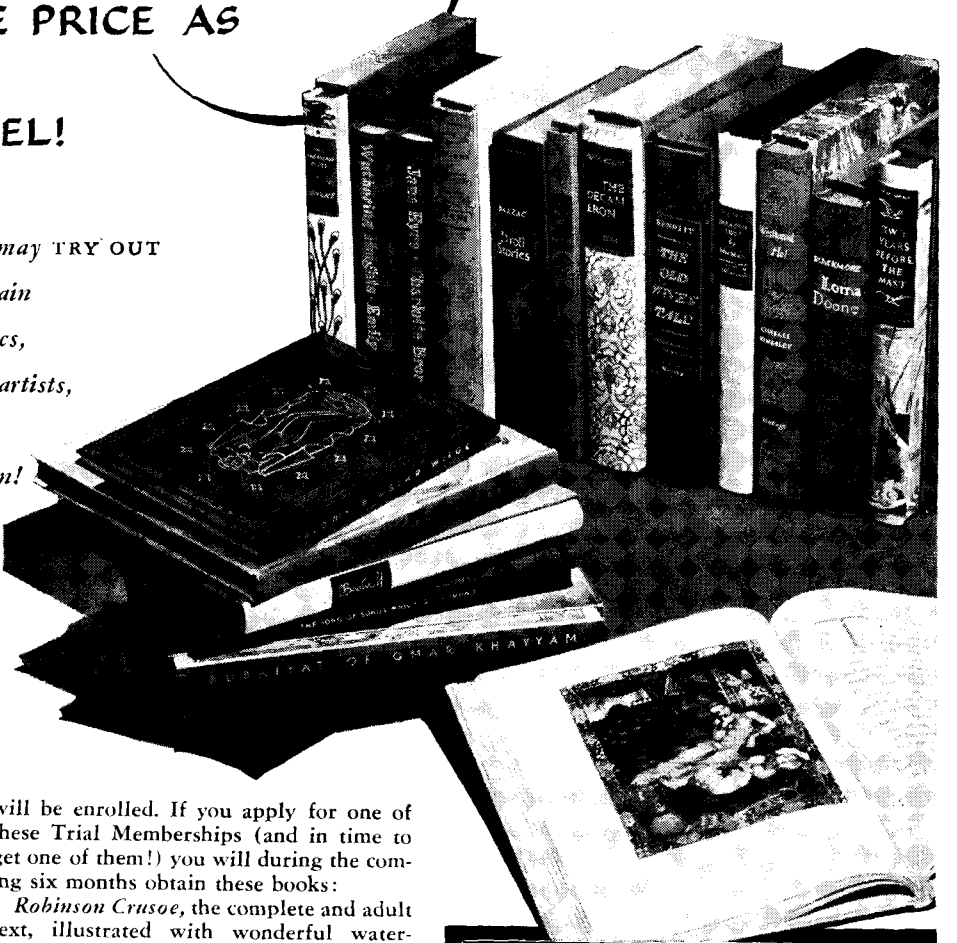

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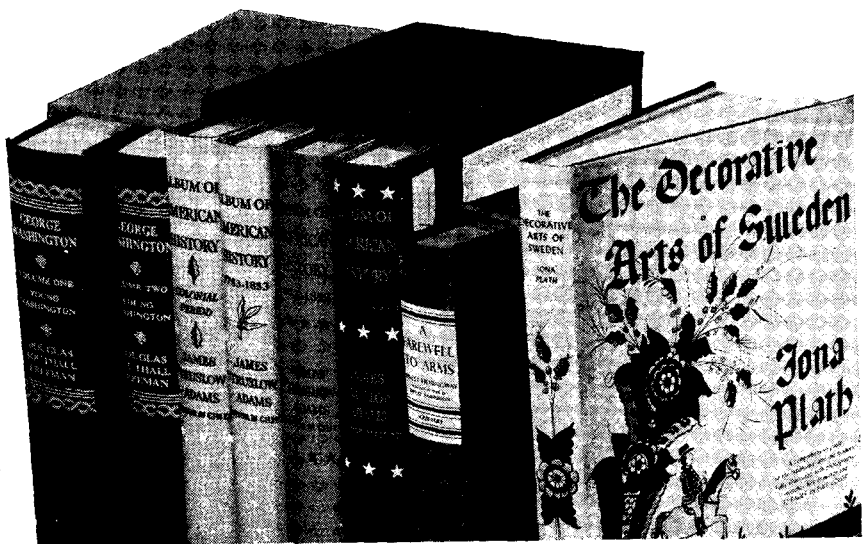

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plantation owner in the novel, not an overseer, as in the play—is not a Southerner but a New Englander, too.

The point is that Mrs. Stowe has been working entirely in the light of the American ideal that was flourishing before the Civil War. Her book is not sectional but national. It is not an attack on the South or a glorification of the North. It assumes the integrity of a country in which every sound man and woman is consecrated to the successful carrying-out of an unprecedented project of republicanism and democratic society; and it tries to show how Negro slavery must disrupt and degrade this common ideal, tempting the North to the indifference and ignorance that encourage inhuman brutality, and demoralizing the South with too much luxury and too much leisure. For Mrs. Stowe, too, the American State had been founded in the name of the Christian God, and she could not accept a practice which did such violence to Christian teaching. One of the strongest things in the book is the character of Uncle Tom—another value which has been perverted and made ridiculous by the vogue of the play. Among the white characters, not one of the groups (with the possible exception of the Quakers) is living in obedience to the principles of the religion which they all profess. It is only the black Uncle Tom who has taken the white man's religion seriously and who attempts to live up to it literally. The sharp irony, as well as the pathos, is that the reward that he wins from the Christians is to be exiled, robbed of his family, tormented, imprisoned, and done to death.

Another feature of the stage melodrama that gives a quite false idea of the novel and fails to do it justice is the unity of scene imposed. The play had to bring most of the action to the plantation of the St. Clares, but the novel has a dif-

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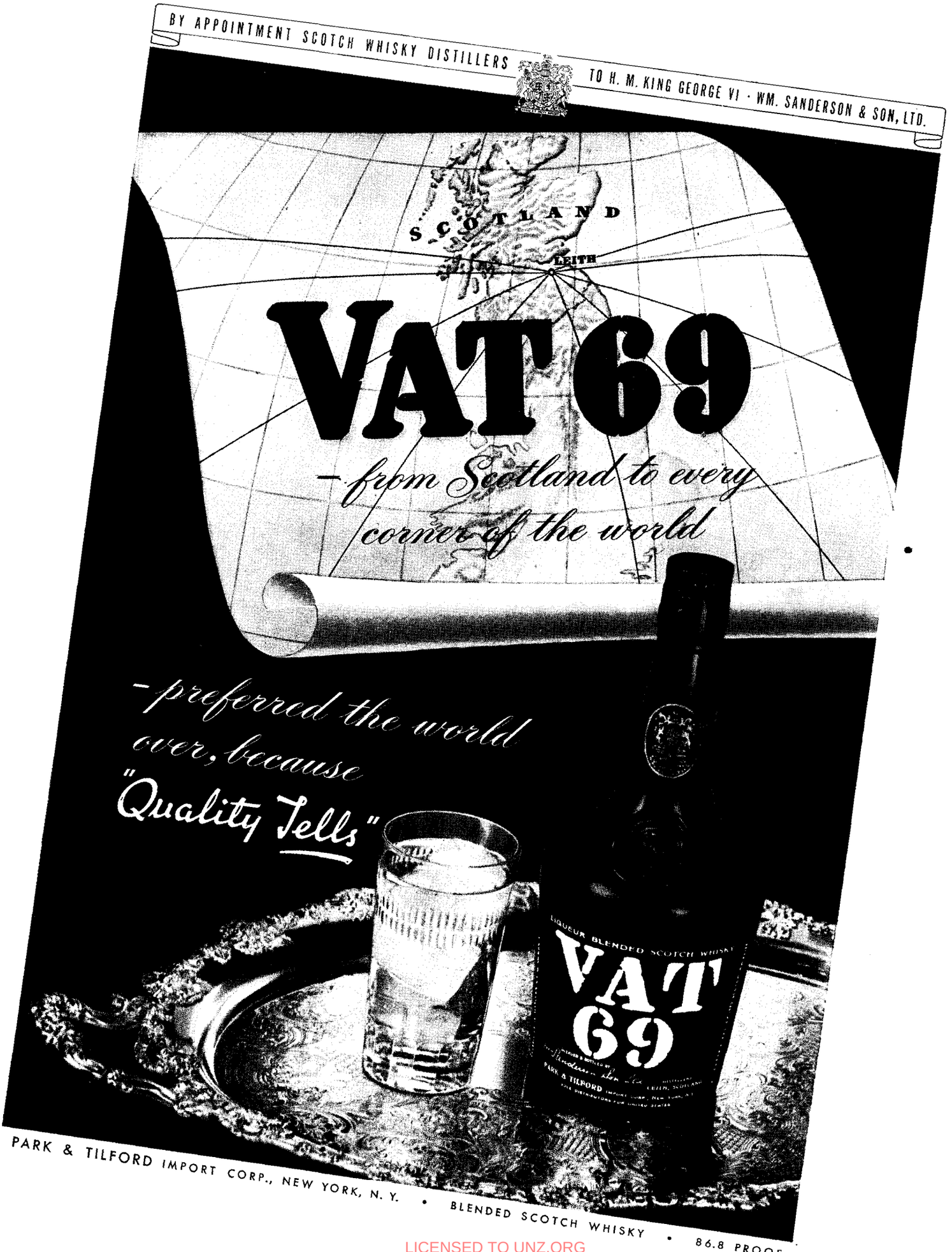

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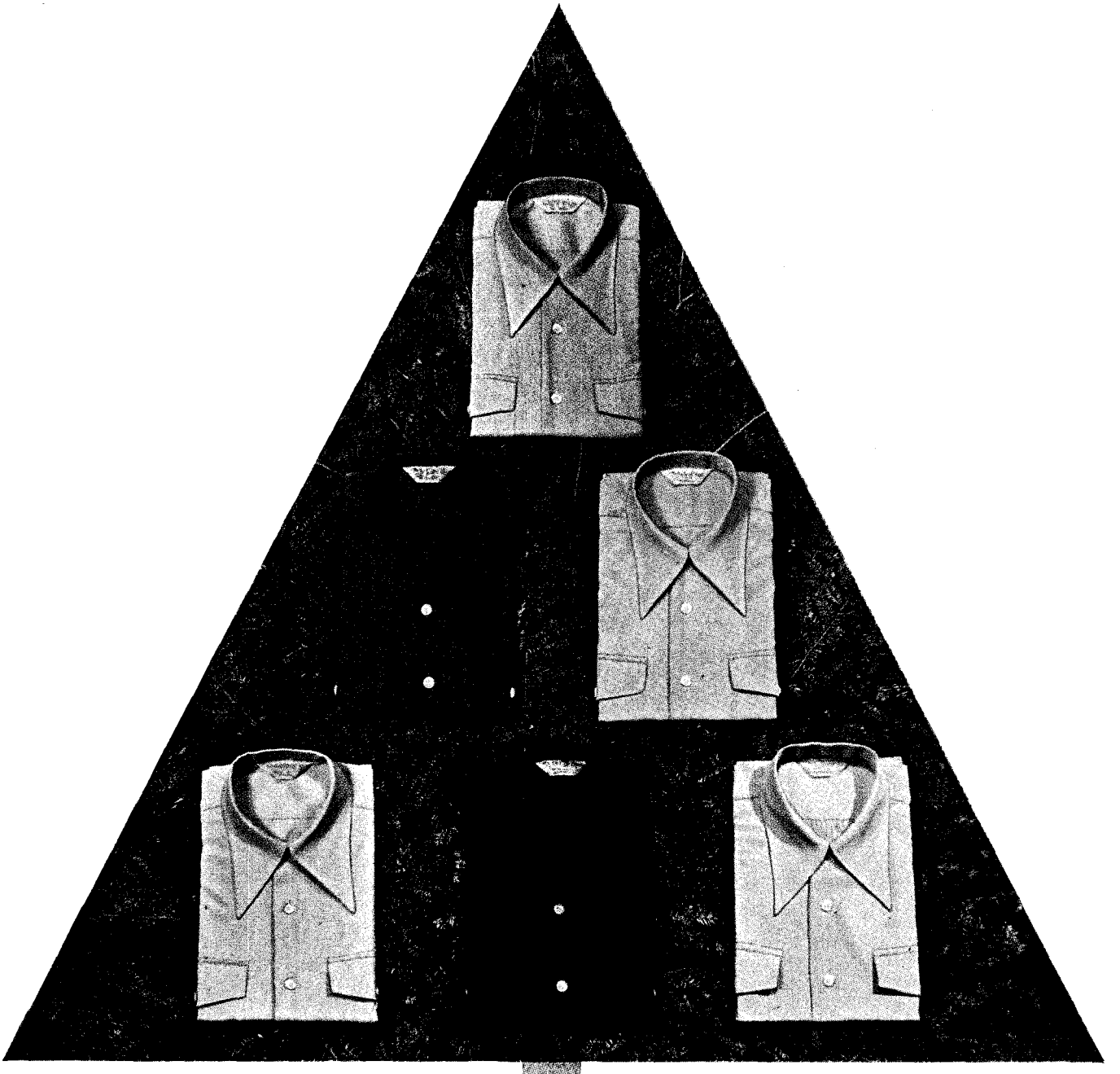

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ferent pattern. The Negro characters, like the traveller of Gogol's "Dead Souls," are involved in a series of wanderings which progressively reveal a whole civilization. One of the main sources of interest, as in Gogol, is the variety of the Southern households which we visit one after the other: first, the bourgeois Kentuckian Shelbys, decent and kindly, but conventional and attached to their comfort; then the homelier Ohio Quakers, with their kitchen-centered life and their piety; then the St. Clares in their villa on Lake Pontchartrain—their laziness and wastefulness and charm, the family languishing away with real and imaginary illness, with bad conscience, baffled affections, and unsatisfied longings; then, finally—in the lowest circle—the nightmarish plantation of Simon Legree, among the black moss and broken stumps of the muddy Red River, with its imprisoned population and its envenomed internal relations. The creator of this sequence, and its interconnecting incidents of river boat, tavern, and slave market, was no contemptible novelist. Even Henry James was obliged to pay her his tribute when, in "A Small Boy and Others," he spoke of a performance of the play as a thrilling "aesthetic adventure," which had awakened in childhood his critical sense, and says that the novel constitutes a perhaps unique literary case of a book which has made its impression without ever having concerned itself with literary problems, "as if a fish, a wonderful 'leaping' fish, had simply flown through the air."

IT is a good thing to have the book made accessible. If you have never yet read it, you should. If you have children of any age from, say, seven up, try reading it aloud to them some summer. I predict, from my own experience, that they will listen with fascination, and that the story will fix in their minds living symbols that will help them to understand a part of the history of the United States. —EDMUND WILSON

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THE CUNNINGHAMS, by David Ballantyne (Vanguard). A study of working-class life in New Zealand, which reveals that that remote and seemingly idyllic dominion has picked up most of the tinnier fetishes of our own juke-box culture. The setting is a fairly small hinterland city during the mid-thirties, and the principal figures are a dying veteran of the first

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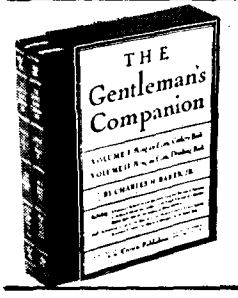

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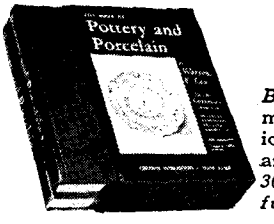

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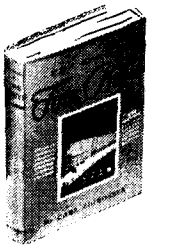

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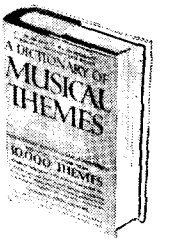

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World War, his philandering wife, and their adolescent son. The son's hesitant approach to adulthood is dealt with at some length, though in terms that are by now quite familiar, and the flatness of the family's existence and the interplay of their characters are shown with clarity. Mr. Ballantyne writes smoothly and at times sensitively, but he too often favors the sort of side-of-the-mouth prose that James T. Farrell explored to its limits some while ago.

BIRTHDAY PARTY, by A. A. Milne (Dutton). New indications of the versatility of the creator of Winnie-the-Pooh, set forth in a group of short stories that run through the literary spectrum from fantasy to murder detection. Among the fifteen pieces, there are a couple of highly apocryphal anecdotes about such historical personages as King David and Hannibal, two or three cleverly involved criminal cases, and some glimpses of Britain's harried middle class. The title story is perhaps the least satisfactory of the lot. Mr. Milne writes in the old, straightforward English tradition, with slight regard for modern stylistic or structural conventions, and is in no wise ashamed of occasional patches of kittenish humor or of some very trick contrivances of plot.

THE HEARTH AND EAGLE, by Anya Seton (Houghton Mifflin). Another heavy-laden argosy out of a New England harbor, with a bone in its teeth and its bowsprit pointed approximately toward Hollywood. The port whose history and population are used as background in this instance is Marblehead, Massachusetts, which the author's heroine, Hesper Honeywood, watches decline from its early-nineteenth-century preëminence as a fishing port, through the degradations of shoe manufacturing, until it finally emerges as a summer colony for well-to-do Bostonians. The most authentic-sounding chapters are those harking back to the troubles of the earliest settlers, one of Hesper's forebears among them, after their arrival from England. For the rest, Miss Honeywood is dragged through a series of troubled love affairs and marriages before she ultimately settles down to the joys of her ancestral fireside. Not particularly well documented, but with an ample quota of plot.

KISSING KIN, by Elswyth Thane (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Although billed by its publishers as the fifth of

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Miss Thane's "Williamsburg books"—the others have traced the history of an old Virginia family from Revolutionary times—this volume for the most part detours widely around that Colonial shrine to pursue a group of well-bred Britons and Americans through Europe during the first World War and its aftermath; the only strong link with Williamsburg is the heroine, who is a member of Miss Thane's previously exploited Virginia family. The author shuttles purposefully back and forth among English country estates, battle zones, and Continental spas, weaving in a fair amount of depressing political hindsight and dealing competently with several pairs of star-crossed lovers as well as with the general emotional trauma that afflicted Europe in those years.

CRUNCH AND DES: STORIES OF FLORIDA FISHING, by Philip Wylie (Rinehart). The author of "Generation of Vipers" and "An Essay on Morals" in a considerably less righteous and vituperative mood. This book contains eight short stories and one long one about deep-sea fishing around Miami and the Florida Keys, handled knowledgeably and with more concern for excitement and authenticity than for literary nuances. The results should please followers of the sport.

GENERAL

CRUSADE IN EUROPE, by Dwight D. Eisenhower (Doubleday). General Eisenhower's chronological and inevitably interesting account of the war, written with frankness and modesty. The book contains few surprises, but it does touch upon many controversial topics, and in discussing some of them—such as the Anzio landings, which Eisenhower opposed and Churchill championed, and the personal characteristics of some exalted Allied personnel—there is the distinct noise of things being left unsaid. In dealing with his own role, the General acknowledges his errors, among them bringing Peyrouton in to govern Algeria, and imposing censorship during the North African campaign. There is little speculation in the book, but the author does puzzle over Churchill's eagerness to attack Germany through the Balkans and his "coldness" to Operation Overlord (the invasion of France), and he hazards some retrospective guesses about Russian motives in the early days of the occupation of Ger-

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books first appeared in this magazine.)

The Beast in Me and Other Animals, by James Thurber (*Harcourt, Brace, $3*).

The latest assortment of fauna from Mr. Thurber's private preserve, including his "New Natural History" and a wide array of other recent articles, stories, and drawings. There are, for instance, a couple of sharp pokes at Henry James's prose style, and "Soapland," the author's exhaustive survey of the dreary daytime radio landscape. Several pieces Mr. Thurber wrote for the Talk of the Town department in the twenties and thirties are also included.

The Best of Clarence Day (*Knopf, $3.75*).

A satisfying compendium of Mr. Day's prose and art. All the "Father" and "Mother" pieces are here, as well as "This Simian World"—some piercing and unhopeful reflections on man's evolution and whether it has served any useful purpose—and "Thoughts Without Words," a series of illustrated verses that point up some of the more terrible human dilemmas.

Old Mr. Flood, by Joseph Mitchell (*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2*).

Three pungent studies of a number of the rarer inhabitants of the Fulton Fish Market area, by the author of "McSorley's Wonderful Saloon." The central figure is, of course, the wry and intractable Mr. Flood, whose devotion to the virtues of sea food is equalled only by his store of folk wisdom.

It Gives Me Great Pleasure, by Emily Kimbrough (*Dodd, Mead, $2.50*).

Twelve accounts of the manifold perils the author has run into on, and en route between, lecture platforms around the country. Definitive pictures of Miss Kimbrough's travails with clubwomen and others have been supplied by Helen E. Hokinson.

Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief, by Robert Lewis Taylor (*Doubleday, $3*).

This collection of Mr. Taylor's lively prose consists mostly of sketches of people in and out of the public eye, ranging geographically from the Solomon Islands to the Arctic Circle and vocationally from a king to a streetcar motorman. The book also includes several short stories, two of them not previously published.

The House Without a Roof, by Joel Sayre (*Farrar, Straus, $2.75*).

A long look behind the rubble of Berlin, brought into focus by the author's interrogation of a German family, which gives, perhaps for the first time, a comprehensive view of what life was like there during the war years. The family's struggles against the malefactions of the Nazis and the terrors of Allied bombings make a tense and absorbing narrative.

When Were You Built?, by Helen E. Hokinson (*Dutton, $2.75*).

A new gallery of Miss Hokinson's well-bred ladies, most of them, as usual, vaguely perturbed by some minute crisis, but all doing their redoubtable best.

Early Tales of the Atomic Age, by Daniel Lang (*Doubleday, $2.75*).

Intricacies of the post-Hiroshima world, made more lucid, if not less frightening, by Mr. Lang's straightforward reporting. He has covered the doings of atomic scientists and others, in kindred fields, who have been working on lethal surprises for mankind. Introduction by Carl Van Doren.

That's Me All Over, by Cornelia Otis Skinner (*Dodd, Mead, $3.50*).

An anthology of Miss Skinner's sprightly reflections on numerous contretemps she has encountered over the past twenty-odd years. Favorites from four previous volumes are included. Decorations by Alajálov.

Sweet and Sour, by Joseph Wechsberg (*Houghton Mifflin, $2.75*).

Memories of Europe between the two World Wars, mostly tending to prove that although life there may not always have been of the abundant sort, it was seldom dull. Stories on such subjects as the claque at the Vienna Opera and the perennial bureaucrat who finally migrated to Washington will be remembered from these pages.

I Never Saw an Arab Like Him, by James Maxwell (*Houghton Mifflin, $2.50*).

A series of perceptive stories dealing with intrigues and personal frictions on and around a Tripolitanian air base at which the author was stationed during the war, usually finding himself occupied with the mediation of differences between various Arabs, Jews, Italians, British, and Americans.

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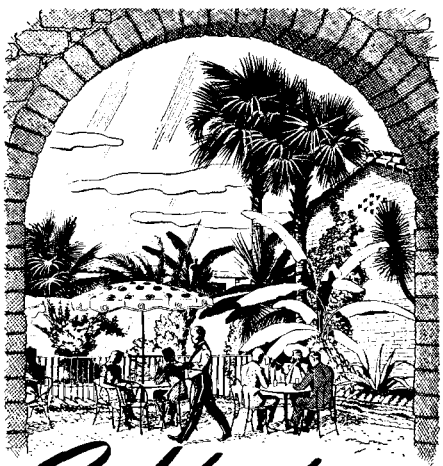

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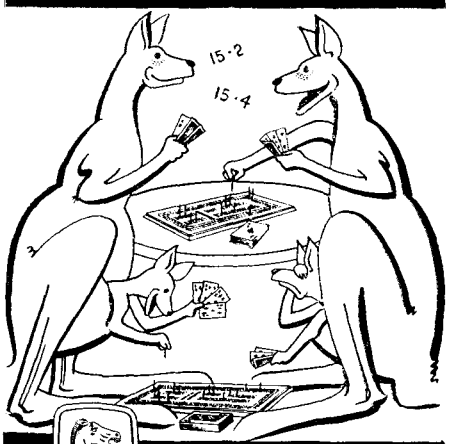
many. The General expresses himself so simply and makes the successful running of a war sound so easy that a reader might be reminded of Herbert Spencer's definition of genius as "an ability to do with little trouble that which cannot be done by the ordinary man with any amount of trouble."

THE LINCOLN PAPERS, by David C. Mearns (Doubleday). As is pretty well known by now, the news about Robert Todd Lincoln's collection of his father's papers is that there is not very much in them. In this two-volume study of what *is* in them, Mr. Mearns, the Director of the Reference Department of the Library of Congress, tells the story of the young Lincoln's odd and ultimately pointless custodianship of the collection—he seems rather like a resolute dog standing guard over a wastebasket—and reprints a great many of the papers. These, the author says, are representative of the whole collection; they range from letters from Lincoln's colleagues congratulating him on winning the Presidency to telegrams from cranks and notes from strangers asking for locks of his hair, counselling him to beware of poison or to grow a beard, and so on. One, addressed to "honest old uncle Abe the Rail Spliter," is from a little girl who simply asks Lincoln to send her a "presand."

ENGLISH FOLK-HEROES, by Christina Hole (Batsford). An interesting, pleasantly written explanation of what it takes to become an English folk hero, supported by references to the lives, as far as they are known, of Saint George, King Arthur, Robin Hood, Saint Thomas à Becket, and others who made the grade. The requirements for the position have varied in accordance with the mass aspirations of each age, Miss Hole says, but the English have mostly preferred their folk heroes to be highborn, brave, actively concerned about the welfare of the lower orders, and on the outs with the party in power. Merchants, she remarks, no matter how intrepid and well meaning, need not apply. Excellent woodcuts by Eric King.

GAUDY CENTURY, by John Bruce (Random House). The city editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle* glances back over the history—1847 to the present—of San Francisco journalism and finds it rough but generally admirable. In support of this conclusion, Mr. Bruce

Everyone's playing Cribbage



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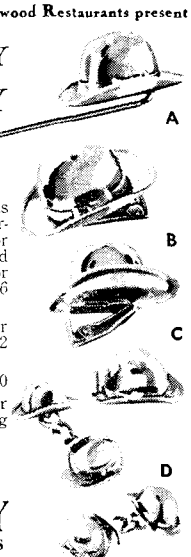

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offers us, in brisk and readable prose, portraits of some of San Francisco's most talented journalists, among them Henry George, Bret Harte, Ambrose Bierce, and Fremont Older, having their say about the great issues of their times and defending themselves, with their coats off when necessary, against those of their readers who begged to differ. Introduction by Joseph Henry Jackson.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE SINCE THE REVOLUTION, edited by Joshua Kunitz (Boni & Gaer). A survey course in modern Russian writing, as it is exemplified in short stories, poems, news reporting, and a full-length novel—Alexander Fadeyev's "The Nineteen," a vivid tale of Red partisans fighting the Japanese, which has the same vitality and realism as the best Soviet motion pictures. The book is laid out so that the reader can follow the development of Soviet writing from the post-revolutionary days of literary chaos and nihilism, through the middle years of creative ferment and artistic fruitfulness, to the present doldrums, which are marked by smooth craftsmanship and the docile acceptance of a single idea. Mr. Kunitz has written a helpful general introduction, and an explanatory preface to each section of the book.

THE CITY AND THE TSAR, by Harold Lamb (Doubleday). Another of Mr. Lamb's competently presented historical tableaux, this time dealing with Peter the Great and the Russians' first awareness of the Western world. Peter is portrayed as a gigantic (he was six feet eight inches tall), customarily besotted brute who had the mind of an active and destructive boy, and who differed from his contemporary compatriots

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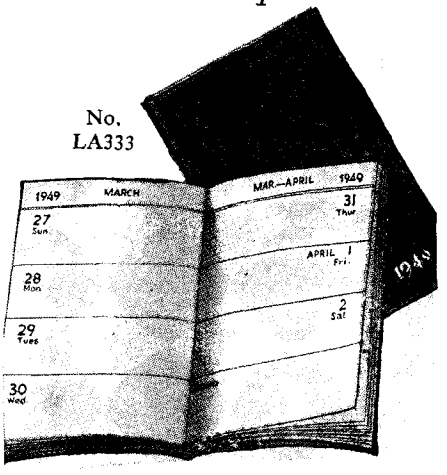

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mainly in that he had the wit to appreciate the extent of his own ignorance. Mr. Lamb shows how, by torture, murder, and the use of new techniques of war and peace, Peter created an empire out of the formless mass known as Rus and drew the first plans for the Russian state set up by his admiring political descendants in the Kremlin today. The author writes of great events in terms of personalities and has several shortcomings as a historical philosopher, but he certainly doesn't skimp on local color.

CHANGING CHINA, by Harrison Forman (Crown). An excellent handbook on China. The author, an old New York *Times* China correspondent, reviews Chinese history from 3000 B.C. to our own day, pausing en route to comment on such matters as the ethnic ingredients of the Chinese population, the religious assumptions of Chinese society, the country's economic and agricultural potentials, and the Kuomintang. About the only thing Mr. Forman doesn't tell us, in fact, is what we should do about China this week. Numerous photographs.

A TREASURY OF SEA STORIES, edited by Gordon C. Aymar (Barnes). A first-rate collection of maritime fact and fiction, containing many out-of-the-way items, such as Lieutenant Bligh's morose and understandably one-sided account of his misfortunes aboard the Bounty, along with excerpts from "Mister Roberts," "Tales of the South Pacific," and "Delilah" that have not yet been anthologized to death. Rockwell Kent, who wrote one of the pieces, also illustrated the book. His drawings of boats are fine, but it is a curious fact that he cannot draw water that looks wet.

THE MIRACULOUS BIRTH OF LANGUAGE, by Richard Albert Wilson (Philosophical Library). This book is perhaps not as important as it is considered by Bernard Shaw, who has written a long preface dealing with evolution and the necessity for a phonetic alphabet in English, but its effect is morally bracing, because it tries, with some plausibility, to restore to the human race a dignity and stature in the universe which have lately come to seem a little doubtful. The author shares Shaw's conception of a Life Force whose purposive efforts have culminated in man. Human language is, in Mr. Wilson's view, the instrument that has enabled Nature to grow conscious

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of itself and to comprehend its extent both in time and in space.

THE LANGUAGE OF WORLD WAR II, by A. Marjorie Taylor (H. W. Wilson). A comprehensive and interesting dictionary (a revised and expanded edition of a book first brought out in 1944), which includes not only the slang of the services but also the nicknames of generals, the abbreviations by which wartime organizations were known, the titles of war songs, and the newspaper phrases and the slogans that were given the widest currency. There are quite full discussions of such folklore as the gremlins and "Kilroy was here."

YEAR 1948 (Farrar, Straus). An album of more than seven hundred photographs, tagged with extensive captions, that is supposed to be a pictorial catalogue of the current year. It covers, in haphazard fashion, the most prominent human activities throughout the world since last January. Ideal for a dentist's waiting room but less valuable as an authentic record, inasmuch as the editors had to start hedging on facts early this fall.

WEEK-END PAINTER, by Laurence V. Burton (Whittlesey House). Sunday painting has become a popular means of relaxation for a number of people who never expect to be full-time artists, and to anyone tempted to join their number this book should prove immensely useful. Written with a kind of homely and extremely winning simplicity, it ranges from advice about the purchase of equipment to an instructive introduction to the intricacies of modern color theory, and includes a number of technical hints—short cuts and such—that will save the beginning painter a good deal of time and disappointment. Illustrated.

JOHN MARIN, by MacKinley Helm (Pellegrini & Cudahy). In a rather pedestrian style, but with a truly admirable massing of detail, Mr. Helm tells the life story of the small, wiry, patient man who is today, at close to seventy-eight, almost unquestionably America's foremost artist. In the course of it, more than enough information appears—a great part of it in Marin's own words—about the artist's way of life, his working methods, and his philosophy to make the book an unusually definitive one. There are seventy-three plates, nine of them in color.

ART THROUGH THE AGES, by Helen Gardner (Harcourt, Brace). A new

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edition of a book that was first published in 1926 and has since become known as one of the most authoritative reference works on the history of art. Discussions of artists and art works of just a few years ago have been incorporated; the informativeness and the quality of the writing of the original are unchanged. The chapters on twentieth-century painting and sculpture are especially valuable.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN GOLF, by Herbert Warren Wind (Farrar, Straus). A long (five hundred pages) and thoughtful consideration of this country's amateur and professional golf champions and championships, both men's and women's, since the game was first played here, sixty years ago. Although it is primarily a history, it is thoroughly seasoned with engaging anecdotes. Profusely illustrated.

ELMER KEITH'S BIG GAME HUNTING, by Elmer Keith (Little, Brown). An encyclopedic review of big-game hunting in North America, including the Arctic, by a gunner, guide, and arms expert who is perhaps the country's leading authority on the subject. In addition to detailed advice on equipment and discussions of the quarry, which ranges from the walrus to the cougar, the book goes into such minutiae as how to judge, before firing, the animal's worth as a trophy, and tracking and managing wounded game. Drawings and photographs.

•

When this purpose can be determined by information, such robots are called servomechanisms. In other words, the basic premise of both the traditional philosophical dualists and idealists and the traditional, supposedly scientific naturalists and mechanists, to the effect that natural and biological systems can have neither knowledge of universals nor normatively defined and behavior-controlled purposes, must be rejected.—*From an article in Science.*

Out she goes!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Newark Star-Ledger*]

NEW YORK—Children need to develop three "unnatural" qualities if they are to grow into mature enough people to face the problems of today's world, according to Dr. Howard A. Lane, professor of education at New York University. And it is up to parents to help the children develop these qualities.

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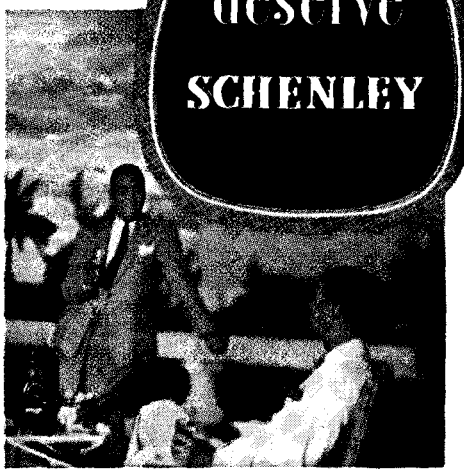

In gay Havana, Schenley heightens the mellow mood of sundown at the lovely Hotel Nacional. Though the scene may vary, one thing does not: Schenley's world-wide popularity.

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